Mar. 3, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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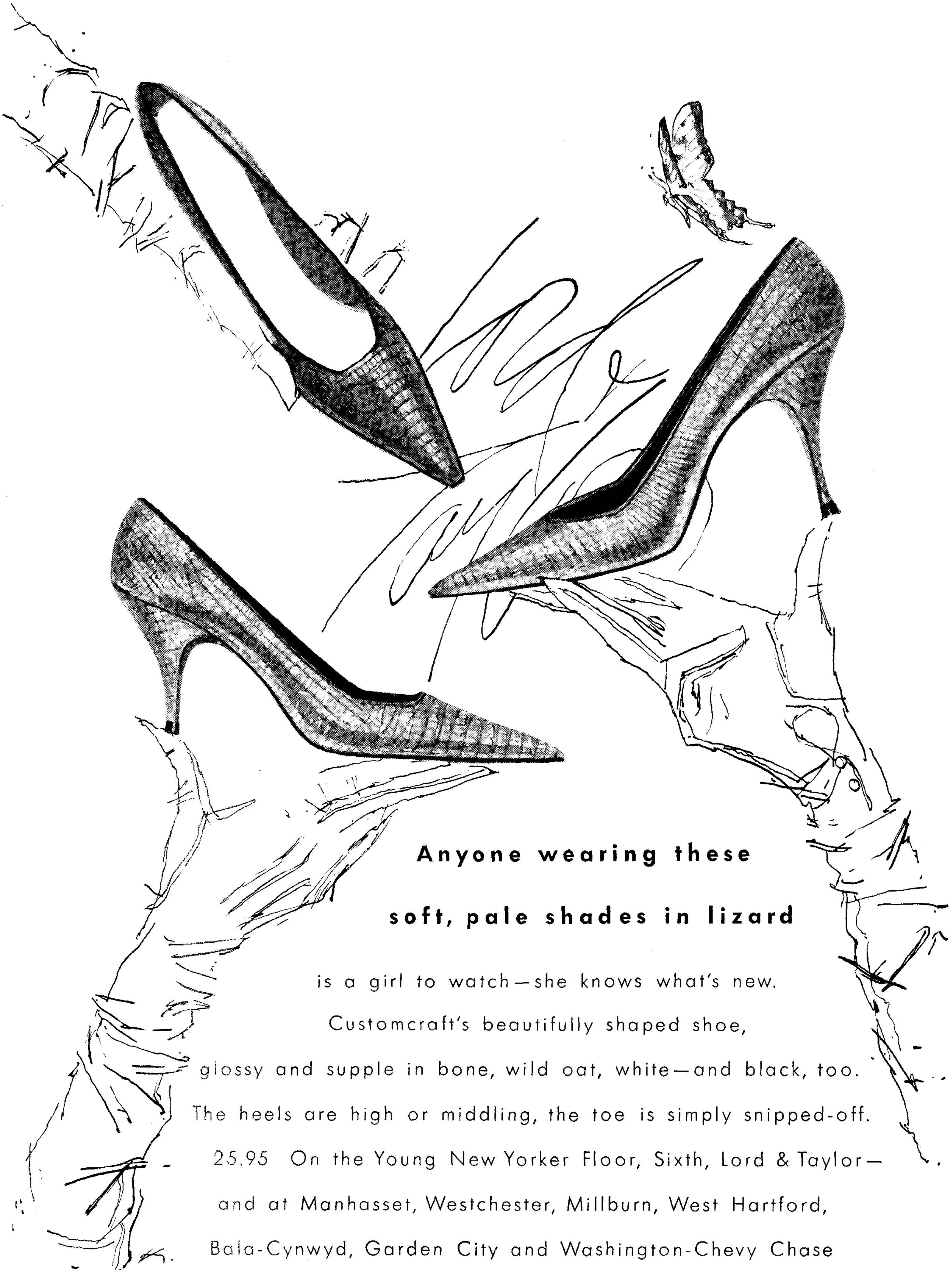

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Michael Redgrave's adaptation of the Henry James tale of a publisher in pursuit of some elusive documents of a deceased American literary light, which are presumably in the possession of the great man's aged mistress, now a resident of Venice, may be attenuated but it has excellent performers, such as Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and a particularly glowing star, Wendy Hiller. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining, and Fredric March and Douglas Campbell do well by the central roles. The rest of the cast is almost equally laudable, and Tyrone Guthrie has directed the play with his usual flair. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—Henry Fonda turns in a highly capable performance as a writer doomed by an incurable cancer, but the play itself, adapted by Garson Kanin from a book by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker describing the details of her husband's death, is not as moving as the theme might lead you to expect. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

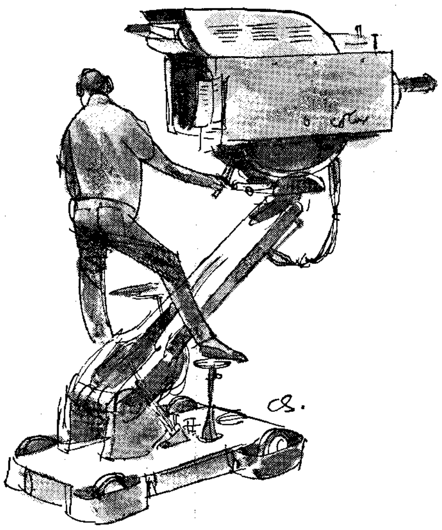
A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr, Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, and Alan Webb head the capable cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic—A six-week repertory of Shakespeare and Shaw, presented by S. Hurok. "Macbeth," with John Clements and Barbara Jefford, will play through Sunday, March 4. . . . ¶ "Romeo and Juliet," with John Stride and Joanna Dunham, will play Tuesday through Sunday, March 6-11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, March 18.)

A Passage to India—A dramatization by Santha Rama Rau of E. M. Forster's masterpiece dealing with the difficulties the Indians and British had in establishing empathy with each other back in 1920. Not up to the original, but an interesting play for all that. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham, who take the leading roles, are all splendid. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Romulus—Cyril Ritchard is antic and diverting as the hero of Gore Vidal's adaptation of a Swiss work by Friedrich Dürrenmatt. The play itself, though, which describes what the last days of the Roman Empire might have been like, wanders all over the place until its later scenes, when it becomes quite entertaining. Cathleen Nesbitt and Howard Da Silva provide Mr. Ritchard with staunch support. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—John Mills does a good job in portraying Lawrence of Arabia from his days of triumph in the desert to the period when he was a humble airman, but the Terence Rattigan drama, despite some effective scenes, never really resolves the puzzle of Lawrence's personality. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid) and William Shatner (the magistrate) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A lot of useless palaver (should a girl remain virginal and scare off the boys, or surrender and lose her self-respect?) mars the first act of this play by Norman Krasna, but in the second act things improve for about a quarter of an hour, when mistaken identity is introduced, with some wild consequences. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present at the debate. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Frederick Knott's mystery drama gets a grip on the spectators' interest just often enough to be mildly diverting. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies turn in worthy performances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 4.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **mary, mary:** Nancy Olson (substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes, who will return on Monday, March 5), Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

General Seeger—A play by Ira Levin, with George C. Scott and Ann Harding at the head of a cast directed by Mr. Scott. Presented by the Theatre of Michigan Company, Theodore Mann, and Mr. Scott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Family Affair—A mishmash about familial difficulties in arranging a wedding in which Shelley Berman, Carol Bruce, and Morris Carnovsky figure. The music does nothing to enliven the generally dreary proceedings. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for

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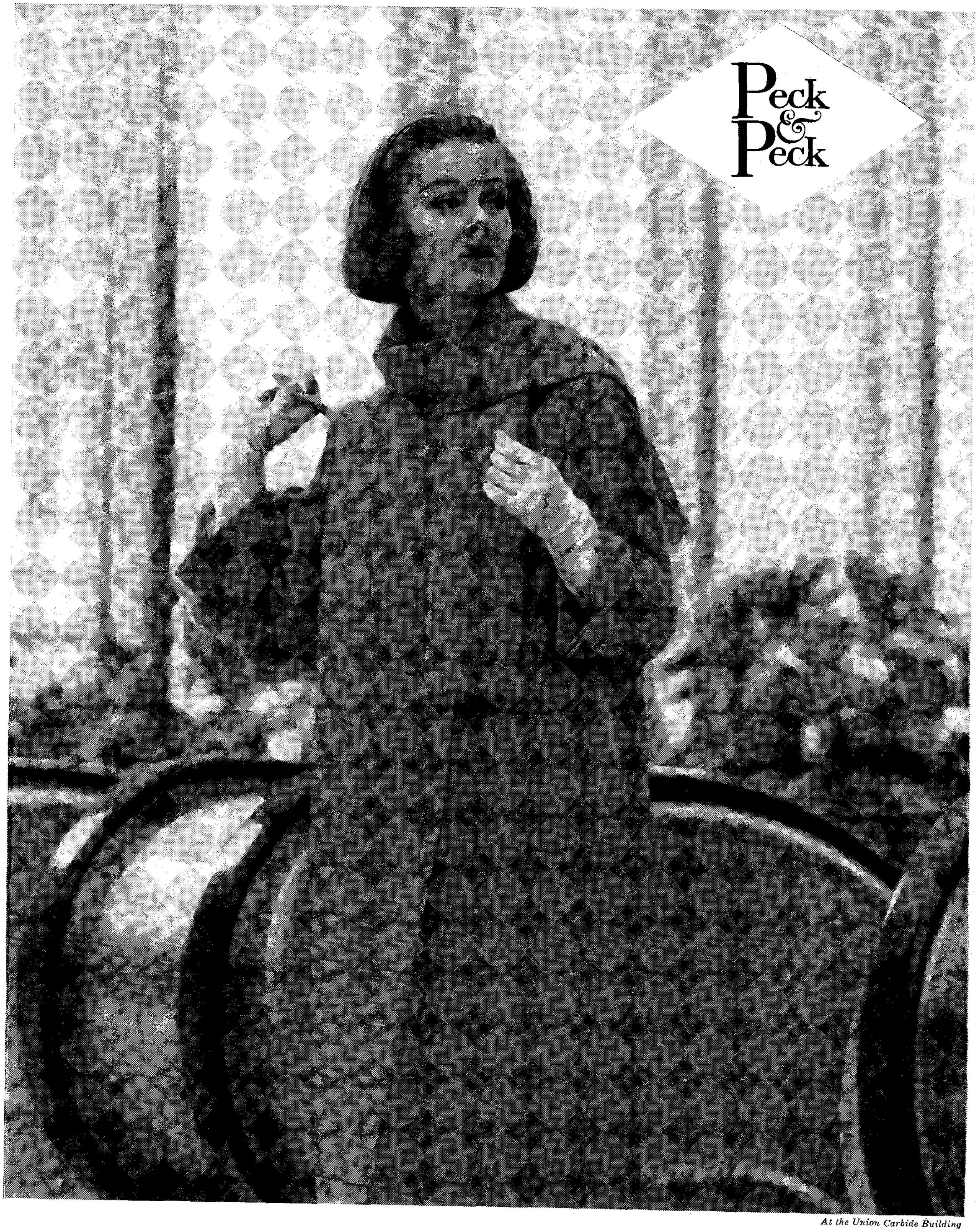

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast headed by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. Michael Kidd is responsible for the drowsy direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** The old story about King Alfred and the burnt oatcakes. William Squire, Helena Scott (filling in for Julie Andrews who will return on Wednesday evening, March 7), and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's Surrealist play about the death and subsequent return to life of a mad drunk in a coffeehouse is shocking, funny, sickening, and altogether fascinating. Judith Malina's direction and Julian Beck's set are imaginative and effective, and so are the performances of most of the actors. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Banker's Daughter—Helena Scott sings and acts with high spirit in the title role of this musical based on Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of New York," and she is ably supported by, among others, Lloyd Gough, as her prosperous, crooked father, and Phil Leeds, as his former clerk, out for blackmail and laughs. Sol Kaplan's score is pleasant; Edward Eliscu's words are bright enough; and the sets and costumes, by Kim Swados and Peter Joseph, respectively, are exceptionally good. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

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The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—Joseph Buloff in three farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. Mr. Buloff's comic style may be a little too broad for everyone's taste, but he certainly never misses a trick. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

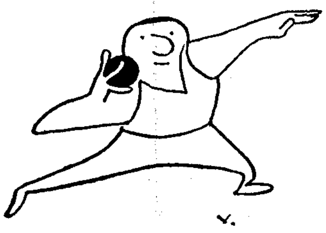
Creditors—A revival of Strindberg's awkward but intermittently effective play about a man who sets out, for reasons of his own, to ruin a woman by revealing her wickedness to her husband. Donald Davis is properly crafty as the destroyer, James Ray is properly innocent and pathetic as the husband, and Rae Allen is every inch the representative of the playwright's notion of the unfair sex. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Thursday and Sunday at 8:40, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Don Carlos—A revival of Friedrich Schiller's play. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the lively music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

4 x 4—Four one-act plays: "Not Enough Rope," by Elaine May; "The Twenty-Five Cent White Cap," by Arnold Weinstein; "George Washington Crossing the Delaware," by Kenneth Koch; and "Try! Try!," by Frank O'Hara. Opens Thursday, March 1. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)



Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's animated production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A splendid revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland and Alan Nunn lead the cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

The Merchant of Venice—A production that is well cut and modulated to fit a small theatre, that moves along at a clip, and that is a model of clarity and ingenuity, if not of eloquence. Boris Tumarin doubles successfully as Shylock and director, but Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, who designed the settings, and Budd Hill, who designed the costumes, are the real stars of the piece. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:15; and Sunday at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—Jo Van Fleet in a play by Arthur Kopit, directed by Jerome Robbins. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games, and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40;

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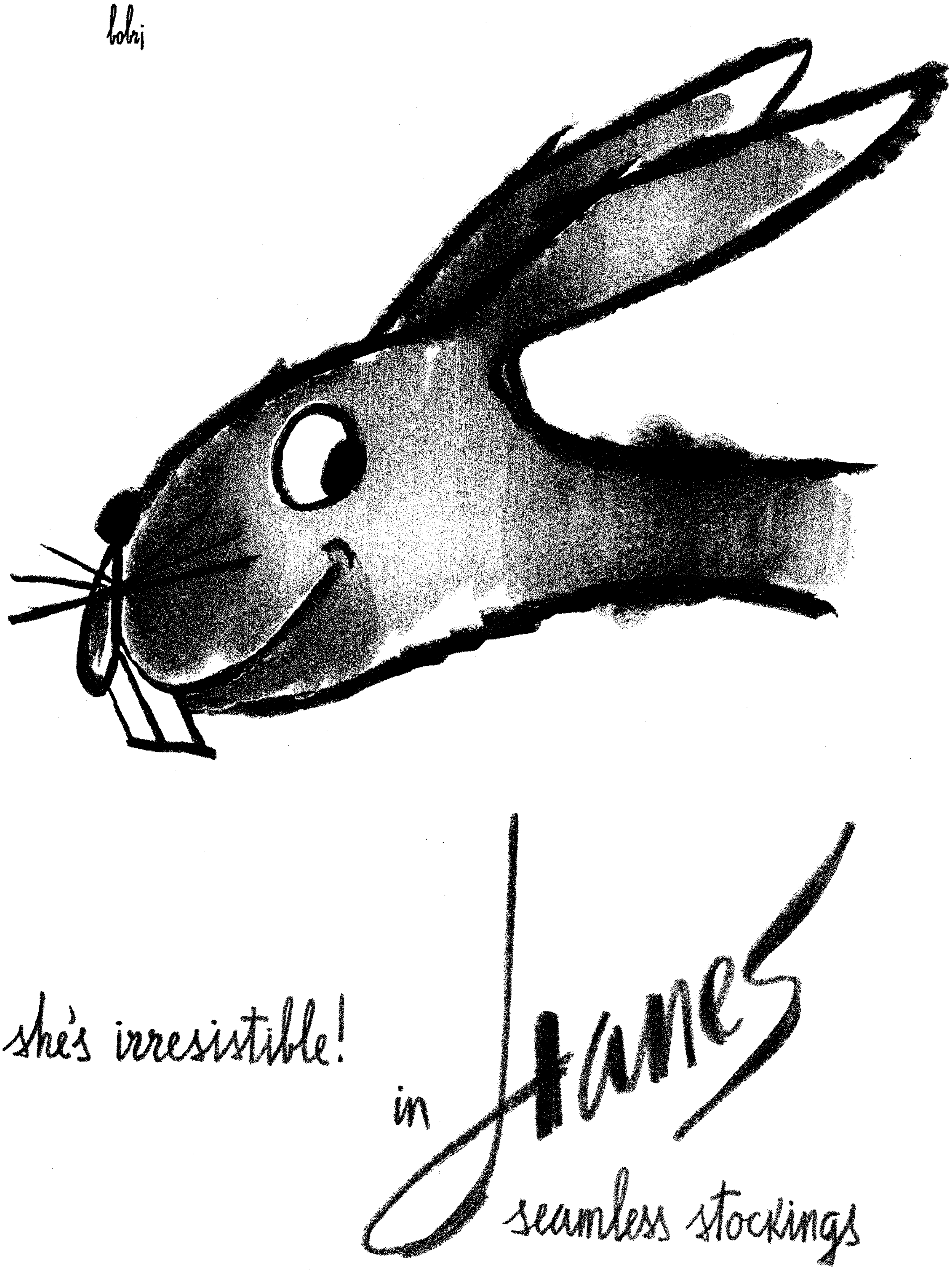
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—It is the edged wit and originality of Will Holt, as both writer and performer, that set the tone of this deft little revue, but he is also well supported by the two other members of the cast—Dolly Jonah and Robert Barend. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Theatre of the Absurd—Final performances of a four-week repertory. Edward Albee's "The American Dream" and "The Zoo Story": Thursday, March 1, at 8:40; Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 11, at 3 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Jean Genêt's "Deathwatch" and Fernando Arrabal's "Picnic on the Battlefield": Sunday, March 4, at 3; Thursday, March 8, at 8:40; and Friday, March 9, at 7:30 and 10:30. . . . ¶ Eugene Ionesco's "The Killer": Sunday, March 4, at 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 6-7, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" and Kenneth Koch's "Bertha": Saturday, March 10, at 7:30 and 10:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951.)

This Side of Paradise—An impressive and charming adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel about youth and innocence and complexity and love, on and off the Princeton campus. Herbert Berghof's direction is most inventive. Paul Roebling is Amory come to life. Sydney Sloane, who did the adaptation, makes a bright and touching Rosalind. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 18—Sunday evening, March 4: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Phaedra" (première), and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 5: "Embattled Garden," New Untitled Work (première), "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Alcestis." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Samson Agonistes," New Untitled Work, "Diversion of Angels," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Alcestis," "Embattled Garden," and "Phaedra." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: New Untitled Work, "Samson Agonistes," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Diversion of Angels," "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Phaedra." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Ruth Page Chicago Opera Ballet—A company including Sonia Arova and Kenneth Johnson, with Rudolf Nureyev as a guest star. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre in the round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, a forum that has launched a thousand baby revues, is floating one more, this time full of rather young people. It's in the public eye at nine-thirty and twelve-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays and at nine-forty-five on Sundays. In between, Stanley Melba's orchestra (conducted by Joseph Sudy) and a trio do tons of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians extends invitations to the dance all week long.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room offer the drolleries of Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who live a comfortable life in the rural comic strips and wouldn't move to the big city if you gave them the place. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tea-for-two piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every night but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's big band, which used to spend the winters in Palm Beach playing for Ponce de León's parties, is back in the Grill, still shaking that sugarplum tree. On Monday, March 5, Lenny Herman's band will take over. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette, a best-of-everything way of life, are put on by Joan Regan, who's better known on the air waves that Britannia rules. At other times, these stately walls ring to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—After eight-thirty, the noble Columns (which affords only sitting-down tunes between seven and prancing time) offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra and a small Latin class conducted by Arturos Arturo. Now there's a singer, too—a new one named Monique Lemaire. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain norteamericano), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room's dinner and supper amusement is Dolores Gray, who can intercept a song and run it back for a touchdown time and again. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras play on, play on for the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Paul Sears plays piano after eight. Beware! Mondays are now Twist nights. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian division, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A new show, with a pair of Argentine dancers, a pair of flamenco dancers, and a great deal of *"Caramba!"* Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and—like it—decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a tenor drift gently with the tide. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, and after ten, by Erik Rhodes, who, putting aside his years as double-talk humorist, has turned baritone on us. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred by not only the singers but the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The minstrels, due at ten, are Andy Hamon, who lends a lush-life tenor to his ballads, and Ronnell Bright's trio. Until then, one may study the roguish gallery of art on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by tinkertoy piano, which, on and after Friday, March 9, will again be the responsibility of George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply guileless travelogue. Its saving grace is Fernanda Montel, dressed to the nines and singing to the tens. Her last night is Sunday, March 4, but the show must go on. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg, often trailed (at a respectful distance) by a triad of guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A sextet of flamenco singers and dancers show up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. Sunday there is tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): In the commissary of the St. Moritz, Jimmy Lyons' trio is making its eloquent *Nachtmusik* from dinner until after the theatre every night but Monday, as well as at a Sunday preamble from two to eight.

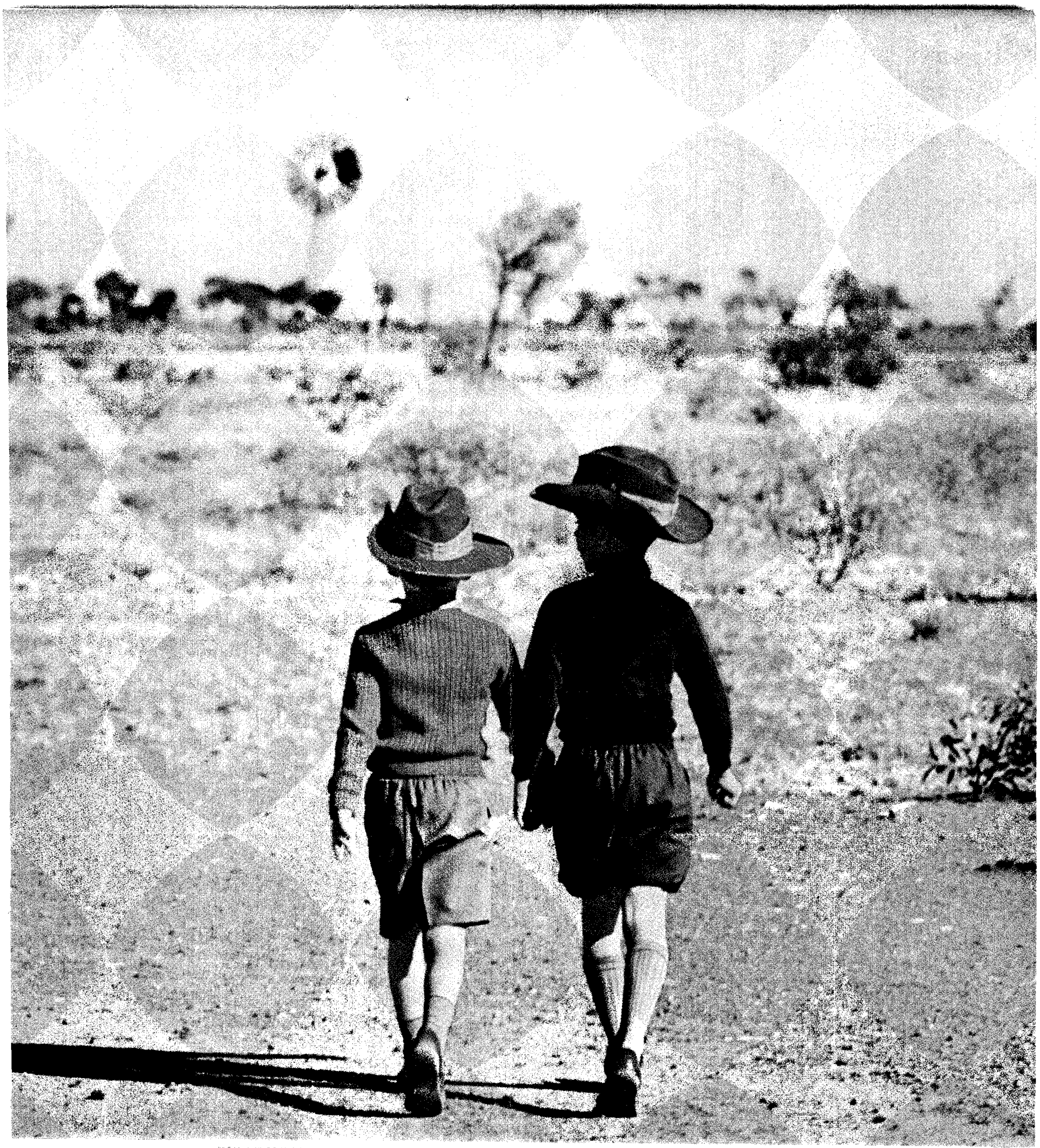
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It's lucky that clothes do not make the glorious young ladies here, inasmuch as they have almost none to wear. This immense pageant of natural history winds its luxurious and leisured way across the stage to the accompaniment of Rafael de Cordova's breathless young ballet troupe, lots and lots of well-choreographed flummery, and the vocal trapeze work of Marilyn Maxwell. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An unusual combination of circumstances; to wit, Tony Bennett, *vox populi*, crowding the hit tunes hard and dwelling with robust fondness on the better songs of life, plus Phyllis Diller, a funny, funny monologuist whose attitude is being her own severest critic and her own worst enemy. On view, too, are eight lovely tree nymphs to whom "The Nutcracker" is something you use on almonds. The spectators are also permitted the use of the floor. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Billy Daniels sets his lush-life lyrics to a truly abandoned cakewalk; Shecky Greene, a rapid-transit monologuist, seasons all his offerings to his own odd taste, or occasional lack of it. On Thursday, March 8, the place becomes the property (more or less) of Frances Faye, who—the mill-end remnants of her songs tell us—has really had it but would like to have it again. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK SILVERMAN'S INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Possibly the last chance ever (before his retirement plan sets in) to lend an ear to George Jessel, a paterfamilias from the Broadway that really was show business.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jack E. Leonard, never less than an obstreperous wit, is bandying words with his pet customers—words frequently designed to bring out the pest in them. Leon Bibb relies entirely upon a richly engraved basso profundo, which he devotes to middle and late Americana. The pianos of Otis Clements and Peter Daniels tie them all together. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the valiant participants in his trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them diamond-cut-diamond; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a doe named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second folio of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," a splendidly mounted re-creation of Victorian London night life, mingles respect for tradition with the proper amount of archness. A perfect master of ceremonies, Fred Stone, is supported by a cast, all from London's Players Theatre, in which Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are exceptional. There are performances Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven. In the bar, there is piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until closing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the back room, Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español explode like so many firecrackers, and they're all on a very short fuse. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The triumph of mind over matter of the gravest import is accomplished by a troupe of mimes (Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan,



AUSTRALIA IS SO VAST THAT OUTBACK YOUNGSTERS ATTEND SCHOOL VIA TWO-WAY RADIO. (TO PLAY HOOKY, THEY SIMPLY FLIP THE SWITCH.) PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Howard Alk) who are delegates at large representing Chicago's Second City, and their turn of wit could hardly be bettered. They do their duty at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty during the week; at seven, nine-thirty, and midnight on Saturday nights; and at seven and nine-thirty Sunday nights. Mondays are their at-homes.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, of the sweet-and-low-down era, is the principal tootler and ornament of the moment. His holidays are Sundays. The Twist, which is activated by another band, is being given what all hands hope is but temporary houseroom. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thursday, March 1, is closing night for Gerry Mulligan's new foursome and Bobby Timmons' trio; next evening, Dizzy Gillespie's carefree quintet and Mose Allison's threesome take over. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—who carry on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear, leave their old homestead on Saturday, March 3; on Monday, March 5, another set of ancestor-worshippers—Danny Barker, Henry Goodwin, and Cecil Scott among them—moves in. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is now shuttling between the composing of tone poems and putting real driving finishes on his generally representational contributions to modern art. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Jimmy McPartland's sextet shut down on Thursday, March 1, and the Dukes of Dixieland march aboard a night later. Guests work this street on Sundays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Sonny Stitt's quartet, which is worth a night out to anyone, and Philly Joe Jones' five-man squad vacate the premises on Wednesday, March 7, to make room, the night after, for Chris Connor's weirdly spiralled ballads, the rattledy-bang of Cannonball Adderley's fivesome, and the virtuoso piano of Bernard Peiffer, who has a trio at his heels. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Harold Quinn's trio (*penseroso*) and Charlie Shavers' quartet (full steam ahead) do their best to subdue a permanent convention hall. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk, making his piano do things it didn't know it was capable of, puts his foursome through a merry game of follow-the-leader. Tiny Grimes' trio is also in attendance. Closed Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Gene Quill-Phil Woods quintet ends its visit on Sunday, March 4; on Tuesday, March 6, the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell sextet arrives. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Stan Getz, his horn a mourning dove, is the kingpin of his quartet; the Montgomery Brothers kick up a fine yet orderly rumpus. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, the crew of instructors should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Panama Francis, Zutty Singleton, and Marty Napoleon. Stan Levine's Southampton Dixie Racing and Clambake Society band will be there on Friday, too. Dancing. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Donald Byrd's quintet is now engaged in reaching for the ceiling. Tuesday is its night off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN—Pieces in bronze and hammered bronze from the series "The City and the People" (1920-53) by this sculptor, who died in 1957; through March 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

OLIVER O'CONNOR BARRETT—A retrospective made up of a dozen large relief carvings and a group of bronze and terra-cotta sculptures in the round; through Saturday, March 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOSÉ BARTOLI—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 3. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Oils from one of his great periods (1923-39); through Saturday, March 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

MORRIS BROSE—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Saturday, March 10. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PAUL BURLIN—Recent (1960-61) large abstractions in an exhibit that coincides with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, March 10. (Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St.)

WILLIAM CONGDON—Paintings on religious themes; through Saturday, March 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract reliefs in bronze by an Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LAMAR DODD—Semi-abstractions related to trips he took to Italy and India; through Thursday, March 8. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Interiors with figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 10. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

JIM FORSBERG—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

ARSHILE GORKY—A comprehensive show of paintings (1929-48), the majority of them Abstract Expressionist in style; through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Portraits, landscapes, and marines, mostly allegorical in subject, in his first show in six years; through Saturday, March 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

HENRY HENGHES—Abstract sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through March 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES HNIZDOVSKY—Delicately patterned drawings and water colors of landscapes and nature; through Saturday, March 10. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT JACOBSEN—Welded-metal sculptures and reliefs by a Danish artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 3. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JOHN KACERE—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, March 3. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

MORRIS KANTOR—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Representational paintings and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, March 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

FRANZ KUPKA—Pastels, gouaches, and water colors (1904-28) by this Czech-born School of Paris abstractionist, who died in 1957; through Saturday, March 10. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through March 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Comic-strip and poster-type paintings; through Saturday, March 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

HERMAN MARIL—Paintings of shoreside and other scenes, primarily done in Provincetown

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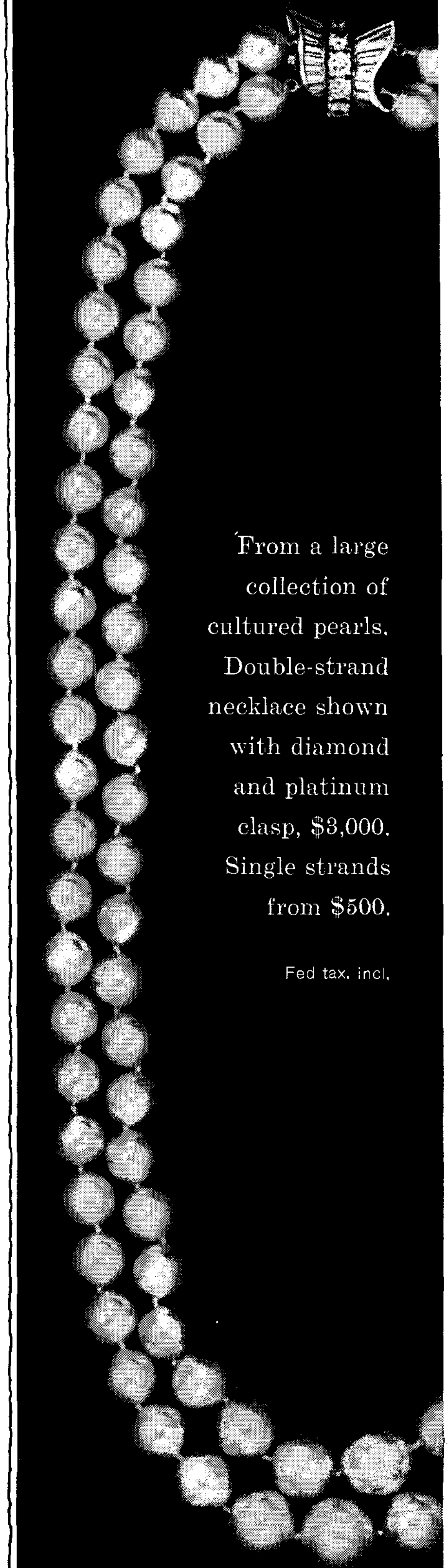

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this past summer; through March 13. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles E. Martin—Water colors painted on Monhegan Island; through Saturday, March 3. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Nolan—Landscapes, figure paintings, and still-lifes; through March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Yutaka Ohashi, Richard Hunt, and Nathan Oliveira—Collages by Ohashi, sculptures by Hunt, and paintings by Oliveira; through Saturday, March 3. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Rodolfo Opazo—Paintings by a Chilean artist. First one-man show in New York; through March 17. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

George Ortman—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Osborn—"Clowns and Non-Clowns," an exhibition of works in a variety of mediums; through March 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Martin Pajeck—Paintings by an American Expressionist; through March 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir—Bronzes, paintings, and drawings; through Wednesday, March 7. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Robert Richenburg—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 10. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Semi-abstract oils from the last three years; through Saturday, March 10. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Karl Schrag—Oils, gouaches, and drawings; through Saturday, March 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Seymour Shapiro—Sombre, richly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, March 3. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Edward John Stevens—A new series of his gouaches; through Saturday, March 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Esteban Vicente—Non-objective oils, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, March 10. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Maurice de Vlaminck and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Vlaminck, against a background of one painting each by his friends and contemporaries in the School of Paris—Pascin, Soutine, and Utrillo (to name a few); through March 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masters of Seven Centuries—Oils, water colors, and drawings lent by alumnae of Wellesley College, their immediate families, and former and present faculty members. Dating from the fourteenth century, there are works by, among others, Tintoretto, Corot, and Klee. For the benefit of the Wellesley College Faculty Salary Advancement Fund. Through March 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Yugoslavian Art—Abstract paintings, the first collection of them to be shown here, by sixteen leading contemporary artists; through Saturday, March 10. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St.)

Sculptures—Daumier to Picasso; through March 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-fourth Annual Print Exhibition; through March 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **camino**, 89 E. 10th St.: A black-and-white show of paintings, drawings, and graphics by such gallery artists as Don David, Elaine de Kooning, and Jo Warner; through Friday, March 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Robert Vickrey, and Edward Betts are three of the participants in the annual drawing exhibition. Small bronzes by Raymond Puccenelli are also being shown. Through Saturday, March 3.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Surrealist paintings and drawings by Victor Brauner, Dali, René Magritte, and other Europeans; through Saturday, March 10. . . . **findlay**, 11 E. 57th St.: Canvases by French masters, including Bonnard, Pissarro, and Rouault; through Saturday, March 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Rowlandson's England," an exhibition of prints, water colors, and book illustrations (from the Museum's collection) by the satirist Thomas Rowlandson and his contemporaries, depicting English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculptures by one of France's leading artists, Jean Dubuffet; through April 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists, from every section of the country; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics from the period of Southern Sung China (1127-1279); through April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by artists of Bologna during the baroque period, ranging from Denis Calvaert (1540-1619) to Ubaldo Gandolfi (1728-1781), on loan from New York collectors; through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Seventeenth-Century Bookbinding Styles," a survey of changing fashions in design on the European continent; through April 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-seventh annual exhibition, consisting of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and water colors by both members and non-members; through March 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of paintings by Paul Burlin and Karl Zerbe; through March 11. A good complement to the Burlin exhibition is his showing at the Gallery Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St. . . . ¶ "Masters of American Watercolor," an exhibition reviewing the growth of watercolor painting in the United States during the past seventy-five years. Winslow Homer, Lyonel Feininger, and Morris Graves are three of the artists represented in it. Through Sunday, March 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 1: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Teresa Stratas, Sandor Konya, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 2: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Anselmo Colzani, Carlo Bergonzi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Lucine

Amara, and Anneliese Rothenberger. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 5: "Salome," with Jane Rhodes, Nell Rankin, Ramon Vinay, Morley Meredith, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 6: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Claudia Parada, Jean Madeira, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Anselmo Colzani, Eugenio Fernandi, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Lucine Amara, and Anneliese Rothenberger. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Luben Vichey. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting on Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; Friday, March 2, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 4, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, March 3, at 8:30 (with Ogden Nash, narrator). . . . ¶ Alfred Wallenstein conducting an all-Brahms program on Thursday, March 8, at 8:30; Friday, March 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 11, at 3 (all with Van Cliburn, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting another all-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, March 10, at 8:30 (with Patricia Wilde and Conrad Ludlow, solo dancers).

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—Margaret Hillis conducting an orchestra in a program of works by Ben Weber and Lou Harrison, with Adele Addison, soprano, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 3, and Saturday, March 10, both at 8:30.)

Netherlands Chamber Choir—Felix de Nobel directing. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8:40.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing, with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra—Robert Shaw directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Adele Addison, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Festival Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

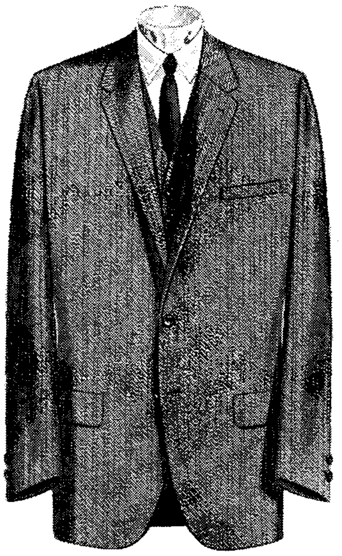
Mitchell Andrews—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Odetta—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8:40.)

Galliard Players—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The third in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

among others, Dorothy Renzi, soprano; the Claremont String Quartet; and composers Frank Campo and David Davis. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., *Lexington* Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Town Hall Festival of Music—Gerald Goodman, harp, and Miriam Burton, soprano, in a Debussy-Stravinsky concert, with Samuel Baron, flute, and other instrumentalists. The second in a series of three programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8:30.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 4, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 9: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Boxing—Manuel Alvarez vs. Paolo Rosi, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 4, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; *through* Tuesday, *March 27*. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 3, and the Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 10.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 8 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 4, at 8:30 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 2, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 10, at 2:30.) . . . **MANHATTAN PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE**: Paul Price conducting, with Ernest Ulmer, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Ballad Singers—Marais and Miranda. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 4, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS**: "The Adventures of Highjump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **MERRIMIMES**: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Ali Baba." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS**: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE**: "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, *dating from early Egyptian times to* the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Design of the Universe," explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. Starting Tuesday, March 6, there will be a new show, "Astronomy in Color." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are the first typewriter, Persian antiquities, and a collection of furniture and utensils from the Shaker Museum in Old Chatham, New York. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, 1 to 11; through Thursday, March 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 3, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain tropical-fish groups, paintings and drawings, rugs, and other decorative objects; the property of various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8: Historical French documents of the eighteenth century from the archives of Jean-Frédéric Phélypeaux, Comte de Maurepas et de Pontchartrain.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—Yankees vs. Baltimore, at Yankee Stadium, April 10. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, at the Polo Grounds, April 13-15.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Benny (Kid) Paret, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. March 24.) . . . ¶ Terry Downes vs. Paul Pender, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. April 7.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 5-8.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 14, 18, and 25. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start at the end of March.

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. April 7.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 7.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 14.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 14.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: March 20-May 31. . . . **AINTREE**, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 31. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: March 31-May 3.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 20-May 19.

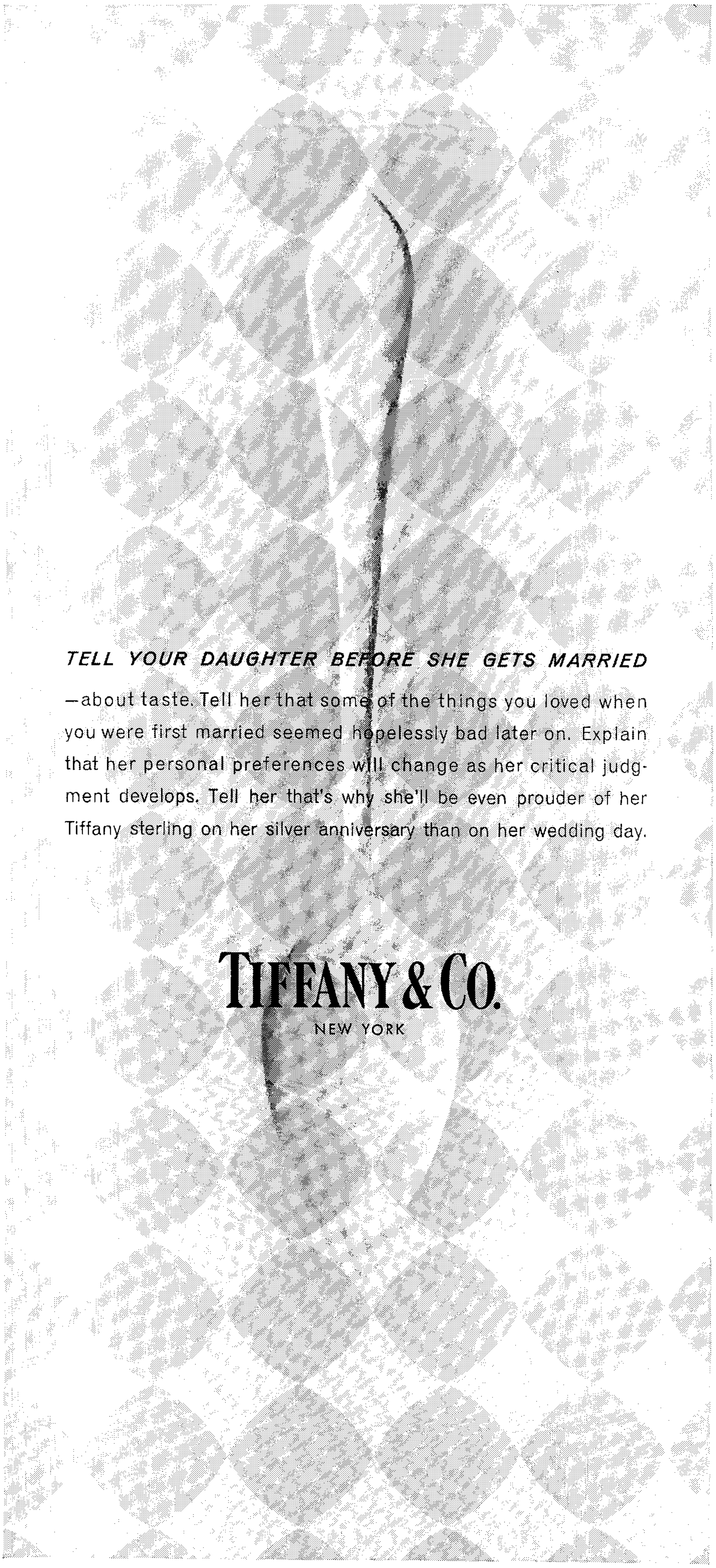
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 21. . . . **CITY CENTER** (CI 6-8989): New York City Opera Company, March 22-April 8. . . . **CARNEGIE**

HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20.... ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 11. ... ¶ Symphony of the Air, March 12.... ¶ American Opera Society, March 13 and April 10.... ¶ Orchestra of America, March 14.... ¶ Ars Nova Orchestra, March 19.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 20 and April 3.... ¶ Birgit Nilsson, soprano, March 25.... ¶ Schola Cantorum of New York, March 27.... ¶ Anne Schein, piano, March 28.... ¶ Igor Oistrakh, violin, March 30.... ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, April 2.... ¶ Final performances here of the Boston Symphony, April 4 and 7.... ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, April 13.... ¶ Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, April 15.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Augustana Choir, March 11.... ¶ Fine Arts Quartet, March 17.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 19 and April 9.... ¶ Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, March 20.... ¶ Penn State Glee Club, March 22.... ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 23 and 24.... ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, March 25.... ¶ Original Piano Quartet, March 29.... ¶ Ernst Haefliger, tenor, March 30.... ¶ Joseph Wolman, piano, March 31.... ¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer, April 1.... ¶ Nicolai Gedda, tenor, April 2.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 4.... ¶ Andrius Kuprevicius, piano, April 8.... ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, April 11.... ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, April 12. ... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): American Opera Society Previews, March 11 and April 8.... ¶ Ivan Davis, piano, March 16.... ¶ Musica Aeterna, March 17, 24, and 31.... ¶ Leon Fleisher, piano, and Leonard Rose, cello, March 23.... ¶ New York Pro Musica, March 30.... ¶ Morey Ritt, piano, April 4. ... ¶ Milton and Peggy Salkind, piano, four hands, April 6.... ¶ Gary Graffman, piano, and Berl Senofsky, violin, April 13.... ¶ Anna Moffo, soprano, April 15.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Eileen Farrell, soprano, March 17.... ¶ Van Cliburn, piano, March 24.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Isle of Children," a play by Robert L. Joseph, with Patty Duke and Noel Willman.... ¶ The new Richard Rodgers musical, "No Strings," with a book by Samuel Taylor and starring Richard Kiley and Diahann Carroll.... ¶ Ray Bolger and Eileen Herlie in "All American," a musical based on Robert Lewis Taylor's book "Professor Fodorski." Mel Brooks wrote the book, Charles Strouse the music, and Lee Adams the lyrics.... ¶ "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," a musical adapted by Jerome Weidman from his novel of the same name. The music and lyrics are by Harold Rome, and the cast includes Lillian Roth, Sheree North, and Harold Lang.... ¶ A play by Alice Cannon called "Great Day in the Morning," with Colleen Dewhurst in the leading role.... ¶ "Infidel Caesar," a reworking of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" by Gene Wesson, who, with Michael Ansara, will appear in it.... ¶ Jason Robards, Jr., in "A Thousand Clowns," a comedy by Herb Gardner.... ¶ A musical, "We Take the Town," derived from the film "Viva, Villa!," with a cast headed by Robert Preston. Matt Dubey did the lyrics, Harold Karr composed the score, and Felice Bauer and Mr. Dubey are responsible for the book.... ¶ A comedy by Henry Denker, "Venus at Large," with David Wayne, James Daly, and Joyce Jameson.... ¶ Vicki Cummings in "Ya Gotta Cut Loose!," a revue with sketches by Eric Bentley, Arnold Black, and others. Alford Lessner turned out some of the music and Michael Agran some of the lyrics.... ¶ The City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company will offer a brief season of sixteen performances.

PROSE AND POETRY READINGS—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (AT 9-2400): Aldous Huxley, April 1.... ¶ Robert Frost, April 15.

OTHER DATES—International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 10-18.... ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 10-18. ... ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17.... ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. ... ¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, April 3-19.... ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 4-May 13.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 9-14.... ¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1961 and estimates for 1962 are due Monday, April 16.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—The Italian movie that has won several foreign citations for its technical prowess. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 5.)

La Belle Américaine—A French comedy full of very old-fashioned and therefore brand-new gags, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. If it isn't offensive to say so, this is a picture for the whole family. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and occasionally very funny picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella.* Audrey Hepburn is lovely, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Cold Wind in August—A short, blunt, sometimes unpleasant, and always nervously alive account of an affair between a frustrated stripper (Lola Albright) and an innocent boy (Scott Marlowe). Not altogether successful, but among the few recent American pictures that one can speak of with respect, and brilliantly photographed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 7, tentative.)

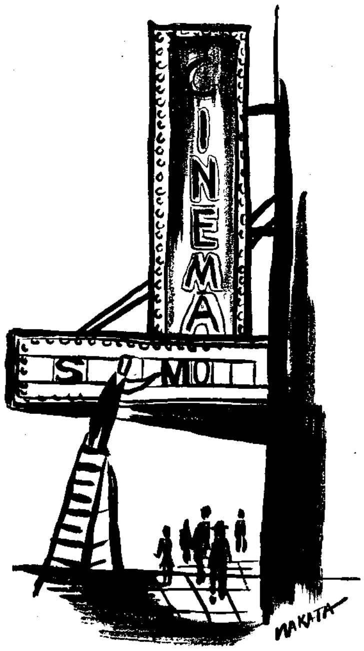
La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Hustler—A tough, unpleasant, but often thrilling account of a life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Brilliantly acted by Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie, and no less brilliantly directed by Robert Rossen. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through March 3. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through March 6.)

The Joker—Nothing is rarer these days than comedy, especially comedy based on neither sadism nor overwrought nerves. "The Joker" is immensely funny and immensely wholesome, celebrating the thesis that the pursuit of women is a fit occupation for grown men. The setting is Paris, and among the happy inhabitants are Jean-Pierre Cassel, Anouk Aimée, and an elderly scene-stealer named Palau. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 7, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)



Lover Come Back—A nonsensical comedy involving mistaken identity, false advertising, woman-chasing, and other current social problems. Deftly enacted by Rock Hudson and Doris Day, who have come a long way, and by Tony Randall, who was already there. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Lower Depths—A pitiful assortment of outcasts quarrel, steal, get drunk, and make love in a wretched hovel in the slums of Tokyo. Thanks to Akira Kurosawa, who directed it, this picture is as beautiful as it is sad. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, due in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 6, tentative.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this extremely funny comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a very funny picture about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Outsider—Tony Curtis plays the part of one of the young men who raised the flag on Iwo Jima and thus gained fame and misery. A touching quasi-documentary, well directed and well acted and very much to Hollywood's credit. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Secrets of Women—A northern Decameron, three episodes long, in which the gifted Ingmar Bergman hints that all marriages are more or less nightmares, then makes us smile as if at pleasant dreams. Several members of the Bergman troupe are on hand and in admirable form. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 2.)

A Summer to Remember—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 7, tentative.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—Two French prisoners of war resolve their personal dilemmas on the far side of the Rhine, which, for one of them, turns out to be the right side. Charles Aznavour is superb as a sad little pastry cook, and Georges Rivière is equally good as a bold and jaunty journalist. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Town Without Pity—In a small town in Germany, four G.I.s are being court-martialled on a charge of rape. Kirk Douglas gives a well-nigh perfect performance as the tough major assigned to defend them, and Christine Kaufmann is touching as the victim. A bleak, strong, and unflinching film, which argues that the punishment of a crime is no more easily contained than the crime itself. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 6.)

A View from the Bridge—The poor can be as wretched as the rich, especially where sex is concerned, and in this very satisfactory adaptation of the Arthur Miller play the suffering is something to behold. With Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, Jean Sorel, and Raymond Pellegrin. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411. . . . ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through March 7, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 6-7.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 7, tentative.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 5.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 6, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 7.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 7, tentative.)

The Truth (1961)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. With Brigitte Bardot. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 1.)

A Walk in the Sun (1946)—The infantry's view of the war in Italy. With Dana Andrews. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 6-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by Roberto Rossellini—Through March 3: "Flowers of St. Francis" (1952), in Italian, with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ Starting March 4: "The Greatest Love" (1953), with Ingrid Bergman and Alexander Knox. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through March 7 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
LOVER COME BACK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 7: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 7 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 6: **THE HUSTLER;** and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From March 7: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.; and "Hand of Death," John Agar.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From March 7 (tentative): "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE OUTSIDER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 3: **THE HUSTLER;** and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
March 4-6: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 7: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.; and "Hand of Death," John Agar.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MURDER SHE SAID.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 7 (tentative): "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 6: **THE HUSTLER;** and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From March 7: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.; and "Hand of Death," John Agar.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 6: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 7: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Raintree County," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
THE LOWER DEPTHS (in Japanese).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 3: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty; and "The Secret Partner," Stewart Granger.
March 4-6: "Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin; and "Romanoff and Juliet," revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
From March 7: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 6 (tentative): **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
From March 7 (tentative): **NIGHT MUST FALL,** revival; and **THE BIG STORE,** revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 7 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 6: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 7: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Raintree County," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From March 7 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST;** and **THE JOKER** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
March 1: "Bernadette of Lourdes," Danièle Ajoret.
From March 2: "Wozzeck" (in German), Kurt Meisel.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Night" (in Italian), Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
From March 7, at 10:10: "Last Year at Marienbad" (in French), Delphine Seyrig. (Thursday through Wednesday, March 1-7, at 8:30, there will be previews for the benefit of the Museum of Modern Art's Thirtieth Anniversary Drive; for information about tickets, call CI 5-8900.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 6: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 7: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Raintree County," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 5: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
March 6-7: **ALL THE KING'S MEN,** revival; and **A WALK IN THE SUN,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 6: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY;** and "Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner.
From March 7: "The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra; and "Strangers When We Meet," revival, Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.

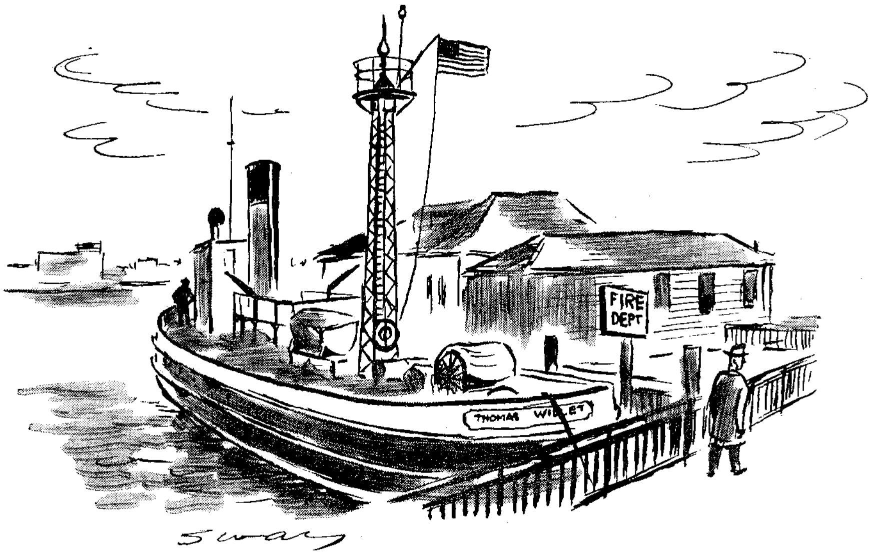
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 1: **THE TRUTH** (in French), revival; and "Hand in Hand," revival, John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From March 2: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
THE HUSTLER; and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

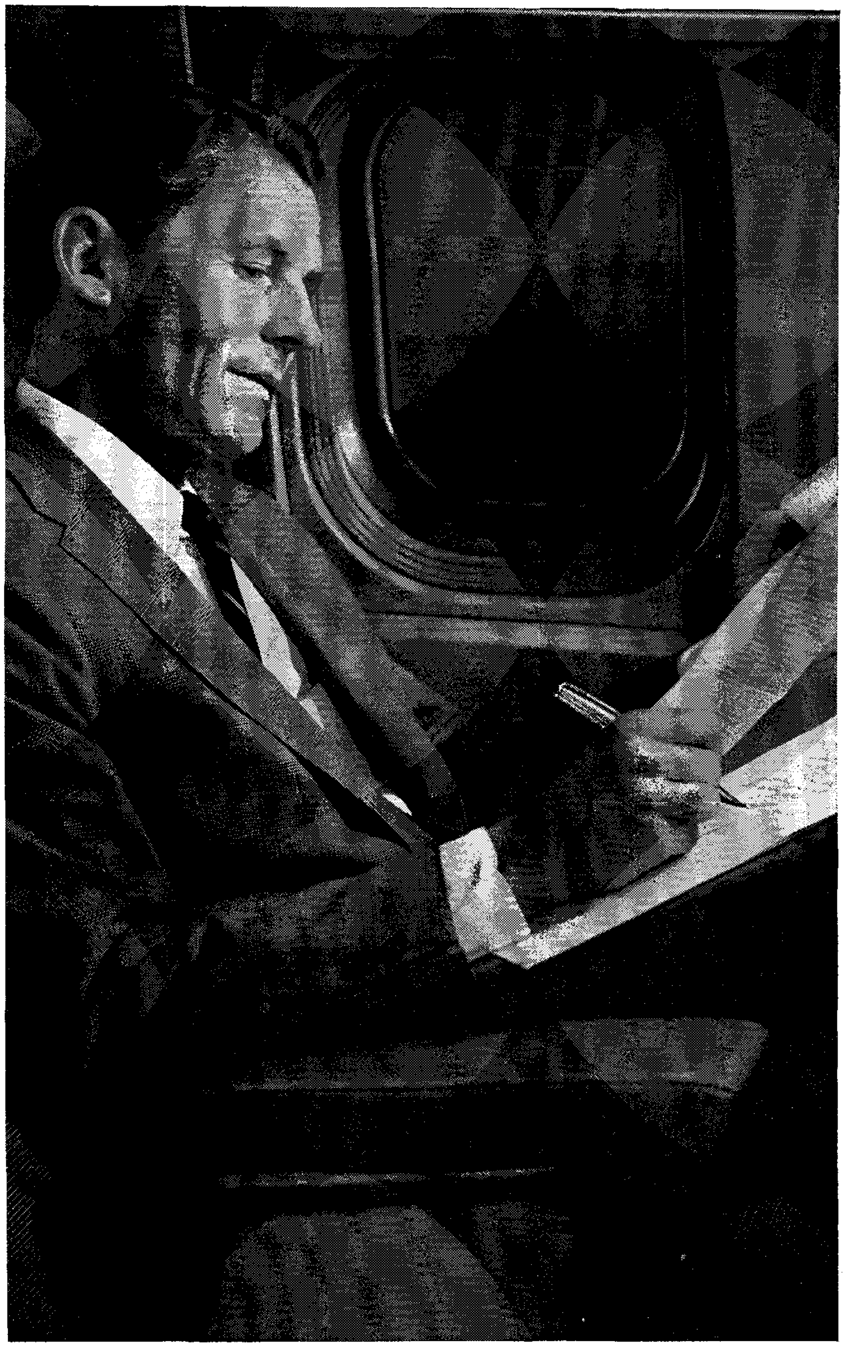
Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From March 7 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST;** and **THE JOKER** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 6: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 7: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Raintree County," revival, Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 6: **THE HUSTLER;** and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From March 7: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.; and "Hand of Death," John Agar.



Why this pen doesn't leak at 40,000 feet



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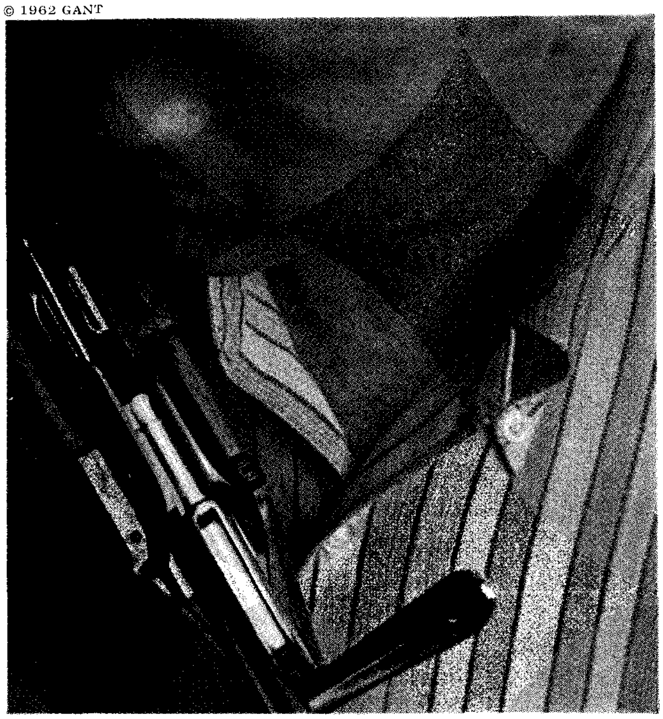

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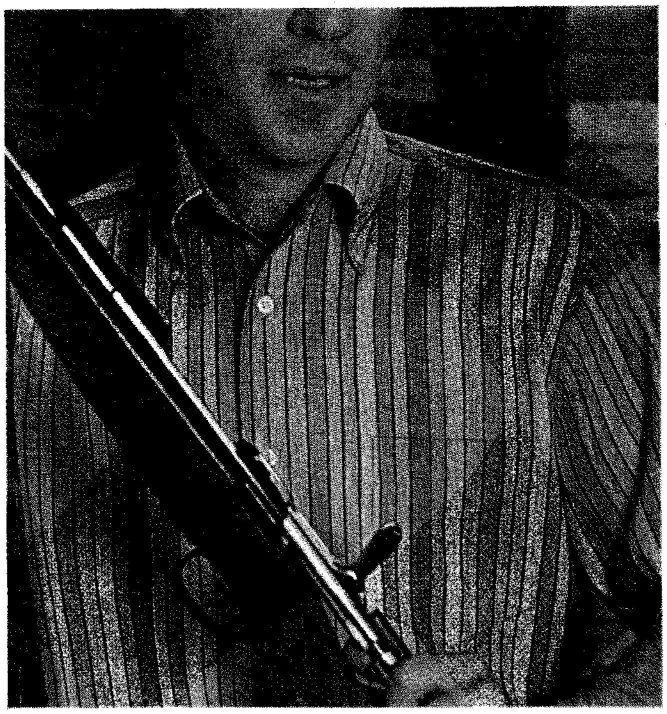

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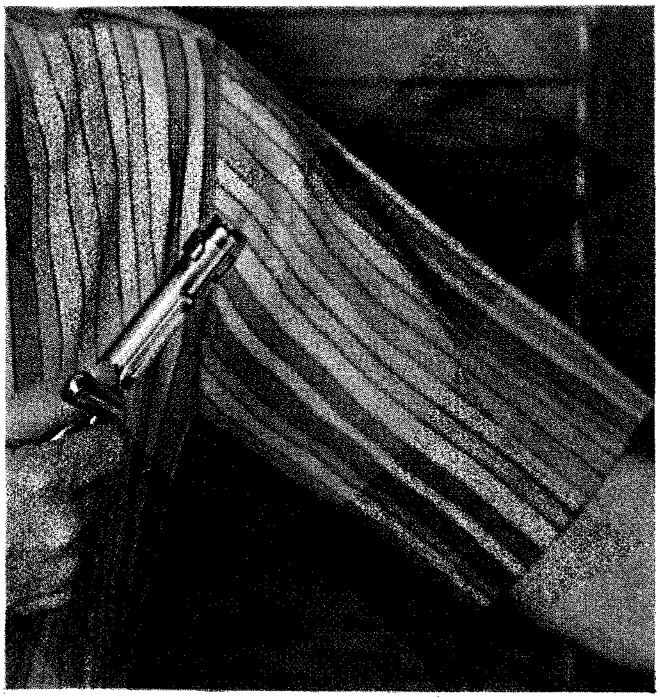

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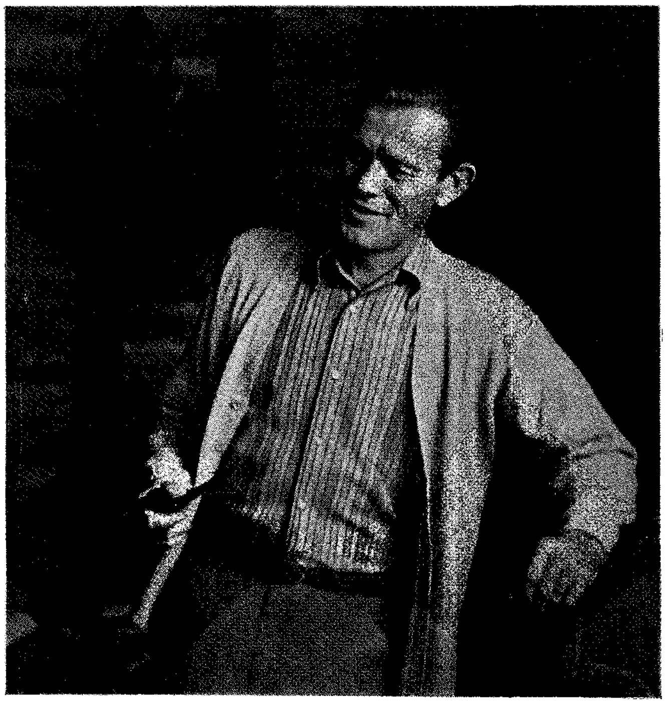

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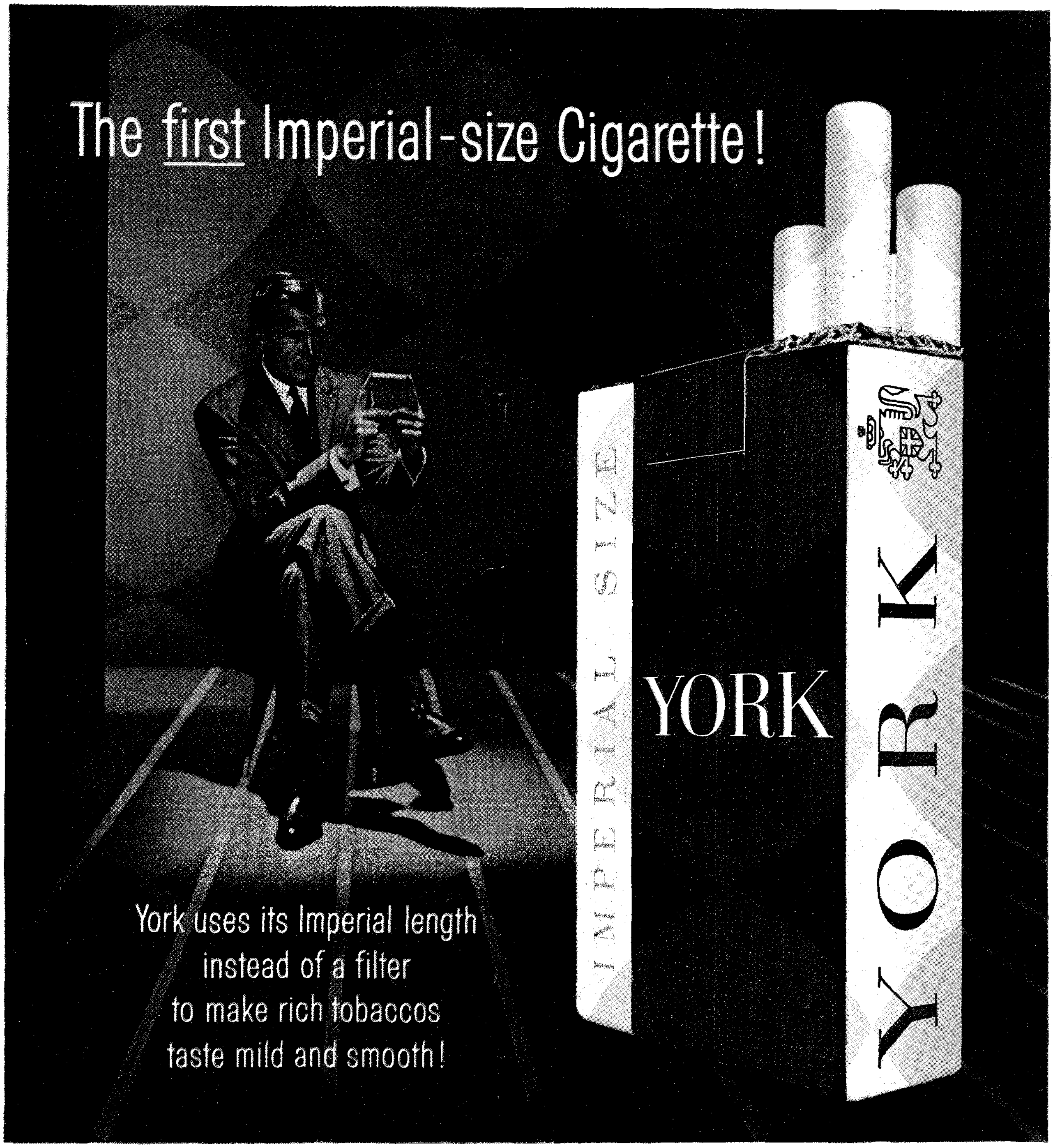
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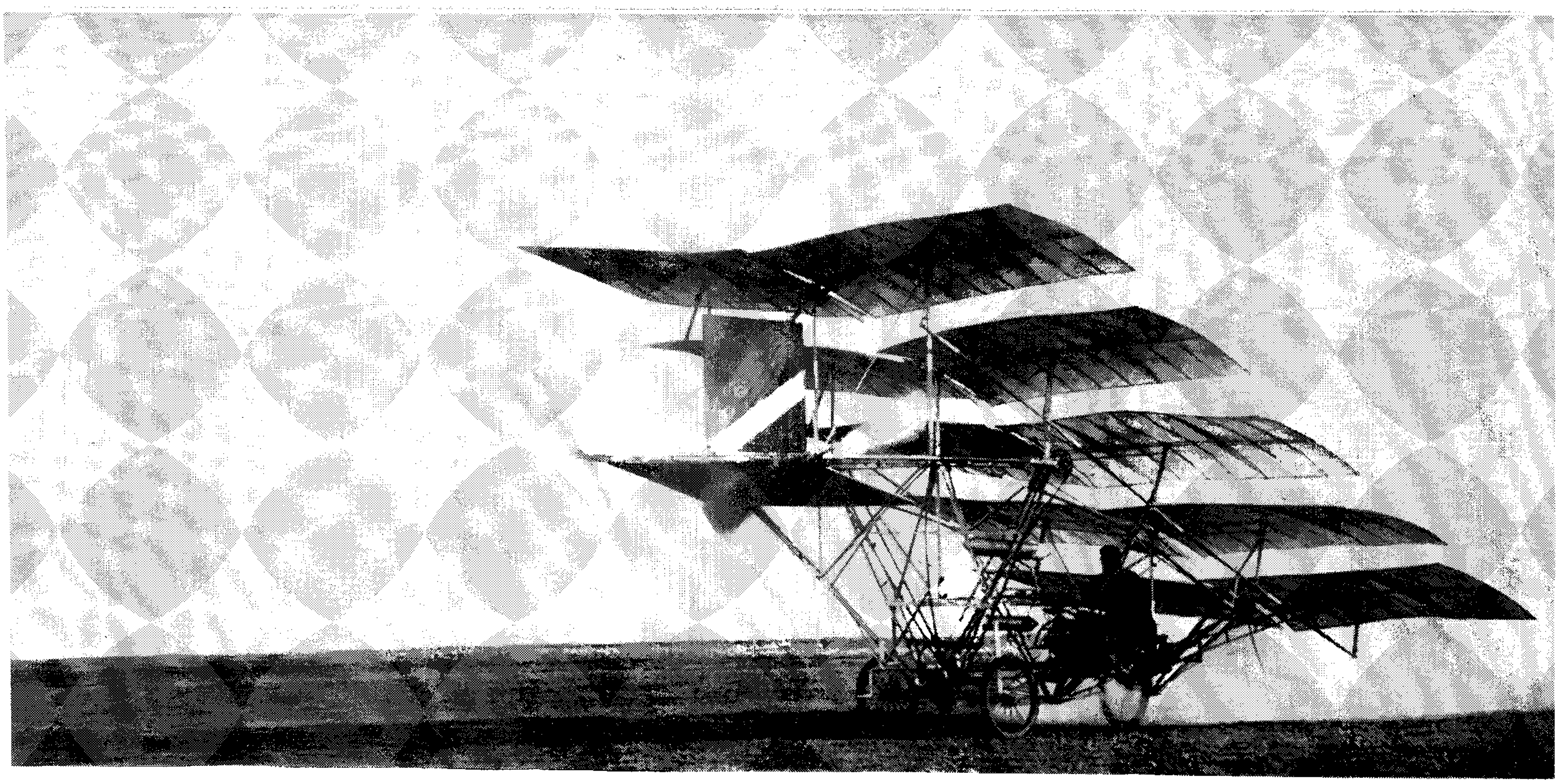
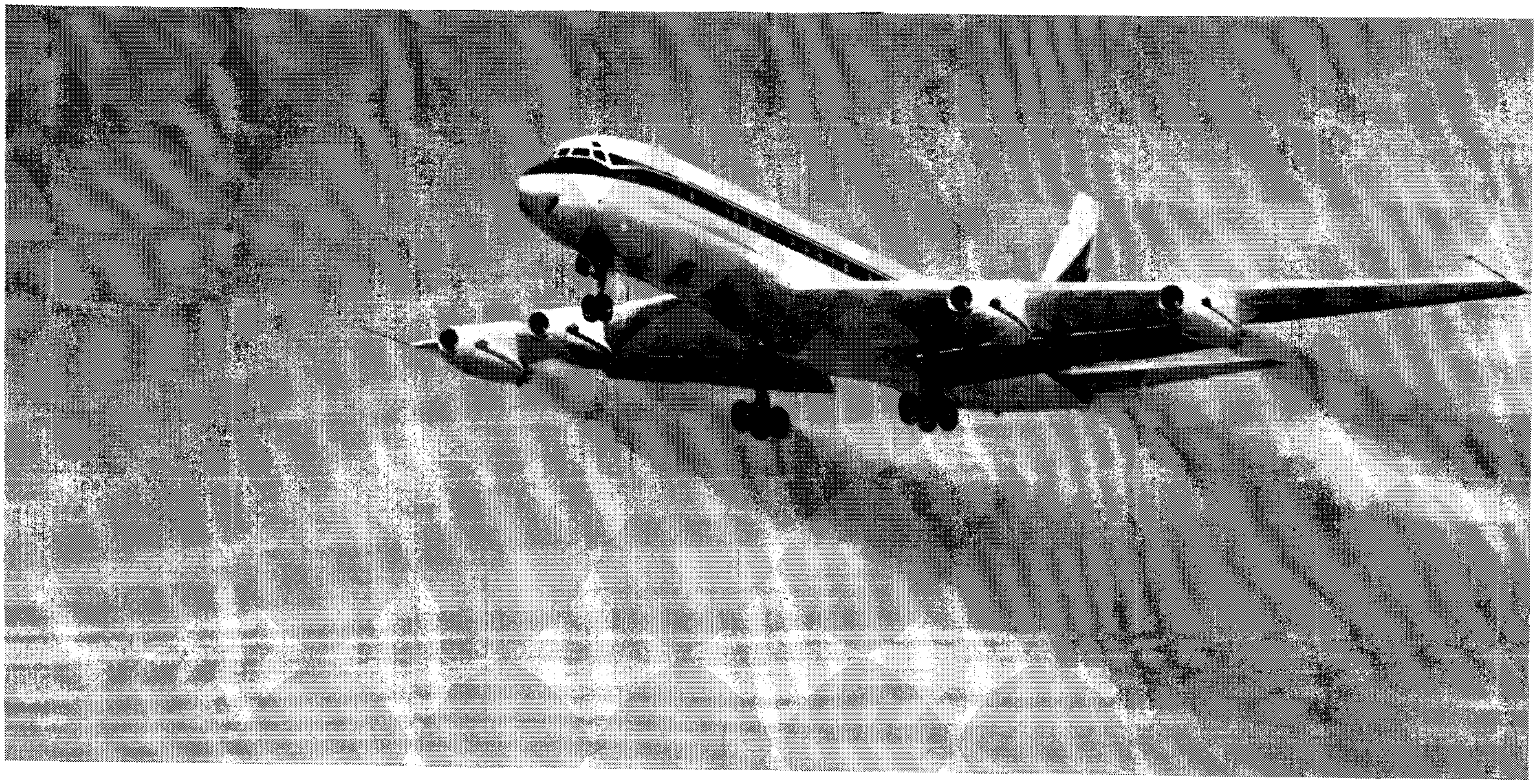


WHY SOME INVESTMENTS NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND



...AND OTHERS TAKE OFF LIKE A BIRD

Back in the do-it-yourself days of aviation, designers and pilots were more famous for their bravery than their knowledge. They didn't *know* how to design sleek, efficient planes; they just muddled through. Only after years and years of research and development could the industry produce a jet. ☐ Similarly, many investors embark on a do-it-yourself program without adequate knowledge. Only massive research can provide the type of detailed information needed to give you a chance for higher-than-average investment profits. ☐ No one man can do adequate research alone. This is why Shearson's research team covers half a million miles a year. Their personal interviews with company officials, their on-the-scene observations, their market studies are coordinated with data from 46 offices across the nation to produce thorough, scientific research reports. ☐ Shearson's registered representatives, your link with the market, follow these research reports closely. If you would like to see what kind of a research job Shearson does, simply write for our latest report, FOUR STOCKS, in which Shearson's analysts discuss four securities they believe are outstanding prospects for capital gains in today's highly selective market. Send your name and address to Shearson, Hammill & Co., 14 Wall Street, New York 5, New York. No obligation, of course.

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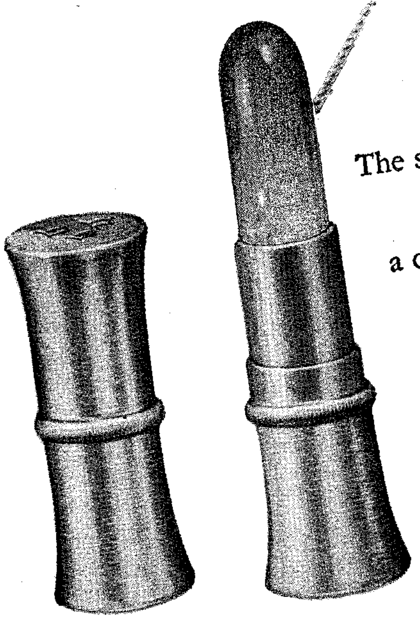


SCANDIA

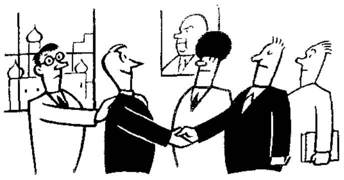
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW YORKER

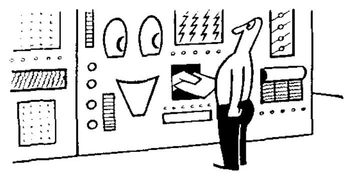
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO heighten and prolong our pleasure in the triumph of Lieutenant Colonel John Glenn, we have been reading every available word of the world's response to his achievement. The congratulations of de Gaulle, the rejoicings of Nkrumah, the felicitations of Mexico and Greece—all these have been grist for the innocent mill of our national pride. In a dispatch from Moscow, however, we found evidence of an enthusiasm even more innocent than our own. An American exchange student at Moscow University, speaking of his Russian acquaintances, was quoted thus: "They congratulated us in a friendly fashion, but were oddly reserved." We thought of the common American reaction to the orbital flights of Comrades Gagarin and Titov—"reserved" was hardly the adequate word for it—and wondered what our student in Moscow could conceivably have expected of the Russians. A further period of reflection, however, raised the possibility that the naïveté was ours. In plain truth, our delight in the accomplishment of Colonel Glenn has arisen almost wholly from the fact that he is an American, one of our own. It is possible that this kind of local pride has already been outmoded by man's first, halting departure from his cosmic nursery. The universe that lies increasingly open to adventure is, by all accounts, a thing of considerable size, which cannot be housed as a trophy in even the largest museum. Perhaps the question of which nation on this little world becomes the first to arrive at one celestial destination or another is, finely pondered, beneath triviality, and all that ought to matter is that men are working to enlarge the scope of human potentialities. We still find this breadth of view, except superficially, beyond us, but perhaps it was not beyond the young American in Moscow who was puzzled by the absence of Russian enthusiasm for Colonel Glenn. If in reading him thus we are reading him correctly, he must be congratulated for seeing, vividly, that something beyond a happy provincialism will soon be necessary to us all.



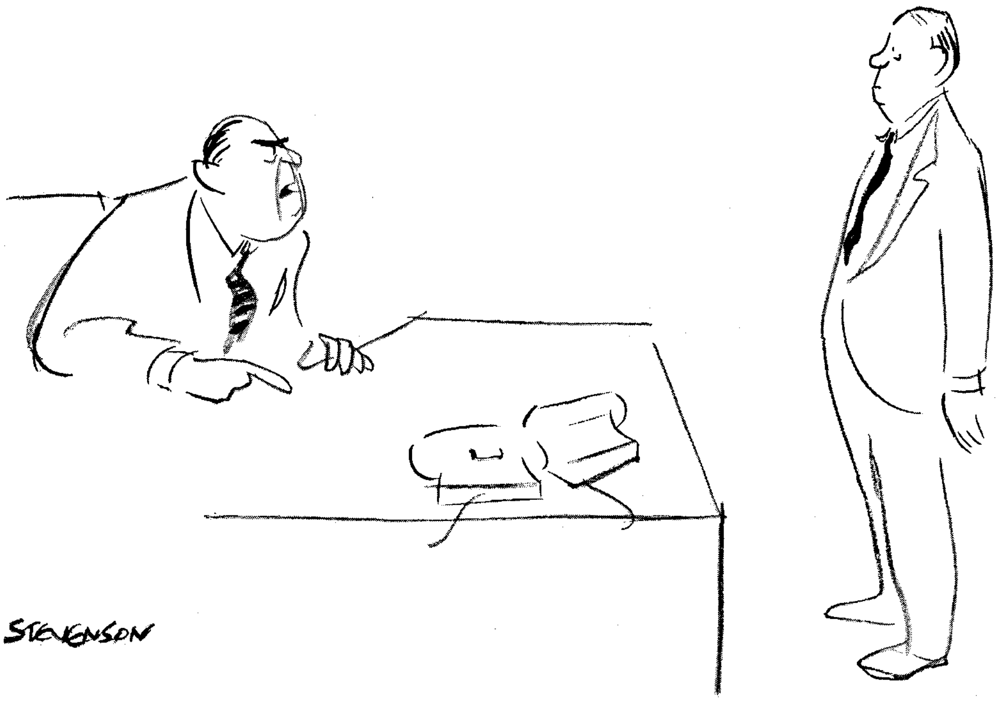
THE latest professional field to be invaded by computers is medicine. According to the *Digest of the 1961 International Conference on Medical Electronics*, which we managed to lay our hands on recently, "the physician-computer complex" is destined to become an important factor in the analysis and treatment of disease. Doctors have now joined the teachers and clerical workers who are in the process of being freed for more sophisticated, less mechanical pursuits by the computer invasion. Electronic medicine is a long way from coming into general use, but the idea is to be able to provide a computer with facts about someone who isn't feeling very good—his case history, his environment, and his symptoms—and with the results of laboratory tests, and have it come up with a diagnosis, and possibly even a prescription. The development of a computer capable of dealing with sets of alleged symptoms that are both immense and subtle could result in the complete elimination of hypochondriacs. Such a computer could just look a man over, so to speak, size him up in less than a second, and tell him there wasn't a thing wrong with him that a psychiatrist couldn't cure.



Speaking of psychiatrists, the *Digest* contained a report on research by G. Johnston, J. Jansen, M. Weitman, H. F. Hess, G. Saslow, and J. D. Matarazzo, titled "Punched Tape Data Preparation System for Use in Psychiatric Interviews." This paper described progress by these men in the adaptation of the departmental Burroughs E-101 digital computer to the instantaneous recording and analyzing of the more objective features of a psychiatric session, such as the length of a remark, the number of times one man interrupts the other, the number of pauses for thought, and so on. The report was too deeply concerned with the technical details of the union of electronics and psychology to indicate the ultimate value of such coverage—the benefits to be derived from having a machine, rather than a third, and thoroughly objective, man, peering over the analyst's shoulder as he peers over his patient's.

The role of intuition is, of course, being considered by the researchers and promoters of diagnostic computers, and no one has denied that doctors are Artists, and hence ultimately Irreplaceable. Just as, in the face of "teaching machines," there are those who question the machine's ability to teach philosophy or to convey enthusiasm for poetry, there are doctors who point to the necessary imprecision of disease classification, owing to local definitions, cluster concepts, and the continuing need to revise and add to the list of diseases. Nevertheless, it seems likely that in time people may no longer be recommending a family doctor but hailing the insight of an I.B.M. Super 7x, for inasmuch as doctors have shown an inclination to specialize, and the number of general practitioners is declining, computers will probably become essential, rather than just more efficient—at least until the trend reverses itself because of the efficiency of teaching machines in medical schools.

For the doctors, and other beleaguered professionals who fear for their intuition, there is some comfort in



"Everybody in this office, Nicholls, is 'Go' except you."

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the decline of the political machine and the rise of the independents.

Outing

DO you think that just by getting an intuitively sympathetic doctor to prescribe a vacation you can escape from the world of the machine? Not a chance. The National Sports, Vacation, and Travel Show set up shop in the Coliseum last week, and when we hurried over for the grand opening, we found ourself confronted with an electronic wilderness. We succeeded in skirting it for a while, however, by taking a leisurely hike through vacation exhibits in which various states were displaying their wares. Although a few of these turned out to be purely conventional (Florida, for instance, was offering little except ocean-front retirement lots for ten dollars down), the emphasis here, too, seemed to be on originality of approach. In this respect, we found the Southern New York Fish & Game Association's exhibit particularly impressive. It included a chinchilla skull, a complete mourning dove (stuffed), a praying mantis (stuffed), a plump porgy (swimming in a tank), a rattlesnake (stuffed), and gloves fashioned from the fur of a brown bear. Our newest and most exotic state, Hawaii, had no offering, but Alaska was represented by a gaunt polar bear, a walrus with tusks the size of baseball bats, and a gigantic crab (all three stuffed). Great wheels of cheese and slabs of smoked beef proclaimed the glory of Ohio, and Maine, presumably one of our wildest states, simply had a sweet little old lady sitting contemplatively in the hearth light of an artificial fire. Not far away was a stall labelled "Monster Fishing Information," where we inspected the jawbone of a thirty-five-hundred-pound great white shark caught off Montauk Point. A Monster Fishing operative explained that it costs a dollar per pound of flesh to stuff sharks, which is why the management settled for the jawbone, and then handed us a business card for Monster Fishing off Montauk in a boat called Cricket II.

As we were serenely contemplating the prospect of hauling a monster aboard Cricket II, we ran slap into a machine—a computer that insisted we have our handwriting and horoscope electronically analyzed. After much mechanical to-do, it informed us, on punched cards, that we are lucky, quick-witted, ambitious, decisive, coördinated, and patient. Heartened by this, we ventured to test our talents on a device called the Shakespeare Wonderclub Electronic Golf Computer, so we immured ourself in a cage and teed off with a hefty drive, which the computer churlishly scored as a fifty-yard slice. We decided that the device was off the beam, and, passing through a hollowed-out California-redwood trunk, came upon a fierce-looking robot called Mr. Top Gun, who claimed he could outdraw any man in the house at ten paces. We accepted the challenge, and on the very first draw adroitly dispatched Mr. Top Gun, who expired with a long and embarrassingly maudlin spiel in a TV Western accent. ("It's O.K., pardner. I reckon I had it comin' to me. . . .") Twice more we finished Mr. Top Gun off, and then, to recover from this distressing encounter, we sought refuge at a booth where a barker was demonstrating a frying pan designed to fry foods without using fat. Having cooked a fatless fried egg, which everyone present, including us, declined to taste, he assured us that the pan could be wiped spotless with one quick dab of a Kleenex.

A moment later, to our relief, we came upon a judo demonstration, in which a small woman used two husky fellows from the Y.M.C.A. to show how a lady could defend herself in public. The fellows, predictably, took a terrible beating, and eventually we moved on. After inspecting some costly stuffed sharks, some live black bears, a collection of physiotherapeutic chairs, and several sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica, we were drawn to a Stage and Tank Show, which consisted of some shaggy dogs floundering about in a large pool to the accompaniment of a sixteen-piece brass band. The spectacle was interesting but noisy, and in quest of rustic tranquillity we boarded an escalator for a trout stream on the third floor. It turned out to be crowded, but no more so than any trout stream hereabouts on opening day, and the fishermen seemed a quiet, dedicated lot. We had done some fishing in the Coliseum a couple of years before, so we assured an attendant that we would be needing no help with our tackle. We did ask him, though, how the fish were biting this year. Fine, he informed us, but added that the management was having trouble with a school of trout that Irish International Airlines had sent over in a jet from Killarney. The Killarney trout, he explained, were a wild, unruly lot, and were demoralizing the domestic trout, most of which hailed from Ohio.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Tiffany's now provides its customers with shopping bags.

Lac

SHELLAC, in the event that the subject should come up, is the only natural resin—or gummy substance from a tree—that requires an animal middleman for its production. This useful agent is *Tachardia lacca*, or the lac insect, a tiny parasite that attaches itself to the twigs of plum trees (notably plum trees in northern India), inserts its proboscis through the bark, sucks up the sap, and subsequently exudes it to form an amberlike incrustation called lac. The female *Tachardia* gives birth inside the crust and then dies. The young insects eat their way out and attach themselves to adjacent twigs, and the process continues, sealing their doom, for lac is the basis of shellac, and thus brings an army of *un*natural enemies down on its inhabitants. Chief among them in America, and our informant on these matters, is Mr. William H. Zinsser, president of William Zinsser & Co., which is this country's oldest importer, processor, and seller of unbleached shellac. Mr. Zinsser is a genial, outgoing, blue-eyed, twinkly-eyed septuagenarian who has been attached to New York since birth, and his is the only firm in Manhattan that has shellac vats right on its premises—in the basement of its factory, which is on West Fifty-eighth Street, two blocks from the Hudson River. Steering clear of the vats, we recently made our way to a contiguous Zinsser office and shipping department on Fifty-ninth Street, where we sought out the president and asked him to tell us the story of shellac and of Zinsser.

"My Grandfather William came here from Baden, in southwest Germany, in 1849, when he was nineteen," he said. "He had worked in a shellac factory in Mainz, and he knew all about shellac bleaching and manufacture. Realizing that there would be a market here for colorless liquid shellac, he took a room in a boarding house, bought a few pounds of lac—that is, native Indian orange shellac, in flake form—and, with bleaching agents, transformed it into white shellac gum, which he converted into liquid. This was the beginning of the business, which originally included the sale of brewers' supplies and isinglass as well. It was established right where we are this minute; my grandfather had several acres of property here, just west of what is now Roosevelt Hospital. Our father sold some of it off."

The "our" referred to Mr. Z. and his brother Rudolph, who by 1911 had taken the business over from their father, William II, who had inherited it from *his* father in the eighteen-eighties. "We concentrated on shellac," said William III. "We started a little factory in Chicago in 1921, and that's still going. My brother died six years ago. Shellac is used for all sorts of things—as a varnish for furniture and floors, as a stiffener for felt hats, as a binder in the manufacture of grinding wheels, in pharmaceutical glazes on pills, for mirror backing, and in paint. Lac is grown in commercial quantities only in districts north of Calcutta, and down through Burma to Siam. It takes a hundred and fifty thousand lac insects to produce a pound of flake shellac. We're the exclusive agents in the United States and Canada for Angelo Brothers, in Calcutta, the largest modern shellac-producing plant in the world; it sends buyers upcountry to procure the lac, processes it to flake form, packs it in burlap bags, and ships it out for further processing. Our line is called Bulls Eye. Shellac is an interesting gum. It's the only vegetable-animal gum. You need the animal and you need the tree. It's an interesting bug, too—not much bigger at full growth than a small apple seed. The female's life cycle is six months, so you get two infestations of bugs a year. There are five thousand females to one male; he leads a very jolly and short life. I love the business, but I've never been to India. I've never been closer to a shellac tree than handling these flakes you see on my desk. I hate to fly."

Tachardia lacca, Mr. Zinsser continued, has enabled him to bring up four children in reasonable comfort, to indulge fifteen grandchildren, to cater to a taste for the opera, to become a member of the Art Commission of the City of New York, and to further the fortunes of the Lenox Hill Hospital, of which he is a trustee and a former president. He observed, philosophically, that his only son, William IV, had bypassed shellac in order to become a writer. As we left, Mr. Zinsser presented us with a book on shellac, suitably titled "Shellac," which was put together by the staff of Angelo Brothers and published in Calcutta. Later on, when we glanced through it, we thought we detected a rather disapproving attitude toward *Tachardia lacca*. "The larvae crawl along the branches to reach the thin soft succulent shoots," we read. "They may wander around for 2-3 days, and even waste time going down the tree trunk."

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SIGN in the window of a bakery on East Seventy-eighth Street: "Today's Special—Bread with No Salt Added, Previously Called Salt-Free Bread."

Room Service

HAVING noted here that the guests of twenty-nine midtown hotels would soon be in a position to tune in on

a closed-circuit-television guide to New York called Teleguide, and having indicated that this latest refinement of Big Brotherliness in hotel life was not only new but unique, we were embarrassed to receive a telephone call shortly after the piece appeared from Mr. Milton S. Greenwald, who identified himself as president of the Telad Corporation and let us know that Telad had been operating a television guide for guests of the Statler Hilton Hotel since November. "We demand equal time," said Mr. Greenwald, in a friendly enough fashion, and, having conceded the justice of his demand, we made our way to an office on the third floor of the Statler, where we confronted Mr. G., a brisk man of forty with the cheerful, slightly dazed look of someone who has something going for him. He addressed us as if we were a hotel president in need of a good, hard sell.

"We've got a direct line into a previously untapped market," he said. "We telecast twelve hours a day, seven days a week, starting at eight in the morning. At the moment, what we telecast is a half-hour program, repeated a hundred and sixty-eight times a week. It's a general guide to the city for the visitor from out of town, with lots of information on theatres, shopping, sports, tours, art exhibitions, museums, churches, and places of special interest, like the United Nations and the Stock Exchange." The telecasts, which originate in the Statler and reach the TV sets in its twenty-two hundred rooms by way of a master antenna on the seventeenth floor, come in on Channel 6, which for the rest of the metropolitan area is just so much unassigned F.C.C. darkness. "We try to spot about five minutes of commercials in each half hour," Mr. G. went on. "For instance, when we're describing the garment district, we slip in a few words about Morris Hessel Furs, which is one of our sponsors."

Mr. G. leaned over to an adjacent TV set and switched it on, and a moment or so later we were staring at a flickering photograph of Trinity Church while a chocolate-bar voice intoned, "In famed Trinity Church cemetery are buried such eminent Americans as Alexander Hamilton, Francis Lewis, and Robert Fulton."

"Our section on churches," said Mr. G., in a reverent whisper. "No commercials in this part." The chocolate-bar voice went from churches to museums, and Mr. G.'s voice regained its former power. "Four of us dreamed up Telad last July," he said. "At the time, the only closed-circuit-television guide we knew about was one in New Orleans. It hadn't proved especially successful, but we figured the idea was a natural for New York, with its millions of tourists. The exciting thing is to have discovered an entirely new advertising medium with a guaranteed select audience. In each of the Statler's rooms is an average of one point six guests, who stay an average of two days, so our programs reach a potential twelve thousand visitors a week. And what visitors! Honeymooners, buyers, salesmen, conventioneers, all waiting to be sold!"

A light of highly profitable joy gleamed in Mr. G.'s eyes, and the TV set was there to back him up. "When you're strolling through New York's colorful garment district," it said, "why not stop in at Morris Hessel Furs, 231 West . . ."

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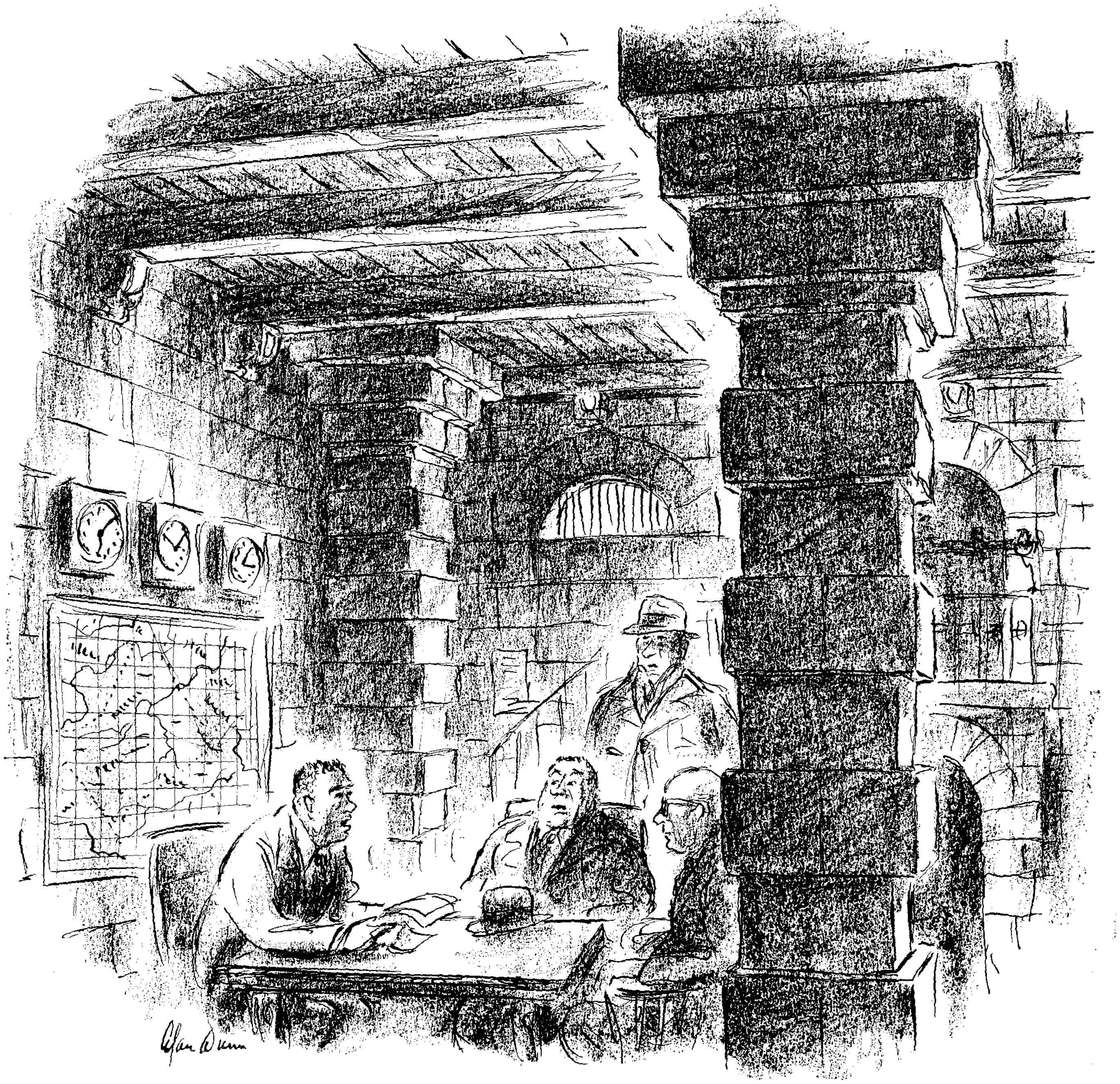
OVERHEARD on the eight-eighteen out of Rye, one briefcase-carrier to another: "Three hundred tons of steel have disappeared."

Monumental

THE director of the Institut et Musée Voltaire, which occupies Les Délices, Voltaire's old house in Geneva, is a celebrated scholar and bibliognost named Theodore Deodatus Nathaniel Besterman. A dark-eyed, handsome man of fifty-seven, Mr. Besterman recently flew here to lay the groundwork for an International Congress on the Enlightenment, which is to be held in Geneva in the summer of 1963, and between visits with savants who are eager to present learned papers on that occasion he was able to tell us, at the rate of a couple of hundred exceedingly well-chosen words a minute, something about the enterprise for which he is best known—the editing, in what may eventually come to over a hundred volumes, of Voltaire's enormous correspondence. Voltaire not only corresponded with an extraordinarily diverse assortment of people (kings, popes, politicians, playwrights, scientists, manufacturers, farmers, and innumerable interesting women) but was extraordinarily prolific; a previous edition of his correspondence offered approximately ten thousand letters, and Mr. Besterman expects to publish close to twenty thousand. By comparison, several of Voltaire's famous runners-up seem to have suffered mild cases of writer's cramp. Franklin, for example, wrote about eight thousand letters, and Horace Walpole about twelve thousand. The editions of the correspondence of Franklin and Walpole that have been coming out in this country over the past few years have been the work of whole teams of scholars; Mr. Besterman, who has prodigious energy and little use for sleep, is a sort of one-man factory, geared to turn out ten volumes of Voltaire correspondence a year, and able, as if by way of relaxation, to edit several volumes of Voltaire commentary a year, give occasional speeches on the great man, and, with Mrs. Besterman, preside over Les Délices. The first volumes of the correspondence appeared in 1953; if all goes well, the last should be off the press by 1965. Reviewing a batch of the volumes some time ago, the London *Times Literary Supplement* wrote, "One is appalled by the magnitude of the task and full of admiration for Mr. Besterman's courageous and successful attack upon it. By any standard this edition is one of the most remarkable feats of scholarship of our lifetime and one which deserves the fullest and most generous support."

An earlier Besterman feat, in some ways even more remarkable than the correspondence, was his singlehanded preparation of "A World Bibliography of Bibliographies," in which he recorded and collated some eighty thousand bibliographies, under about twelve thousand headings and subheadings. The first edition of this formidable work came out in 1939-40; what Mr. Besterman calls "the third and final edition" came out in 1955-56. "I was young when I tackled the bibliography," he told us. "In those days, I had a pretty fair memory and could pass several thousand volumes through my hands and be absolutely certain of the degree to which a given title page, say, differed from the title page of another edition of the same book, which I mightn't have seen for months. I also had a good working knowledge of twelve or fifteen languages. That sort of job would be out of the question for me now." Still earlier, the tireless Mr. B. wrote or edited books on half a dozen totally unrelated subjects; among these works are "Crystal-Gazing: A Study in the History, Distribution, Theory, and Practice of Scrying," "The Mind of Annie Besant," and "The Travellings and Sufferings of Father Jean de Brébeuf among the Hurons of Canada." He also ran a private press in London, which was destroyed by bombing during the Second World War. "I bought my first book on Voltaire when I was ten," he remarked when we had absorbed all



"Now, in line with the new, conciliatory approach, we break every window in their embassy, but we don't set fire to it."

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this information, "but I hope the record shows I haven't been entirely obsessed with him."

Mr. Besterman's father came of a wealthy cloth-manufacturing family in Yorkshire; his mother was a native of Cracow. Mr. Besterman's three given names all mean precisely the same thing—"gift of God," in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, respectively. The names reflect not an unusually devout family background but the fact that his father was an unusually ironic atheist, who made the naming of his infant son the occasion for a private dig at what he believed to be a nonexistent deity. An invalid as a child, Besterman was tutored at home, and later he became an extramural student at Oxford. He has lived at Les Délices since 1953. "I felt that all the Voltaire materials I'd accumulated—letters, manuscripts, books, paintings, and so on—should find a home in what had been *his* home, so I made a gift of my Voltaireana to the city of Geneva," he said. "When the city invited me to become director of the institute and museum, I accepted with pleasure. Voltaire is a very lively ghost at Les Délices. One half expects to encounter him on the stairs or in the garden. We even share with him certain housekeeping problems. Two hundred and five years ago, Voltaire kept complaining to the authorities of a mysterious trickle of water that ran through a corner of the basement. The trickle is still there, and, like Voltaire, I keep complaining to the authorities about it."

Chivalry

FOUND in the pocket of a Cub Scout we know who is all steamed up about appearing in a pageant that his outfit is putting on:

SIR JOE HATCHER:

You belong to the second group of knights and will go onstage on the left-hand side. You will fight in the fifth (last) fight against Sir Frank Wilson. When you have fallen down dead, ***stay dead*** until the first group has taken the princess back across the stage. Don't wriggle when dead.

AN ESSAY ON A PREMONITION AND EIGHT HEADS

We say of premonitions that they are false if the sense of foreboding is not subsequently borne out by some disaster in our lives. Yet the premonition can be an experience in itself, one as true as any other kind of experience, and—for the period that it lasts—as much a horror to us as the actual dark body, its arms and legs still flailing with life, as it whistles down from the evening sky; as much a horror to us as that moment in time when the still-oblivious child steps toward the onrushing fender.

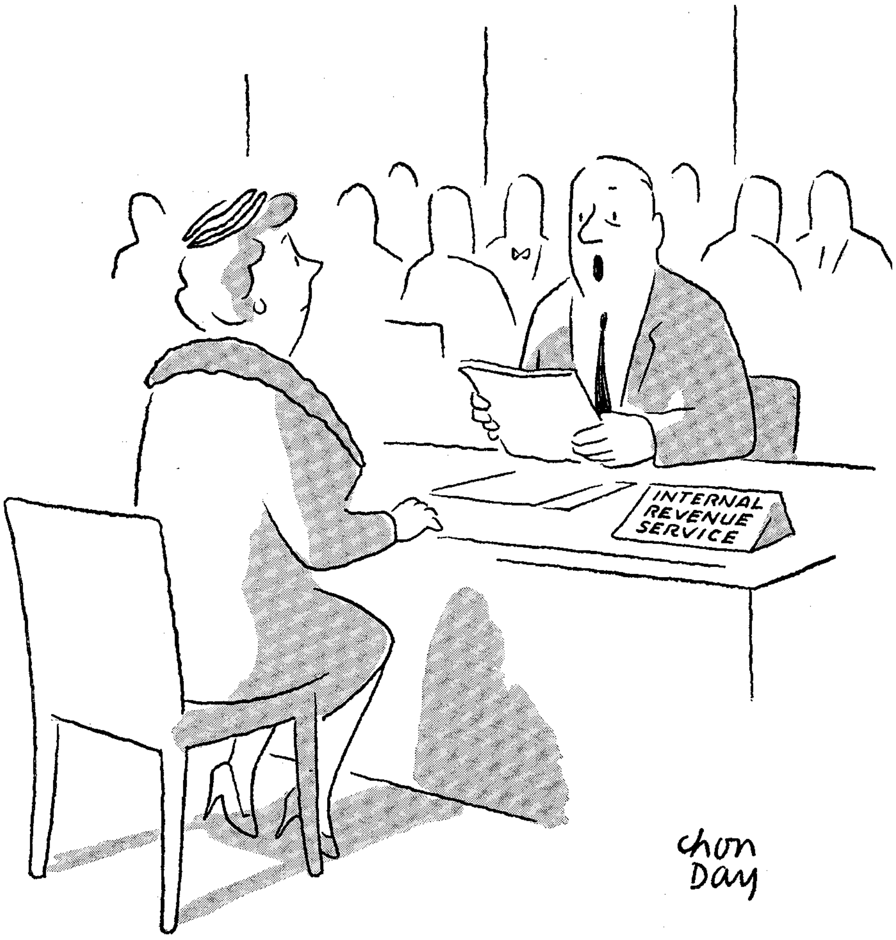
I have never observed a body fall out of the sky, nor have I seen a child hit by a vehicle. Last Easter morning, while driving to the drugstore in the small upstate New York community in which I live, to pick up my Sunday *Times*, I saw in the middle of our street the scattered jelly beans, the brilliantly green artificial grass, the smashed red-and-yellow straw of an Easter basket. The ambulance had already departed; the crowd was beginning to disperse. I am glad I was not a helpless spectator at that accident.

As for the man falling out of the sky, we have, of course, the story of Icarus; but what came into my mind was a brief newspaper account I read five or six years ago. It concerned a bride and groom from a relatively isolated and mountainous region of the mid-South. Following the wedding ceremony, the young couple boarded a plane that belonged to a small local airline. Judging from what followed, I assume it was the first time either of them had been aloft. I can imagine them seated together in that vibrating old DC-3. The bride wears an orchid, which she self-consciously hides with a gloved hand; the groom attempts to be at ease despite his wedding suit and new shoes. The flight out of the mountains is perhaps a bit rough; at any rate, the bride turns pale. The groom asks her if some water might help. She smiles at his solicitude and pats his hand gratefully. But how does one find water on an airplane? The stewardess is busy, and anyway he is not certain—for he is a hardware or grocery clerk, one who has never depended on assistance—if it is proper of him to request her aid for such a little thing. He imagines that paper cups are available in the lavatory. He rises, walking toward the rear of the plane with a careful nonchalance. There are two doors. He doesn't wish to show his ignorance by pausing in perplexity before them; he turns a handle. The door springs away from him as if God himself had commanded it to open. Before he has a chance to be surprised by the sudden roar of the motors, by the vast expanse of the wing, before he sees the faint lights flickering in the darkening void beneath—before he can respond at all—he is sucked silently out of the plane. He plummets down, down and away.

The news story told, as news stories do, of the bride's grief and prostration, and of the proposed investigation. Why was the door unlocked? Who was to blame? The examiners would seek out the answers, would find the logical explanation. But the account—much shorter than my own—also spoke of an old man, the only spectator of the tragedy. He was caretaker of a village cemetery somewhere in Tennessee or Virginia; his work completed for the day, he had just locked his mower and his shears in the shed. He is reported to have looked upward because of a faint whistling in the air. First he saw a moving star, the plane twinkling in the light of a sun already below the crest of a distant mountain, and then he saw a figure tumbling out of the evening sky—the torso somersaulting, the arms and legs swinging. The body landed just beyond the cemetery fence; it had to be dug from the earth to be removed to its proper burying place.

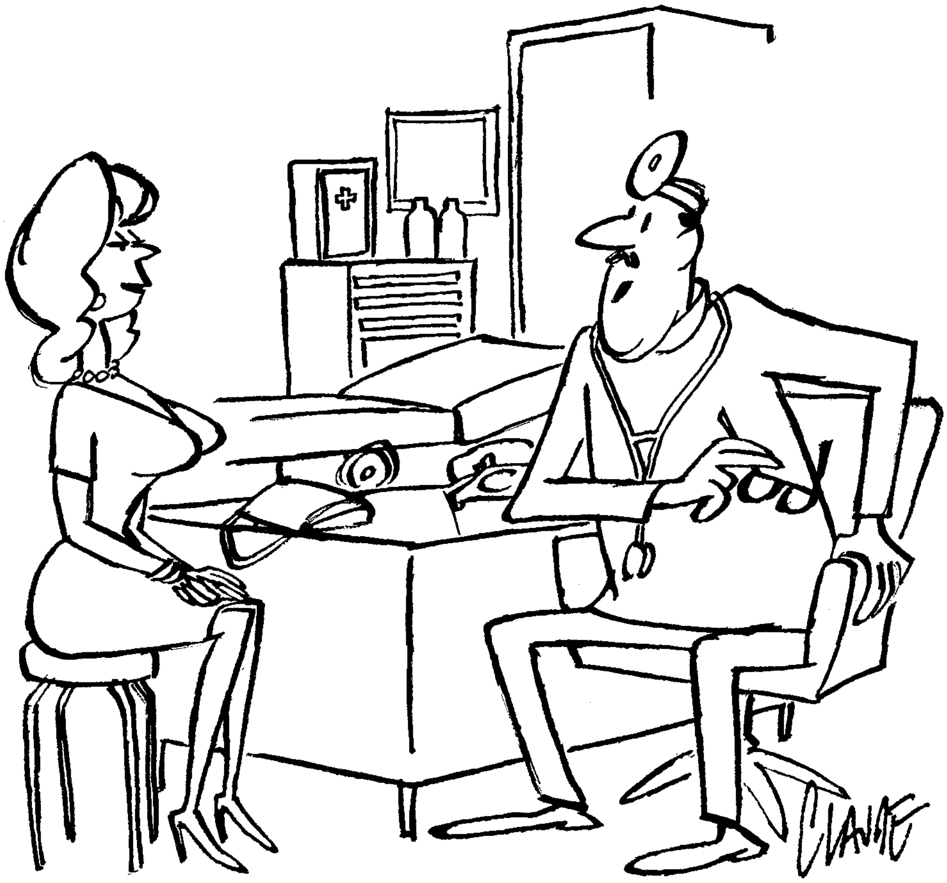
I have thought of this story, always unexpectedly, a number of times, and I suppose the years have altered it to suit my moods. Still, it has consistently been the caretaker whom I think of first; I can identify myself with him in a way I cannot with the bride and groom. The body fell rapidly, of course, yet it must have seemed to the old man to have been coming toward him through all eternity. He was, after all, the only person who—if he but knew *how*—might have averted the death. As I see him at that moment, he is helpless and human; he can do no more than stand where he is forever, breathing in the dampness of the evening and the scent of the grass he has cut, his hands held up not only for that impossible catch but to ward off the blow.

A premonition can fill us with the same sort of helplessness and dread that I find in this old caretaker. But since a premonition takes place wholly within the gray confines of the solitary mind,



"No, Madam, I'm afraid neatness does not count."

there can be no scream, no final thud. There is nothing but quietness, a quietness mitigated only by the soft and secret hum in our ears that tells us yes, we exist, we live.



"To begin with, Miss Hughes, the human body is a gorgeous piece of machinery."

I REMEMBER, as a soldier in World War II, crossing the Rhine River on a pontoon bridge soon after the far bank had been secured. As I drove across the bridge, I saw on the approaching shore what I took from the distance to be a haystack beside a farm dwelling—a serene and bucolic scene, surely, to find in the midst of warfare. The stack, however, was composed of human bodies. I felt no response. The stack could have been a dung heap, for within me there was no adequate feeling upon which I could draw. An hour or a day later, I saw a cow, one of its hind legs blasted away, lying swollen in a pasture that had become a minefield. Suddenly I felt not only pity and shock because of that animal but a kind of love as well. I report this because I believe it to be the normal response of most people; most of us are moved by what we can encompass. As civilians, we are concerned with the kind of teacher our first-grade children have, with the need for proper shelter and food for our families; we enjoy those responsibilities that we can meet.

In my own case, I like the sense of guardianship that a father has. It has something to do with my habit of taking brief after-midnight walks, for the walker is the sentry for all those in bed. There is a satisfaction in remaining awake, and alert, while the rest of the world sleeps. And even though one makes the same watchman's circuit of his house or block, there is always something to give fresh pleasure—a flurry of meteorites on one night, an impossibly bright Jupiter on another. If it is winter and snowing, the street light at the deserted corner is dimmed by the descending flakes; if the snow has been falling for a considerable period, one is apt in coming up the alley to find his feet slipping through the powder into the frozen prints made by his own boots a night or two before. I suppose that the after-midnight world can be our psychological bomb shelter; within it, we can be as protected as if we were snowmen within glass-ball paperweights.

On one clear and cold November night of the past year, the variety was provided by an exquisite auroral display. High over my head, a flaming crown drifted; a curtain of colors shimmered in the north, and on occasion a pale-red bolt would skitter up from the horizon to the perimeter of the flashing crown. I wanted quite urgently for my wife to see the display. The wish to share a spectacle in the night sky with a wife rudely awakened from slumber has its ridiculous aspects. "Whazzat?" she says, and before her puffed but dutiful eyes can be focussed properly, the spectacle has vanished from the window. But on this night the display remained. In her nightgown, dragging a blanket behind her, my wife stumbled after me through the baby's room—he stirred, but did not wake—and out upon the porch roof. We sat on the tin roof, hugging each other for warmth, the blanket wrapped around us, and we watched the colors vanish and reappear.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"I like it," she said soberly, and I was proud.

It was very still that night, and we heard the faint honking of geese long before we saw them. And so, when we did see them, we were prepared for the patterned flight, for the high birds outlined against the pulsating streams of red and yellow and green. They entered the crown directly above us and passed into the dark, heading not due south but southeast; for they were following the waterways, and below our house, beyond the park, Six Mile Creek, heavy with autumnal rains, was rushing northwestward and over Van Nattas Dam. I had not heard the sound of the water until the geese flew by, but then the roar was steady and strong.

My wife held my hand. "I don't think I've ever been so happy," she said. "I'm happy enough to die."

And so was I; at that moment, I thought myself capable of soaring off that tin roof, to impale myself without regret on my neighbor's white-painted and most proper picket fence ten feet below.

OF the actual premonition that led me to this writing, what can I say? One sunny winter day, I was possessed with a vague terror of imminent disaster at home: a sense that my wife, or the baby, or the two older boys—perhaps all of them, even the dog—were at that instant nearing violence and death. I could hear a faint but clear voice that implored my help—and I a mile away, drinking coffee at the lodge on the campus where I teach and talking with a friend about the prospects for the arts in the Kennedy administration!

One picture came into my mind that winter afternoon. It was a picture not of any person I knew but of a series of

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starkly classical heads, each a dazzling white (for they were apparently illuminated by a spotlight), outlined against a background as dark green as deep water. I remember thinking, So you're not enough, you heads; you don't finally help at all—without having any conscious notion of what I meant. And then desolation flowed over and into me, and the voice of my friend (speaking, I think, of Robert Frost) rose and ebbed and sank further and further until it was gone.

I said, perhaps interrupting what I had ceased to hear, "Do you believe in all that nonsense about extrasensory perception?"

"What? Yes. No. Of course not."

"It's nothing but nonsense?"

"Utter nonsense."

"But I've just had a feeling—"

"Something at home?" His kindly face showed concern.

"Yes."

"Then you'd better go."

And I took off at a wild gallop, between the tables and past the line of students waiting for hamburgers. My car was parked a continent away, across the bridge and down the road.

Those heads can be easily explained. There is, on the black upright piano in our house, a series of cheap plaster-of-Paris busts of composers (Bach, Schumann, Liszt, and so on)—prizes awarded by piano teachers to my two older sons for the completion of certain assigned tasks. There are eight of these white busts, and they are always lined up carefully, like soldiers at attention. The wall behind them is a dark green. When one of the boys is playing, the illumination from the lamp falls upon the white pages of the music, upon the white fingers touching the white and black keys, and upon those eight white and almost indistinguishable busts on the piano top. Seated at the opposite end of the room, I have often looked up from a book or magazine, and the sight of the boy on the bench as he makes the ebony box resound with noises—sometimes fine and assured noises, sometimes poor and faltering ones—is something that in recent years I have increasingly wanted to hold on to. Perhaps it is the glass-ball paperweight all over again, my own frozen footprints before me in the snow. Whatever it is, it failed me in the lodge that sunny winter afternoon as I imagined my family dead or dying.

Running in panic, I knew that I had run precisely like this on some other sunny winter afternoon. And this is part of any real premonition—the sense that it has all happened before and that it is destined to happen again. On that other day, five years before—we were in Kentucky then—the elementary-school secretary burst into my classroom crying, "Mr. McConkey! Your son has just been hit by a car!," and I, still quite rational, still the lecturer, asked, in booming classroom tones, "Where is he?"

"In the street, by the gutter."

And then I was running, running, and thinking, Thank God there's still one! I had not far to run, for the elementary school—the training school for college students in education—was on campus. But there was no child in the street by the gutter. I looked at the crosswalk; I looked before and behind and beneath all the parked cars. No child, no crowd about—only people bundled up and carefully walking past on the ice and snow. "Have you seen a child lying in the gutter?" I asked. "A child hit by a car?"

"No. No, I haven't." A polite and fully considered answer.

"Have *you* seen a child in the gutter?"

"Don't worry, Mr. McConkey." The elementary-school principal came up to me. "Only a nasty bump, where his head hit the curb. He bounced back from the fender. Not run over at all. He came to; you'll find him at the infirmary. Perfectly all right. Somebody had parked at the crosswalk, you see. . . ."

I should say here that the child hit down the street from our house last Easter was—luckily—also thrown back by the fender, was also only knocked unconscious against the curb. Our dog

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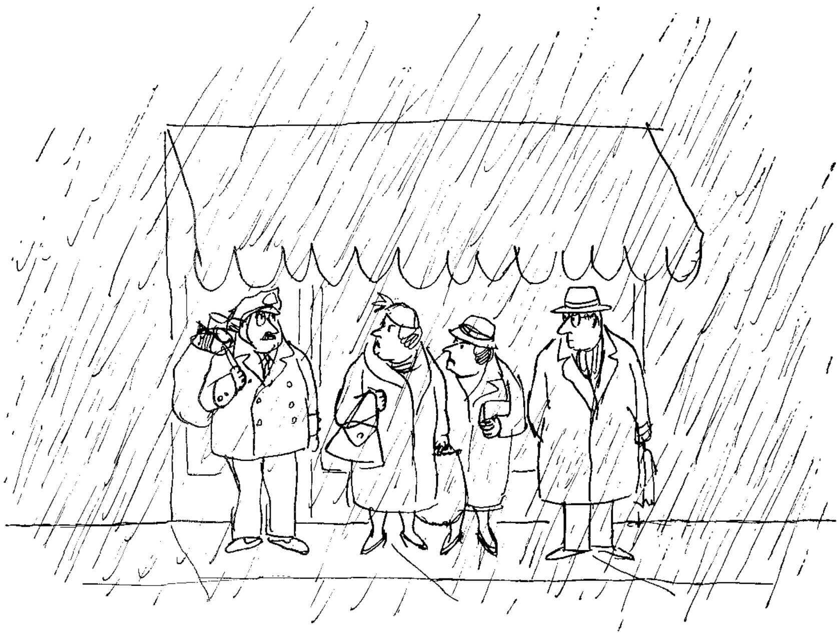

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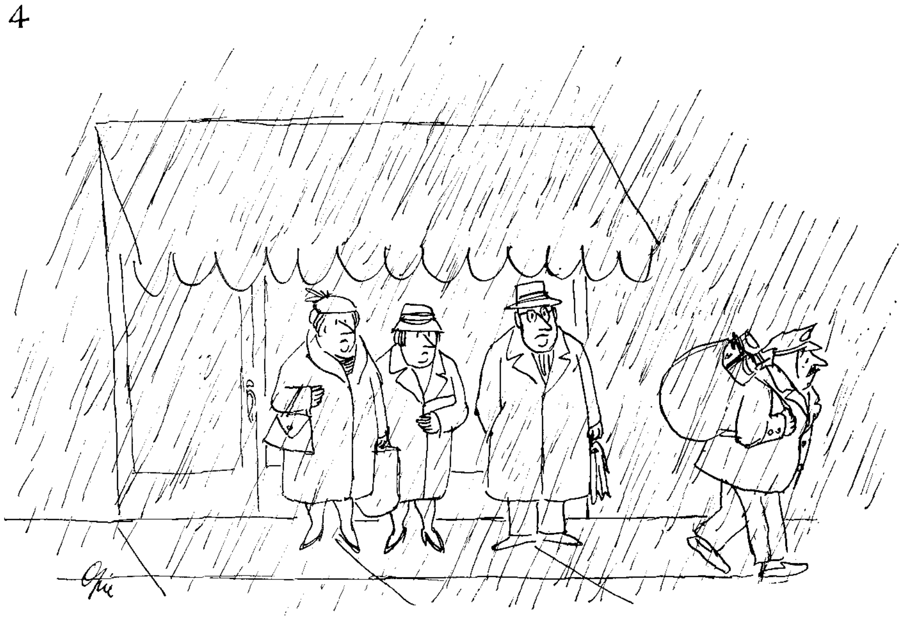

was killed in that same street, soon after we moved from Kentucky to this upstate New York community. He was a cocker spaniel. A year or so before our first child was born, I had decided never to own that kind of dog. For one morning I had picked up out of the road a cocker that had just been killed; the pressure of the wheel had made the large and limpid eyes bulge from the skull, and that night I awoke from a haunted slumber determined never to have a dog with eyes that would do that. But then we purchased one, and ours was eventually killed in the same manner, the tire rolling over the chest. Picking *him* up, I did not find the bulging eyes monstrous. It struck me only that I was dreadfully fond of that little dead beast. I was fond of the dog—and I had known all along that this was to be his end. It was, or so I felt, as if every new accident, each new violence, were but an extension of an earlier error, that these mistakes reverberated backward to the first accident and forward to the last. You have to accept the possibility of spilled blood when you undertake the care and feeding of a dog; there's a very clear end to it all whenever you give your affections to anything or anybody.

As I was walking with my friend to the campus lodge for coffee that winter afternoon, we were both enjoying the unexpected sunshine. After several days of snow squalls and overcast skies, the air had quieted in the morning hours, and now the world was clear and crystalline. The powder from the most recent flurry lay on the branches of the elms and evergreens, and occasionally would fall in soundless little avalanches. Dark beneath the snow-weighted evergreens, the path to the lodge was even more pleasant than usual; it drops through the woods in a leisurely curve and then, suddenly open to the sky and the sweep of the lake, crosses the gorge below the lake by means of a footbridge. At the opposite side of the bridge, overlooking the lake, is the lodge, and here the path ends.

We came out of the woods to see the sun sparkling upon the frozen lake. It had been cleared of snow along the shore, and skaters—students, young children, even a few elderly townspeople from whose frail shoulders bulky shawls were flying backward—glided in a fluid clockwise movement around and around and around. A dog flew down the ramp and sailed serenely on its haunches between two or three pairs of steel-shod feet. Laughter came up in thin and sporadic bursts; a loudspeaker emitted magnified scratching sounds and then a scratchy waltz. I recognized some neighborhood children, and I wished that I were skating with my sons. It was the kind of wish that bursts upon one, so poignant it catches one quite by surprise.

I was sitting with my friend, and we were speaking of the Presidential inauguration and of the change in attitude toward the arts that the new administration might conceivably bring; we were both quite heady with some new joy. And then I heard the faint voice calling for help, and I knew that whatever I might do it would not be enough. I felt myself become an elongated tube, no more than a drinking straw, one filled with nothing but emptiness and a hopeless love for my doomed wife and my three doomed children; yes, and even for my doomed and spayed German shepherd, who had replaced my dead cocker spaniel. It was then that I had fled, bearing in my brain eight white and classical heads and some odd sense that I had made this identical dash before.

There is but one item I wish to add, by way of possible explanation. A few nights earlier, I had attended an informal lecture in the basement of that same campus lodge. I thought the lecturer—a visitor of indeterminate age from New York City, a writer of fiction and social criticism—an odd mixture of melancholy and rapture, one whose young voice called for vigorous social and political action even as his old Jewish eyes made it clear that the game was up. That night I happened to be unusually fatigued; perhaps he was not as I saw him at all, but as he spoke I could visualize him at the Day of Judgment—a silent and motionless prophet, tears streaming from those old and pitying eyes as he saw his prophecy of destruction come to pass. The history of the past two hundred years has been a march toward annihilation, he told us. Western progress—so we know at last, looking back from the precipice in amazed recognition—has been all along the intensification of a death wish. Willfully, each age chooses its own afflictions: the neoclassicists selected gout; the romantics chose to cough themselves to their graves from tuberculosis; our inward ailments today take cancerous forms and are projected outward as a monstrous fungus, an ever-rising mushroom. Here is free will with a vengeance; as a species we wish to die, and die we shall. Is this actually what he said? I do not know. Midway in his talk, the lodge communications system—inexplicably, for but a moment—burst out from every hidden ceiling speaker with the wavering notes of a clarinet or trombone.

I do know that on my foolish drive homeward on the sunny afternoon of my premonition I tortured myself with recriminations. The car slipped on the ice as I came down the first of several hills; I nearly ended up against a lamppost. "Now, look here, James McConkey," I told myself severely. "Your fear that somebody *else* is dying—that's very cunning, isn't it? You're simply using it as an excuse; you want to kill yourself." And I slowed the car to a crawl. Then I said, "So you don't want to go home, after all. You don't want to find out that your wife and your children and your dog are perfectly all right. It's *their* death, not your own, that you lust for. You're secretly in love with Joan Kent."

The recollection of that name was odd—I hadn't thought of Joan Kent in years. Joan Kent had been a classmate of mine in the fourth grade at Pulaski Heights Elementary School, in Little Rock, Arkansas; the daughter of a clergyman and the terror of the playground, she had once lifted the bully of the class—a tough urchin, usually barefooted, who swore and smoked cigarette butts—and tossed him easily over her shoulder. I had always felt myself stronger than that bully (for I didn't smoke), and capable of handling Joan Kent. In the name of all boys, I had challenged her; but she had tossed me just as easily. The wind had been completely knocked out of me. I can still remember my inability to move, the look of the gravel at eye level, the laughter—like the faint cries of circling birds—of the children around me.

And so, driving home, I accused myself of wishing for the death of those whom I loved so that I could marry that little amazon! Such an accusation could only increase the sense of my loss, the awareness of my love for my family; tears of self-indulgence poured down my cheeks. I *knew* what I was doing. I despised the bulging eyes and white face I saw in the rear-view mirror, and said in anger and hostility, "You stupid, self-pitying fool! You grotesque clown!"

At home, of course, nothing was

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO ANTARCTICA

Here we can observe the superior mirages,
distortions, dreams, repeated rainbows,
false sunsets and deceptive sunrises,
ships overturned yet serenely riding
the high abyss as if to some anchor
hung between Polaris and the Goat.

The wisest visitors have been misled,
followed the wrong image, found themselves
trapped in a hall of carnival mirrors
where the glassy air's inverted lens
reflects an insupportable landscape,
makes grotesque the simplest being,
and holds the golden oasis forever
one inch away from the scheming hand.

Even at the gate where the first floes drift
like dead messengers from some wrinkled tomb,
the fata morgana magnifies and lifts
the wind's debris into steeples,
hoists cathedrals against the sky,
erects such cities a pilgrim imagines
Atlantis risen with all its green towers,
garlands, and women, and stalks through the crystal
into the darkness behind every mirror.

Early explorers followed a mirage
twisting with angels and horny fires,
recorded phantoms as veritable flesh,
pursued illusion beyond the round edge
of experience and the orbiting world,
believed the wind was turned by a fist
so faceted, jewelled, encumbered with light,
mortals must be blinded by a glimpse
of one radiant knuckle. Other voyagers,
the cold still creaking in their hair,
reported an unimaginable forehead,
eyeless, Neanderthal, sloping into heaven
from the loud jaws of a gaping sea.

Some, circumnavigating this circle,
flee what they find, leave it for saints
or merchants to conquer, retire to rest homes,
diseases, games. Others go through
to that crevasse where the last mirror hangs
and the staring self dangles in its worn harness
over a void, while breath crashes
like a blue, falling window.

Only the mirage lives through these winters,
and the boneless wind sniffing at tracks
fixed like a wreath, where the most recent traveller
has pitched his blind, enduring tent.

—Adrien Stoutenburg

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wrong. The dog met me at the top of the cellar stairs (from the carport, one enters our house by way of the basement) and licked my face as I ascended, a trick she delights in; my wife was feeding the baby in the kitchen; the two older boys, watching television in the back room, ignored my greeting. Apparently, one of them had just finished his practicing, or—more likely—had stopped in the middle of it, for in the living room the gooseneck lamp illuminated the disordered sheet music on the piano and the little row of plaster-of-Paris busts. I picked one of them up and was looking at it when my wife came into the room.

"What's wrong?" she asked quietly.

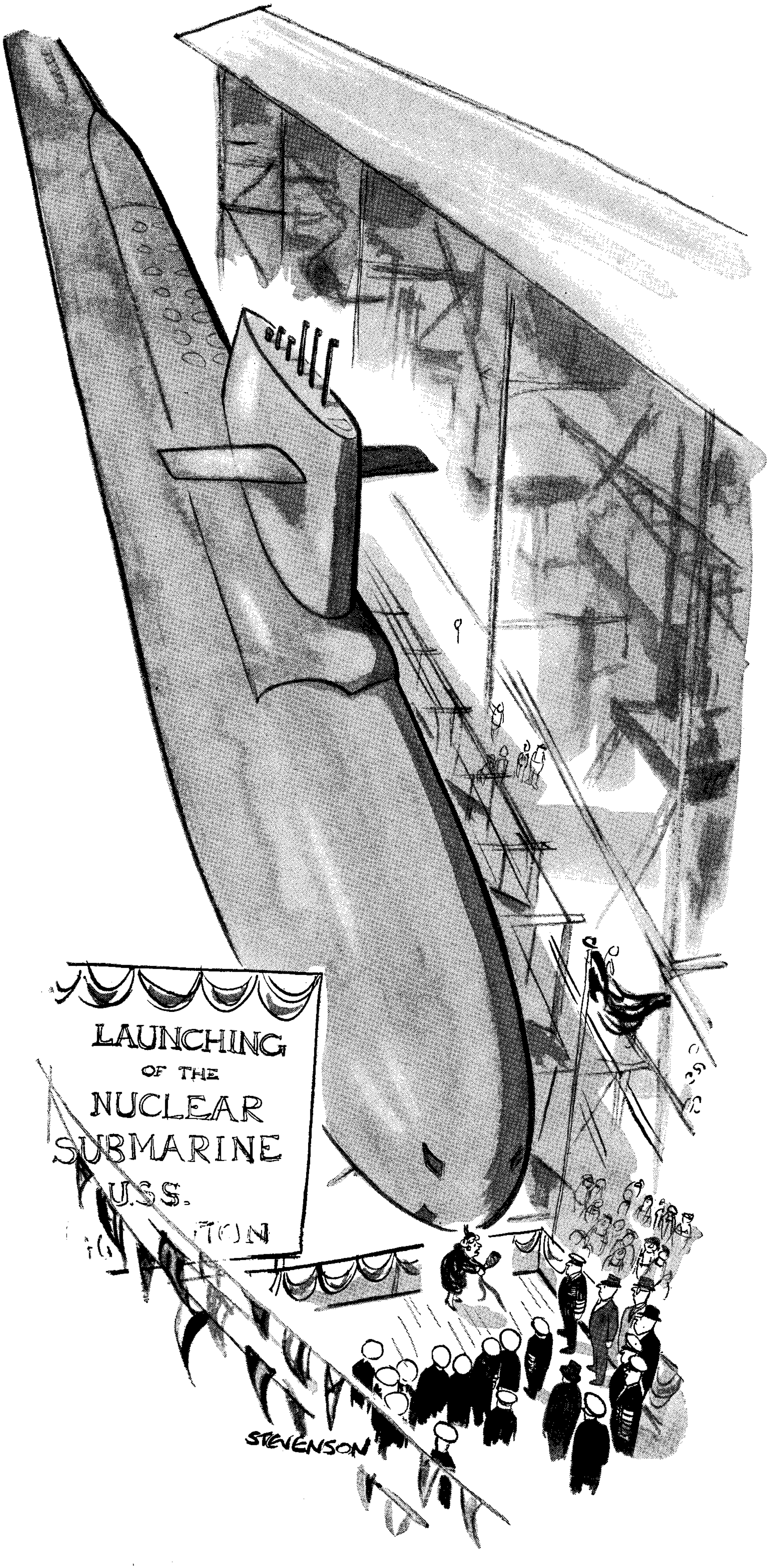
"Nothing, thank God," I said. "I thought, at the lodge, ten or fifteen minutes ago—I thought that maybe you and the boys were dead, or were about to die. Something of that sort, I guess." I was ashamed.

But she understood, and without another word we held each other tightly. From the back room came the magnified clatter of hoofs and gunfire; from the kitchen the rising wails of an indignant and still-hungry baby.

WELL, that is my experience, my premonition. It is the premonition of a fairly stable citizen, one who pays his taxes and is in debt only for his car and house. If my sleep is disturbed on occasion by the figure tumbling and whistling down from the sky, still I am never the person falling through space from that distant and moving star; I am no more than the old caretaker standing solidly, if helplessly, on the ground. The only time, to my knowledge, that I *honestly* wished for death was that moment I sat on the tin roof with my wife, watching the geese outlined against the aurora borealis and hearing—after their last faint honk had vanished—the seasonal rush of water over Van Nattas Dam.

The moment or eternity of panic has done nothing to alter such a habit as my nightly walks. Returning from them, I always look at the eight white busts of the composers on the piano top before I switch off the light and go upstairs. Whatever part they play in the psychological bomb shelter, I know now that they offer no real escape, no total illusion; the moment of panic and loss has told me that, and in a way I am glad to acknowledge this fact. Lying in bed, sometimes I see them, shining in their whiteness, patterned not in a row but in a V, flying high above, one with the geese; and then I fall asleep.

—JAMES McCONKEY



"Are you sure it won't do something?"

THE COST OF LIVING

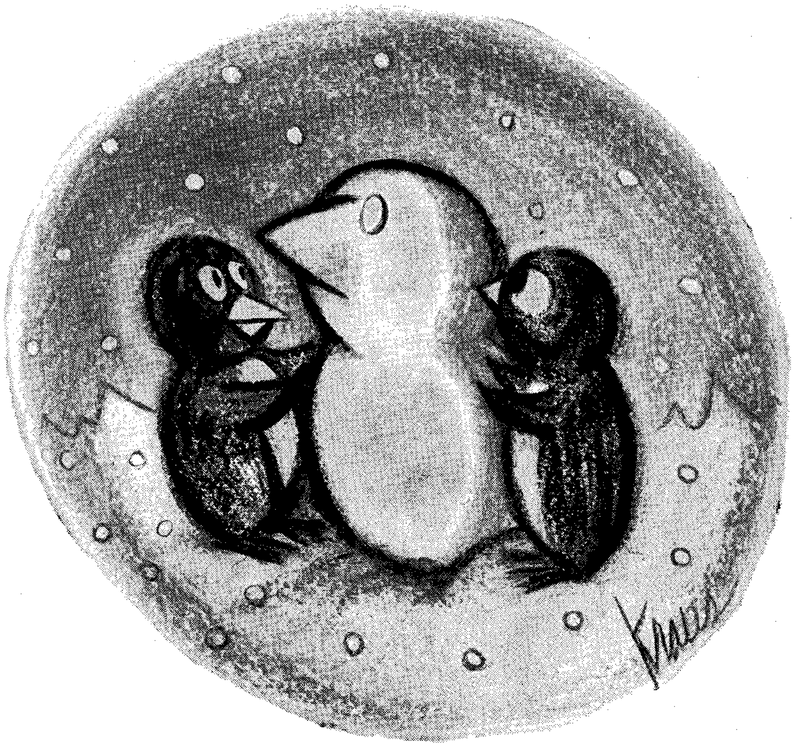
Louise, my sister, talked to Sylvie Laval for the first time on the stairs of our hotel on a winter afternoon. At five o'clock the skylight over the stairway and the blank, black windows on each of the landings were pitch dark—dark with the season, dark with the cold, dark with the dark air of cities. The only light on the street was the blue neon sign of a snack bar. My sister had been in Paris six months, but she still could say, "What a funny French word that is, Puss—'*snack*.' " Louise's progress down the steps was halting and slow. At the best of times she never hurried, and now she was guiding her bicycle and carrying a trench coat, a plaid scarf, Herriot's "Life of Beethoven," Cassell's English-French, a bottle of cough medicine she intended to exchange for another brand, and a notebook, in which she had listed facts about nineteenth-century music under so many headings, in so many divisions of divisions, that she had lost sight of the whole.

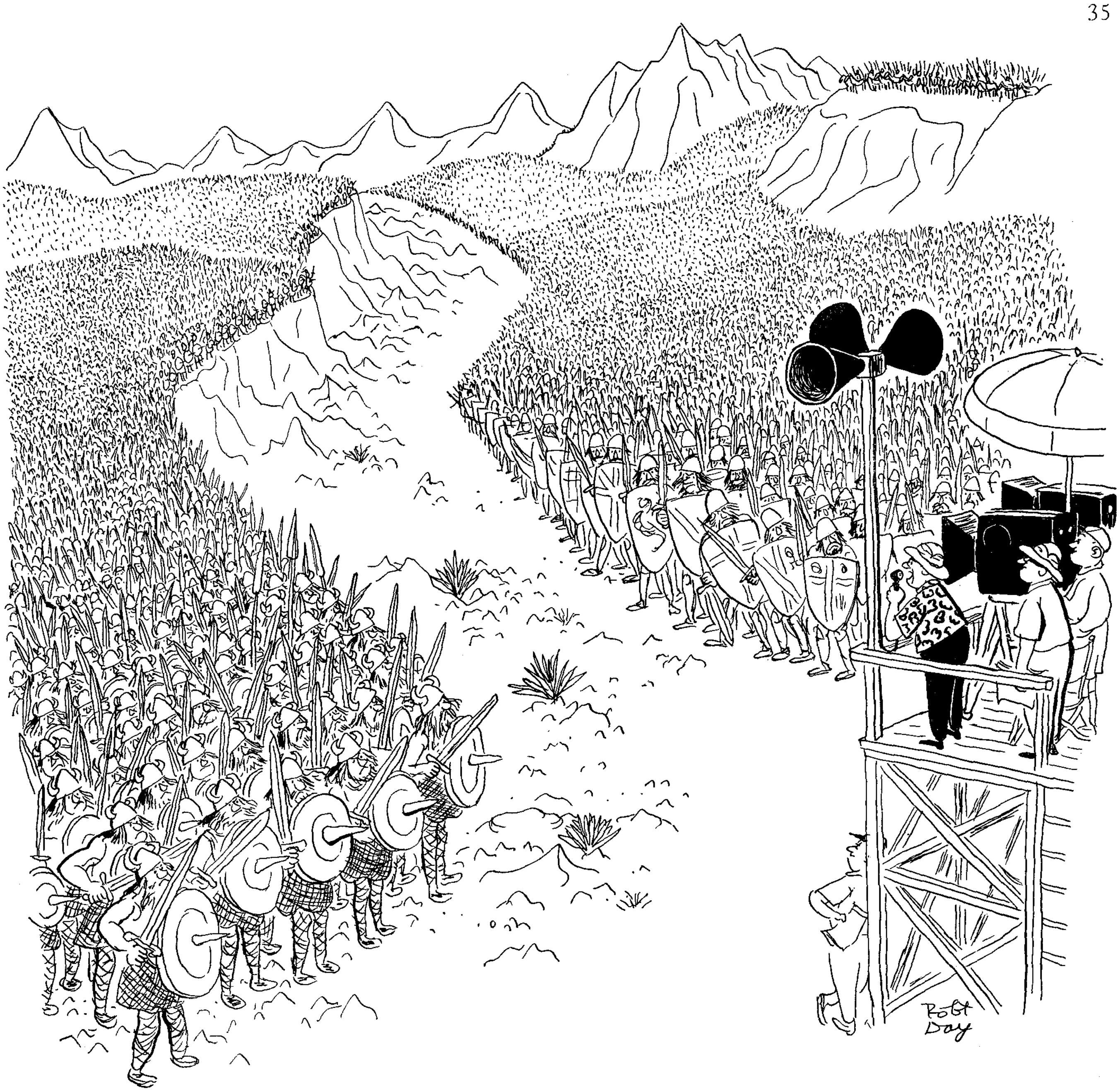
The dictionary, the Herriot, the cough medicine, and the scarf were mine. I was the music mistress, out in all weathers, subject to chills, with plenty of woollen garments to lend. I had not come to Paris in order to teach *solfège* to stiff-fingered children. It happened that at the late age of twenty-seven I had run away from home. High time, you might say; but rebels can't always be choosers. At first I gave lessons so as to get by, and then I did it for a living, which is not the same thing. My older sister followed me—wisely, calmly, with plenty of money for travel—six years later, when both our parents had died. She was accustomed to a busy life at home in Australia, with a large house to look after and our invalid mother to nurse. In Paris, she found time on her hands. Once she had visited all the museums, and cycled around the famous squares, and read what was written on the monuments, she felt she was wasting her opportunities. She decided that music might be useful, since she had once been taught to play the piano; also, it was bound to give us something in common. She was making a serious effort to know me. There was a difference of five years between us, and I had been away from home for six. She enrolled in a course of lectures, took notes, and went to concerts on a cut-rate student's card.

I'd better explain about that bicycle. It was heavy and old—a boy's bike, left by a cousin killed in the war. She had brought it with her from Australia, thinking that Paris would be an easy, dreamy city, full of trees and full of time. The promises that led her, that have been made to us all at least once in our lives, had sworn faithfully there would be angelic children sailing boats in the fountains, and calm summer streets. But the parks were full of brats and quarrelling mothers, and the bicycle was a nuisance everywhere. Still, she rode it; she would have thought it wicked to spend money on bus fares when there was a perfectly good bike to use instead.

We lived on the south side of the Luxembourg Gardens, where streets must have been charming before the motorcars came. Louise was hounded by buses and small, pitiless automobiles. Often, as I watched her from a window of our hotel, I thought of how she must seem to Parisian drivers—the very replica of the governessy figure the French, with their passion for categories and their disregard of real evidence, instantly label "the English Miss." It was a verdict that would have astonished her, if she had known, for Louise believed that "Australian," like "Protestant," was written upon her, plain as could be. She had no idea of the effect she gave, with her slow gestures, her straight yellow hair, her long face, her hand-stitched mannish gloves and shoes. The inclination of her head and the quarter-profile of cheek, ear, and throat could seem, at times, immeasurably tender. Full-face, the head snapped to, and you saw the lines of duty from nose to mouth, and the too pale eyes. The Prussian ancestry on our mother's side had given us something bleached and cold. Our faces were variations on a theme of fair hair, light brows. The mixture was weak in me. I had inherited the vanity, the stubbornness, without the will; I was too proud to follow and too lame to command. But physically we were nearly alike. The characteristic fold of skin at the outer corner of the eye, slanting down—we both had that. And I could have used a word about us, once, if I dared: "dainty." A preposterous word; yet, looking at the sepia studio portrait of us, taken twenty-five years ago, when I was eight and Louise thirteen, you could imagine it. Here is Louise, calm and straight, with her hair brushed on her shoulders, and her pretty hands; there am I, with organdie frock, white shoes, ribbon, and fringe. Two little Anglo-German girls, accomplished at piano, Old Melbourne on the father's side, Church of England to the bone: Louise and Patricia—Lulu and Puss. We hated each other then.

Once, before Louise left Paris forever, I showed her a description of her that had been written by Sylvie Laval. It was part of a cast of characters around whom Sylvie evidently meant to construct a film. I may say that Sylvie never wrote a scenario, or anything like one; but she belonged to a Paris where one was "writer" or "artist" or "actor" without needing to prove the point. "The Australian," wrote Sylvie, in a hand that showed an emotional age of nine, "is not elegant. All her skirts are too long, and she should not knit her own sweaters and hats. She likes Berlioz and the Romantics, which means corrupt taste. She lives in a small hotel on the left bank because





"I've been asked to remind you—please don't bend, fold, or mutilate your I.B.M. cards."

* * *

[erased] She has an income she tries to pass off as moderate, which she probably got from a poor old mother, who died at last. Her character is innocent and romantic, but she is a mythomaniac and certainly cold. This [here Sylvie tried to spell a word unknown to me] makes it hard to guess her age. Her innocence is phenomenal, but she knows more than she says. She resembles the Miss Bronty [crossed out] Bronthee [crossed out] Brounte, the English lady who wore her hair parted in front and lived to a great old age after writing many moral novels and also Wuthering Heights."

I found the notes for the film in a diary after Sylvie had left the hotel. Going by her old room, I stopped at the open door. I could see M. Rablis, who owned the hotel and who had been Sylvie's lover, standing inside. He stood, the heart of a temper storm, the core of a tiny hurricane, and he flung her abandoned effects onto a pile of ragged books and empty bottles. I think he meant to keep everything, even the bottles, until Sylvie came back to settle her bill and return the money he said she had stolen from his desk. There were Javel bottles and whiskey bottles and yoghurt bottles and milk bottles and bottles for olive oil and tonic water and medicine and wine. Onto the pile went her torn stockings, her worn-out shoes. I recognized the ribbons and the *broderie anglaise* of a petticoat my sister had once given her as a present. The petticoat suited Sylvie—the tight waist, and the wide skirt—and it suited her even more after the embroidery became unstitched and flounces began to hang. Think of draggled laces, sagging hems, ribbons undone; that was what Sylvie was like. Hair in the eyes, sluttish little Paris face—she was a curious friend for immaculate Louise. When M. Rablis saw me at the door, he calmed down and said, "Ah, Mademoiselle. Come in and see if any of this belongs to you. She stole from everyone—miserable little thief." But "little thief" sounded harmless, in French, in the feminine. It was a woman's phrase, a joyous term, including us all in a capacity for frivolous mischief. I stepped inside the room and picked up the diary, and a Japanese cigarette box, and the petticoat, and one or two other things.

THAT winter's day when Sylvie talked to Louise for the first time, Louise was guiding her bicycle down the stairs. It would be presumptuous

PURE WATER SURVIVAL SIX-PACK
W Miller

“Happy birthday, Daddy!”

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for me to say what she was thinking, but I can guess: she was more than likely converting the price of oranges, face powder, and Marie-biscuits from French francs to Australian shillings and pence. She was, and she is, exceptionally prudent. Questions of upbringing must be plain to the eye and ear—if not, better left unexplained. Let me say only that it was a long training in modesty that made her accept this wretched hotel, where, with frugal pleasure, she drank tea and ate Marie-biscuits, heating the water on an electric stove she had been farsighted enough to bring from home. Her room had dusty claret hangings. Silverfish slid from under the carpet to the cracked linoleum around the washstand. She could have lived in comfort, but I doubt if it occurred to her to try. With every mouthful of biscuit and every swallow of tea, she celebrated our mother’s death and her own release. Louise had nursed Mother eleven years. She nursed her eleven years, buried her, and came to Paris with a bicycle and an income.

Now, Sylvie, who knew nothing about duty and less about remorse, would have traded her soul, without a second’s bargaining, for Louise’s room; for Sylvie lived in an ancient linen cupboard. The shelves had been taken out and a bed, a washstand, a small table, a straight chair pushed inside. In order to get to the window, one had to pull the table away and climb over the chair. This room, or cupboard, gave straight onto the stairs, between two floors. The door was flush with the staircase wall; only a ravaged keyhole suggested that the panel might be any kind of door. As she usually forgot to shut it behind her, anyone who wanted could see her furrowed bed and the basin, in which underclothes floated among islands of scum. She would plunge down the stairs, leaving a blurred impression of mangled hair and shining eyes. Her eyes were a true black, with the pupil scarcely distinct from the iris. Later I knew that she came from the southwest of France; I think that some of her people were Basques. The same origins gave her a stocky peasant’s build and thick, practical hands. Her hand, grasping the stair rail, and the firm tread of her feet specified a quality of strength that had nothing in common with the forced liveliness of Parisian girls, whose energy seemed to me as thin and strung up as their voices. Her scarf, her gloves flew from her like birds. Her shoes could never keep up with her feet. One of my memories of Sylvie—long before I knew anything about her, before I knew even her name—is of her halting, cursing loudly with a shamed smile, scrambling up or down a few steps, and shoving a foot back into a lost ballerina shoe. She wore those thin slippers out on the streets, under the winter rain. And she wore a checked skirt, a blue sweater, and a scuffed plastic jacket that might have belonged to a boy. Passing her, as she hung over the banister calling to someone below, you saw the tensed muscle of an arm or leg, the young neck, the impertinent head. Someone ought to have drawn her—but somebody has: Sylvie was the coarse and grubby Degas dancer, the girl with the shoulder thrown back and the insolent chin. For two pins, or fewer, that girl staring out of flat canvas would stick out her tongue or spit in your face. Sylvie had the voice you imagine belonging to the picture, a voice that was common, low-pitched, but terribly penetrating. When she talked on the telephone, you could hear her from any point in the hotel. She owned the telephone, and she read *Cinémonde*, a magazine about film stars, by the hour, in the lavatory or (about once every six weeks) while soaking in the tub. There was one telephone and one tub for the entire hotel, and one lavatory for every floor. Sylvie was always where you wanted to be; she had always got there first. Having got there, she remained, turning pages, her voice cheerfully lifted in the newest and most melancholy of popular songs.

“HAVE you noticed that noisy girl?” Louise said once, describing her to me and to the young actor who had the room next to mine.

We were all three in Louise’s room, which now had the look of a travel bureau and a suburban kitchen combined; she had covered the walls with travel posters and bought a transparent plastic tablecloth. Pottery dishes in yellow and blue stood upon the shelves. Louise poured tea and gave us little cakes. I remember that the young man and I, both well into the age of reason, sat up very straight and passed spoons and paper napkins back and forth with constant astonished cries of “Thank you” and “Please.” It was something about Louise; she was so kind, so hospitable, she made one want to run away.

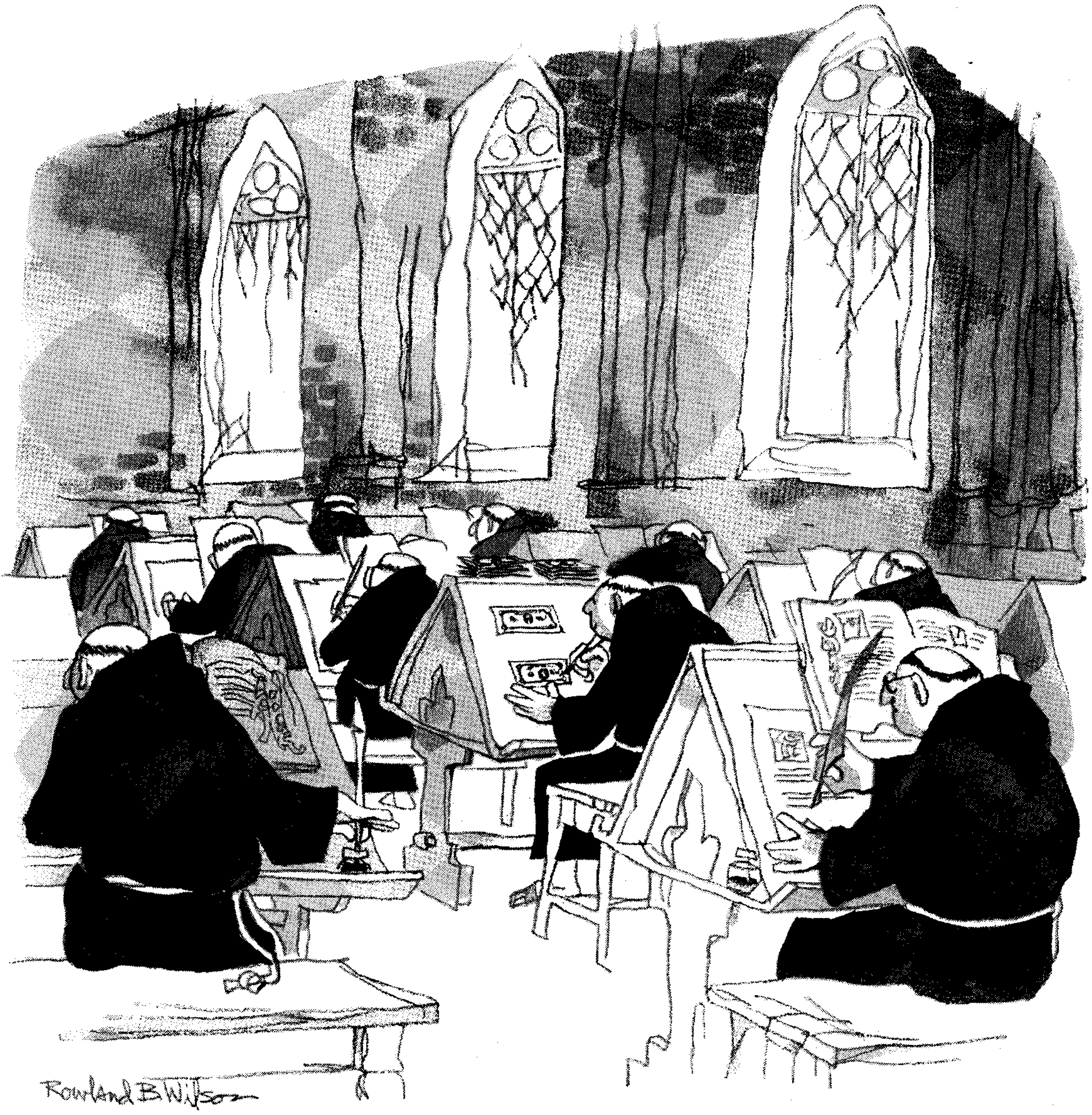
“I never notice young girls,” said the young man, which seemed to me a fatuous compliment, but Louise turned pink. She appeared to be waiting for something more from him, and so he went on, “I know the girl you mean.” It was not quite a lie. I had seen Sylvie and this boy together many times. I had heard them in his room, and I had passed them on the stairs. Well, it was none of my affair.

Until Louise’s arrival, I had avoided meeting anyone in the hotel. Friendship in bohemia meant money borrowed, recriminations, complaints, tears, theft, and deceit. I kept to myself, and I dressed like Louise, which was as much a disguise as my bohemian way of dressing in Melbourne had been. This is to explain why I had never introduced Louise to anyone in the hotel. As for the rest of Paris, I didn't need to bother; Louise arrived with a suitcase of introductions and a list of names as long as the list for a wedding. She was not shy, she wanted to "get to know the people," and she called at least once on every single person she had an introduction to. That was how it happened that she and the actor met outside the hotel, in a different quarter of Paris. They had seen each other across the room, and each of them thought "I wonder who that is?" before discovering they lived in the same place. This sort of thing is supposed never to happen in cities, and it does happen.

She met him on the twenty-first of December in the drawing room of a house near the Parc Monceau. She had been invited there by the widow of a man in the consular service who had been to Australia and had stayed with an uncle of ours. It was one of the names on Louise's list. Before she had been many weeks in Paris, she knew far more than I did about the hard chairs, cheerless lights, and gray-pink antique furniture of French rooms. The hobby of the late consul had been collecting costumes. The drawing room was lined with glass cases in which stood headless dummies wearing the beads and embroidery of Turkey, Macedonia, and Greece. It was a room intended not for people but for things—this was a feeling Louise said she often had about rooms in France. Thirty or forty guests drifted about, daunted by the museum display. They were given whiskey to drink and sticky cakes. Louise wore the gray wool dress that was her "best" and the turquoise bracelets our Melbourne grandfather brought back from a voyage to China. They were the only ornaments I have ever seen her wearing. She talked to a poet who carried in his pocket an essay about him that had been printed years before—yellow, brittle bits of paper, like beech leaves. She consoled a wild-haired woman who complained that her daughter had begun to carry on. "How old is your daughter?" said Louise. The woman replied, "Thirty-five. And you know how men are now. They have no respect for girlhood any more." "It is very difficult," Louise agreed. She was getting to know the people, and was pleased with her afternoon. The consul's widow looked toward the doors and muttered that Cocteau was coming, but he never came. All at once Louise heard her say, in answer to a low-toned question, "She's Australian," and then she heard, "She's like a coin, isn't she? Gold and cold. She's interested in music, and lives over on the Left Bank, just as you do—except that you don't give your address, little monkey, not even to your mother's friends. I had such a lot of trouble getting a message to you. Perhaps she's your sort, although she's much too old for you. She doesn't know how to talk to men." The consul's widow hadn't troubled to lower her voice—the well-bred Parisian voice that slices stone.

Louise accepted the summing up, which was inadequate, like any other. Possibly she did not know how to talk to men—at least the men she had met here. Because she thought people always said what they meant and no more than they intended, her replies were disconcerting; she never understood that the real, the unmentioned, topic was implicit between men and women. I had often watched her and seen the pattern—obtuseness followed by visible surprise—which made her seem more than ever an English Miss. She said to the young man who had asked the question about her, and who now was led across to be presented, "Yes, that's quite right. I don't talk to men much, although I do listen. I haven't any brothers and I went to Anglican convents."

That was abrupt and Australian and spinsterish, if you like, but she had been married. She had been married at eighteen to Collie Tate. After a few months his regiment was sent to Malaya, and before she'd had very many letters from him he was taken prisoner and died. He must have been twenty. Louise seemed to have forgotten Collie,



GETTING THROUGH

I wrote the postcard to you and went out
Through melting snow to mail it. Old Miss Tree
Buttonholed me at the corner with something about
Today being our last chance. Indeed? Well, well,
Not hers and mine, I trusted gallantly,
Disengaging her knuckle from my lapel.

First thing on entering the Post Office,
I made out through my pigeonhole's dim pane
An envelope from you. Cheered up by this,
Card between teeth, I twirled the dials; they whirred
But the lock held. One, two, three times. In vain.
At the stamp window I called for Mr. Bird,

Our friendly Postmaster. Not a soul replied.
Bags of mail lay in heaps, lashed shut, the late
Snowlight upon them. When at last I tried
To avail myself of the emergency stamp machine,
A cancelled 20-franc imperforate
From Madagascar slid out, mocking, green.

Nerves, I thought, wishing more than ever, now,
You had not gone away, considering mailing
My card unstamped, presuming that somehow . . .
What's this! Your envelope lies at my feet,
Ripped open, empty, my name trickling, paling
From snow tracked in by me. Outside, Main Street

Is empty—no: a Telephone Company truck.
Why, I can phone! The mere sound of my voice
Will melt you, help decide you to come back.
But as I hurry home a water drop
Stops me, then little rainbow husks of ice.
There at the shivering telephone pole's top

Two men in rubber boots are cutting wires
Which heavily dangle from a further pole.
(Oh, May Day ribbons! Child our town attires
As Queen in tablecloth and paper crown,
Lurching down Main Street blindly as a mole!)
When the last wire is severed I lurch down

The street myself, my blankness exquisite.
Beyond a juniper hedge sits Mrs. Stone,
Mute on her dazzling lawn. Bracing to sit
In such fresh snow, I brightly call. Her hard
Gaze holds me like amber; I drop my own,
And find I cannot now read the postcard

Still in my grasp, unspotted and uncrushed.
My black inkstrokes hover intensely still
Against the light—starlings gunshot has flushed
That hover one split second, so, then veer
Away for good. The trees weep, as trees will.
Everything is cryptic, crystal-queer.

The stationery store's brow drips, ablaze
Where the pink sun has struck it with the hand
Of one remembering after days and days—
Remembering what? I am a fool, a fool!
I hear with joy, helpless to understand,
Cries of snow-crimson children leaving school.

—James Merrill

• •

obliterating, in her faithlessness, not only his death but the fact that he had ever lived. She wore the two rings he had given her. They had rubbed her fingers until calluses formed. She was at ease with the rings and with the protective thickening around them, but she had forgotten him.

The young actor gravely pointed out that the name he was introduced to her by—Patrick something—was a stage name, and after Louise had sat down on a gilt chair he sat down at her feet. She had never seen anyone sitting on the floor in France, and that made her look at him. She probably looked at his hands; most women think a man's character is shown in his hands. He was dressed like many of the students in the streets around our hotel, but her practical eye measured the cost and cut of the clothes, and she saw he was false-poor, pretending. There was something rootless and unclaimed in the way he dressed, the way he sprawled, and in his eagerness to explain himself; but for all that, he was French.

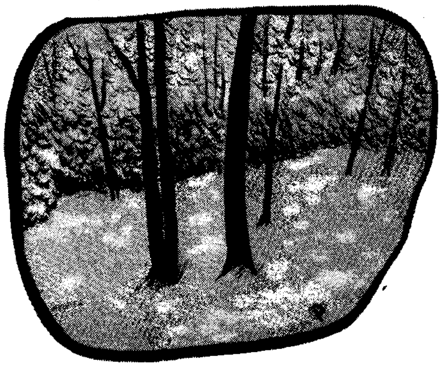
"You aren't what I think of as an Australian," he said, looking up at her. He must have learned to smile, and glance, and give his full attention, when he was still very young; perhaps he charmed his mother that way. "I didn't know there were any attractive women there."

"You might have met people from Sydney," Louise said. "I'm from Melbourne."

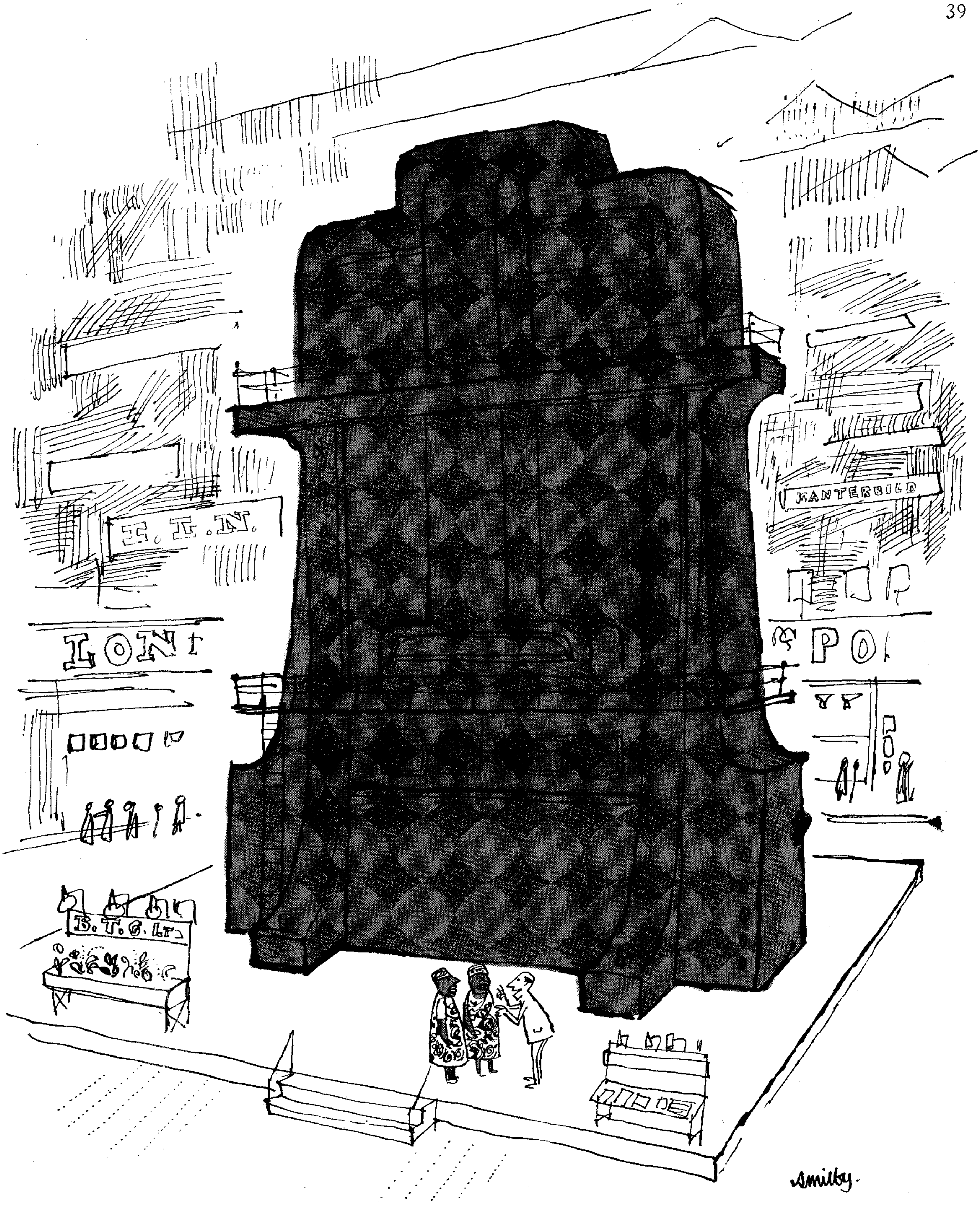
"Do the nice Australians come from Melbourne?"

"Yes, they do."

He looked at her briefly and suspiciously. Surely anyone so guileless-seeming must be full of guile? If he had asked, she would have told him that, tired of clichés, she met each question as it came up. She returned his look, as if glancing out of shadows. There must have been something between them then—a mouse squeak of knowledge. She was not a little girl freshly out of school, wishing she had a brother; she was thirty-eight, and had been widowed nineteen years.



They discovered they lived in the same hotel. He thought he must have seen her, he said, particularly when she spoke of the bicycle. He remembered seeing a bicycle, someone guiding it up and down. "Perhaps your sister," he said, for she had told him about me. "Perhaps," said serpent Louise. She thought that terribly funny of him, funny enough to repeat to me. Then she told him that she was certain she had heard his voice. Wasn't he the person who had the room next to her sister? There was an actor in that room who read aloud—oh, admirably, said Louise. (He did read, and I had told her so; he read in the groaning, suffering French



"Then him big fella start to roll. Chop-chop—auto frames."

• •

classical manner that is so excruciating to foreign ears.) He was that person, he said, delighted. They had recognized each other then; they had known each other for days. He said again that "Patrick" was a stage name. He was sorry he had taken it—I have forgotten why. He told her he was waiting for a visa so that he could join a repertory company that had gone to America. He had been tubercular once; there were scars, or shadows, on his lungs. That was why the visa was taking so long. He tumbled objects out of his pockets, as if everything had to be explained to her. He showed a letter from the embassy, telling him to wait, and a picture of a house in the Dordogne that belonged to his family, where he would live when he grew old. She looked at the stone house and the garden and the cherry trees, and her manner when she returned it to him was stiff and shy. She said nothing. He was young, but old enough to know what that sudden silence meant; and he woke up. When the consul's widow came to see how they were getting on and if one of them wanted rescuing, they said together, "We live in the same hotel!" Had anything as marvellous ever happened in Paris, and could it ever happen again? The woman looked at Louise then and said, "I was wrong about you, was I? Discreet but sure—that's how Anglo-Saxons catch their fish."

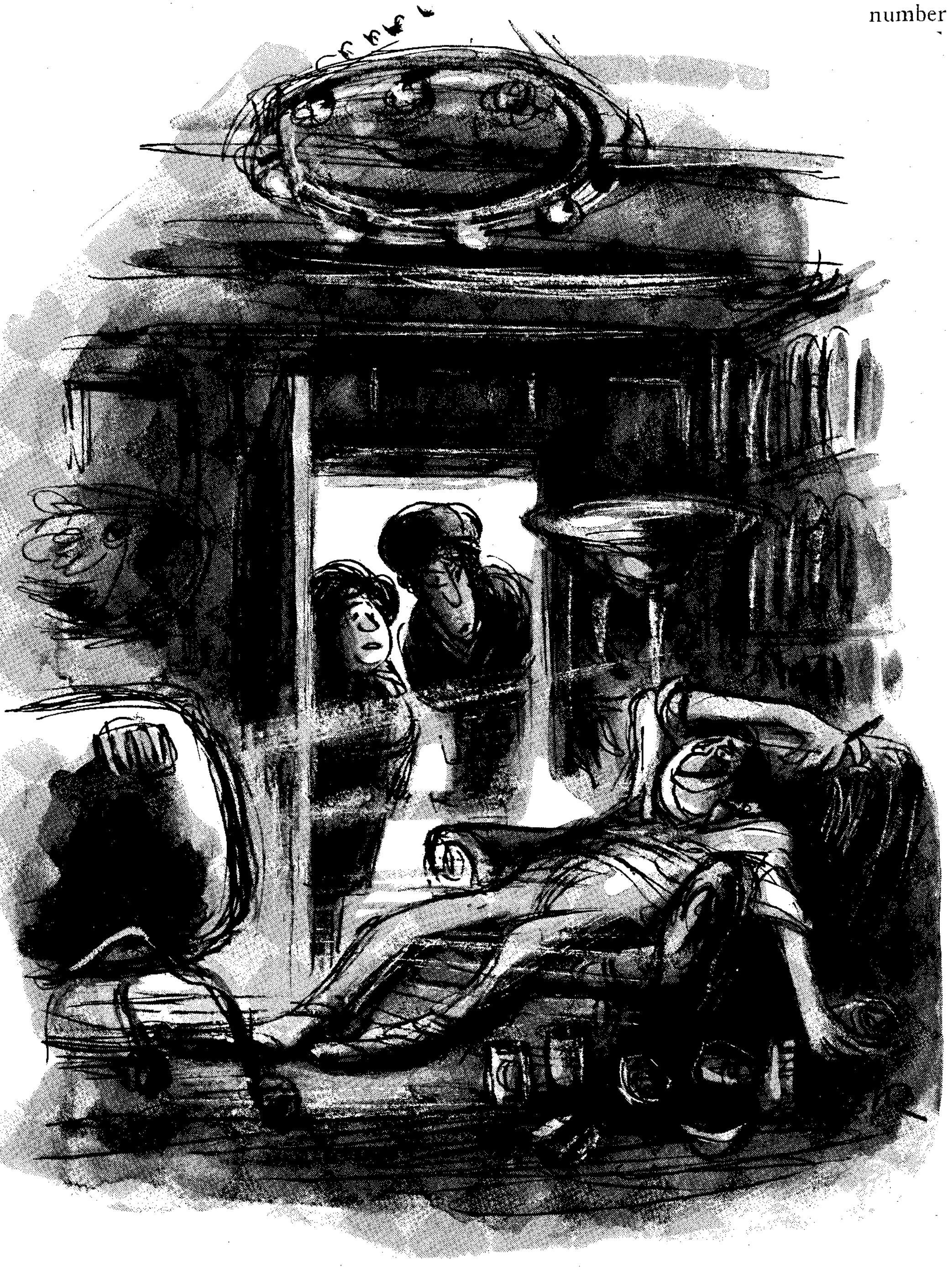
It was enough to make Louise sit back in her chair. "What will people say?" has always been, to her, deeply real. In that light the gray wool dress she was wearing and the turquoise bracelets were cold as snow. She was a winter figure in the museum room. She was a thrifty widow; an abstemious traveller counting her comforts in shillings and pence. She was a blunt foreigner, not for an instant to be taken in. Her most profound belief about herself was that she was too honest to fall in love. She believed that men were basically faithless, and that women could not love more than once. She never forgave a friend who divorced. Having forgotten Collie, she thought she had never loved at all.

"COULD you let me have some money?"

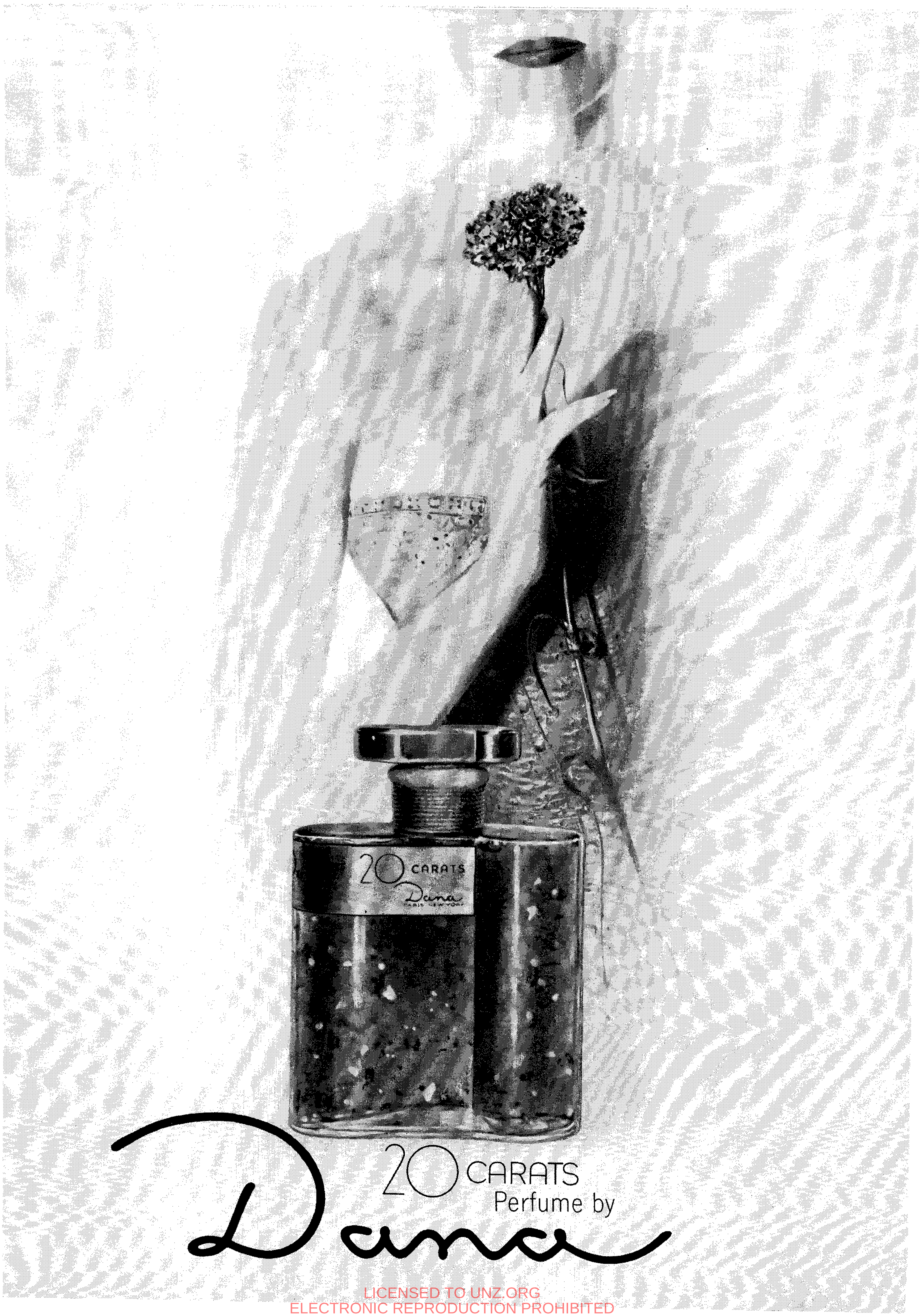
That was the first time Sylvie talked to Louise. Those were Sylvie's first words, on the winter afternoon, on the dark stairs. The girl was around the bend of a landing, looking down. Louise stopped, propping the bicycle on the wall, and stared up. Sylvie leaned into the stair well so that the dead light from the skylight was behind her; then she drew back, and there was a touch of winter light upon her, on the warm skin and inquisitive eyes.

I may say that giving money away to strangers was not the habit of my sister, our family, or the people we grew up with. Louise stood, in her tweed skirt, her arm aching with the weight of so many useful objects. The mention of money automatically evoked two columns of figures. In all financial matters, Louise was bound to the rows of numbers in her account books. These account books were wrapped in patent leather, and came from a certain shop in Melbourne; our father's ledgers had never been bought in any other place. The columns were headed "Paid" and "Received," in the old-fashioned way, but at the top of each page our father, and then Louise, crossed out the printed words and wrote "Necessary" and "Unnecessary." When Louise was obliged to buy a Christmas or birthday present for anyone, she marked the amount she had spent under "Unnecessary." I had never attached any significance to her doing this; she was closer to our parents than I, and that was how they had always reckoned. She guarded her books as jealously as a diary. What can be more intimate than a record of money and the way one spends it? Think of what Pepys has revealed. Nearly everything we know about Leonardo is summed up in his accounts.

"Well, I do need money," said the girl, rather cheerfully. "M. Rablis wants to put me out of my room again. Sometimes he makes me pay and sometimes he doesn't. Oh, imagine being on top of the world on top of a pile of money!" This was not said plaintively but with an intense vitality that was like a third presence on the stairs. Her warmth and her energy communicated so easily that there was almost too much,



"This is Harry's den, and that's Harry."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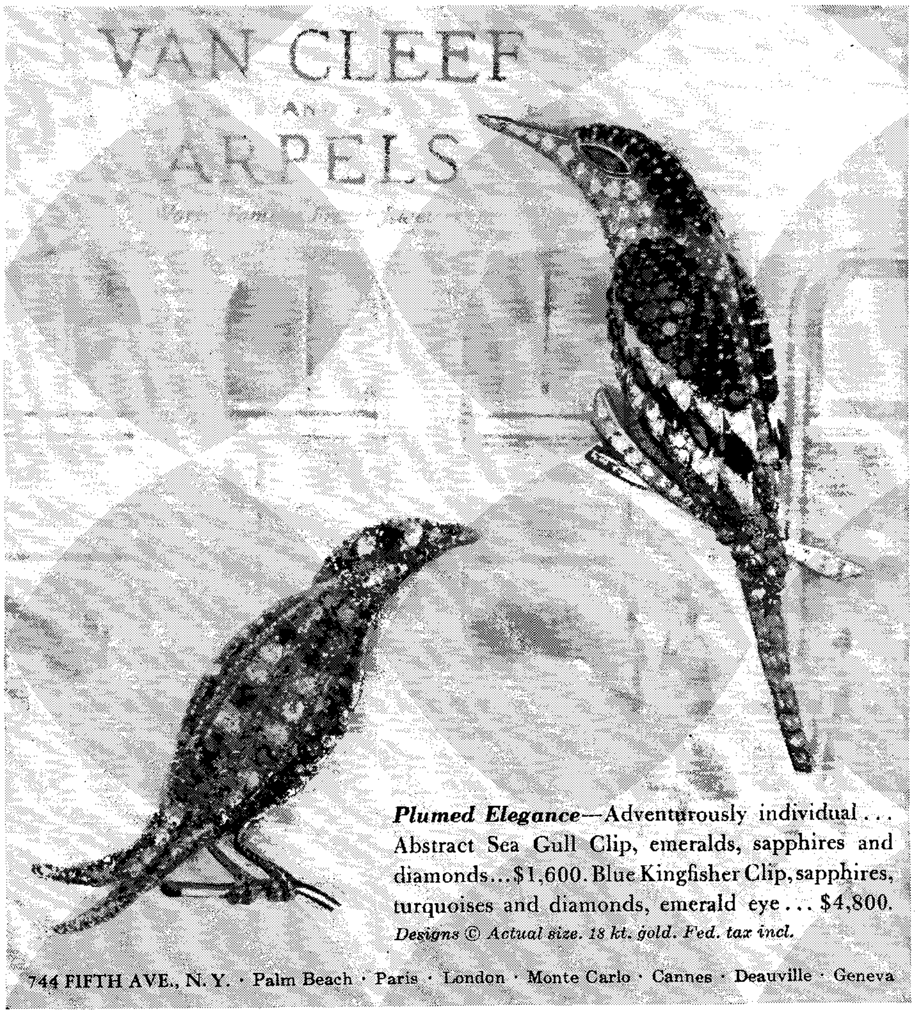

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and some fell away and had its own existence.

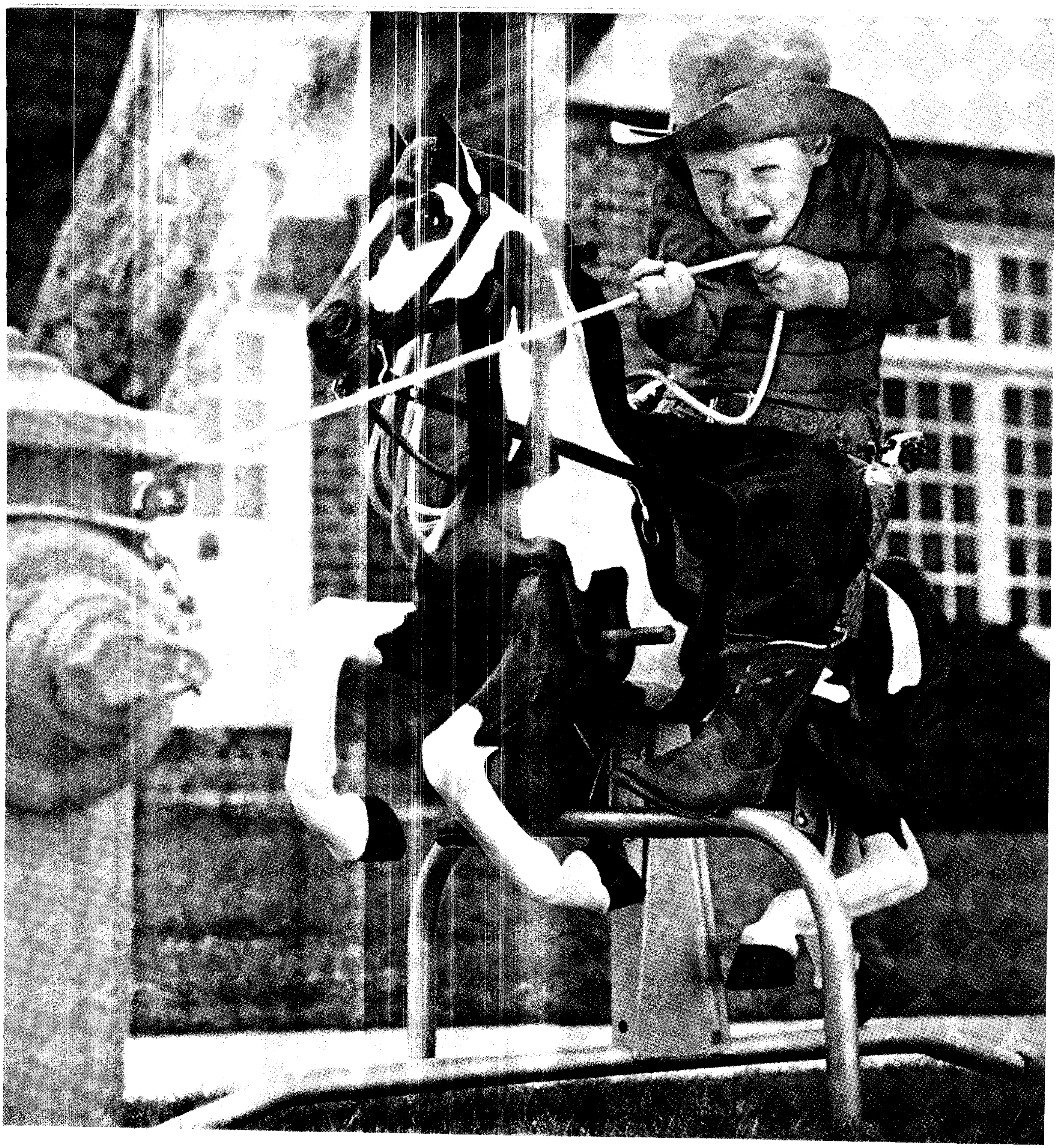
That was all Louise could tell me later on. She had been asked to put her hand in her pocket for a stranger, for someone who had no claim on her at all, and she was as deeply shocked as if she had been invited to take part in an orgy—a comparison I do not intend as a joke.

"What if *I* asked you for money?" I suddenly said.

She looked at me with that pale-eyed appraisal and gently said, "Why, Puss, you've got what you want, haven't you? Haven't you got what you wanted out of life?" I had two woollen scarves, one plaid and one blue, which meant I had one to lend. Perhaps Louise meant that.

The absence of sun in Paris brought on a kind of irrationality at times, just as too much sun can drive one mad. If it had been anyone but my sister talking to me, I would have said that Sylvie was nothing but an apparition on the stairs. Who ever has heard of asking strangers for money? And one woman to another, at that. I know that I had never become accustomed to the northern solstice. The whitish sky and the evil Paris roofs and the cold red sun suggested a destiny so final that I wondered why everyone did not rebel or run away. Often after Christmas there was a fall of snow, and one could be amazed by the confident tracks of birds. But in a few weeks it was forgotten, and the tramps, the drunks, the unrepentant poor (locked up by the police so that they would not freeze on the streets) were released once more, and settled down in doorways and on the grilles over the Métro, where fetid air rose from the trains below, to await the coming of spring. I could see that Louise was perplexed by all this. She had been warned of the damp, but nothing had prepared her for those lumps of bodies, or for the empty sky. At four o'clock every day the sun appeared. It hung over the northwest horizon for a few minutes, like a malediction, and then it vanished and the city sank into night.

THIS is the moment to talk about Patrick. I think of him in that season—something to do with chill in the bones, and thermometers, and the sound of the rain. I had often heard his voice through the wall, and had guessed he was an actor. I knew him by sight. But I came home tired every night, disinclined to talk. I saw that everyone in this hotel was as dingy, as stationary, as I was myself, and I knew we were tainted with the same incom-



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Patrick: my sister's lover. Well, perhaps, but not for long. An epidemic of grippe came into the city, as it did every year. Patrick was instantly felled. He went into illness as if it were a haven, establishing himself in bed with a record-player and a pile of books and a tape recorder. I came down with it, too. Every day, Louise knocked on his door, and then on mine. She came down the stairs—her room was one flight above ours—pushing her bicycle, the plaid scarf tied under her chin. She was all wool and tweed and leather again. The turquoise bracelets had been laid in a drawer, the good gray dress put away. She fetched soup, aspirin, oranges, the afternoon papers. She was conscientious, and always had the right change. Louise was a minor heiress now, but I had never been pardoned. I inherited my christening silver and an income of fifteen shillings a month. They might have made it a pound. It was only fair; she had stayed home and carried trays and fetched the afternoon papers—just as she was doing now—while I had run away. Nevertheless, although she was rich and I was poor, she treated me as an equal. I mean by that that she never bought me a cheese sandwich or a thermos flask of soup without first taking the money for it out of the purse on my desk and counting out the correct change. I don't know if she made an equal of Patrick. The beginning had already rushed into the past and frozen there, as if, from the first afternoon, each had been thinking, This is how it will be remembered. After a few days she declined, or rose, to governess, nanny, errand girl, and dear old friend. What hurts me in the memory is the thought of all that golden virtue, that limpid will, gone to waste. He was such an insignificant young man. Long eyelashes, grave smile—I could have snapped him out between thumb and finger like a bug. Poor Louise! She asked so many questions but never the right kind. God help you if you lose your footing in this country. There are no second tries. Was there any difference between a music teacher without a working permit, a tubercular actor try-

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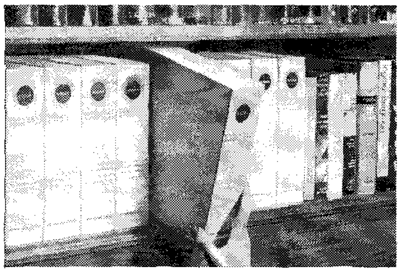

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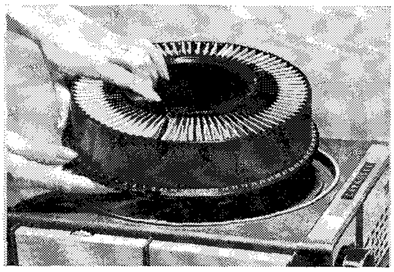

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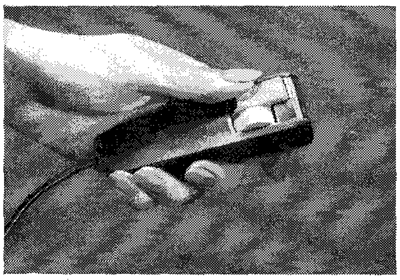

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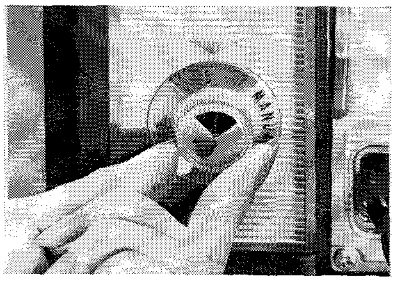

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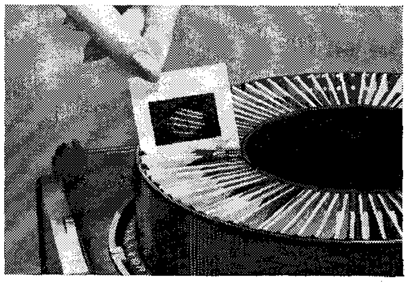

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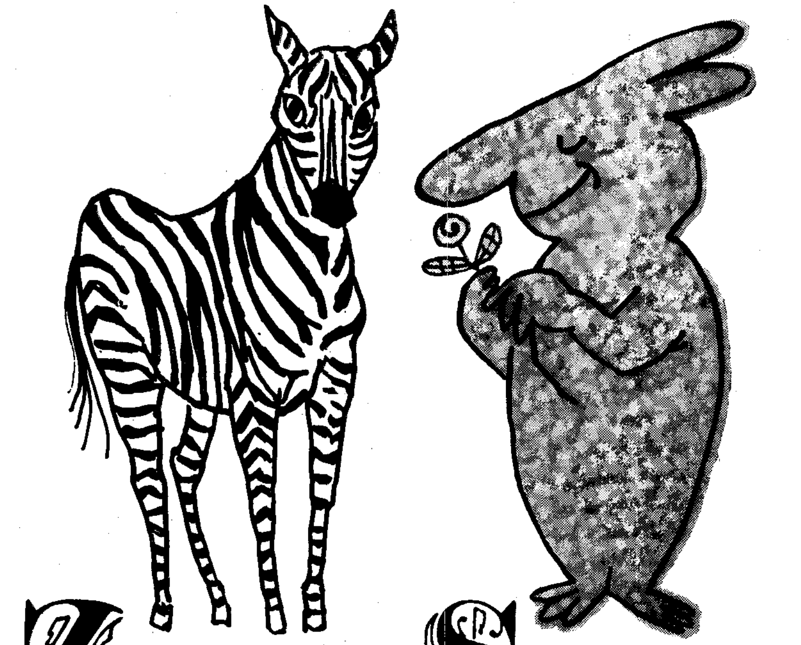

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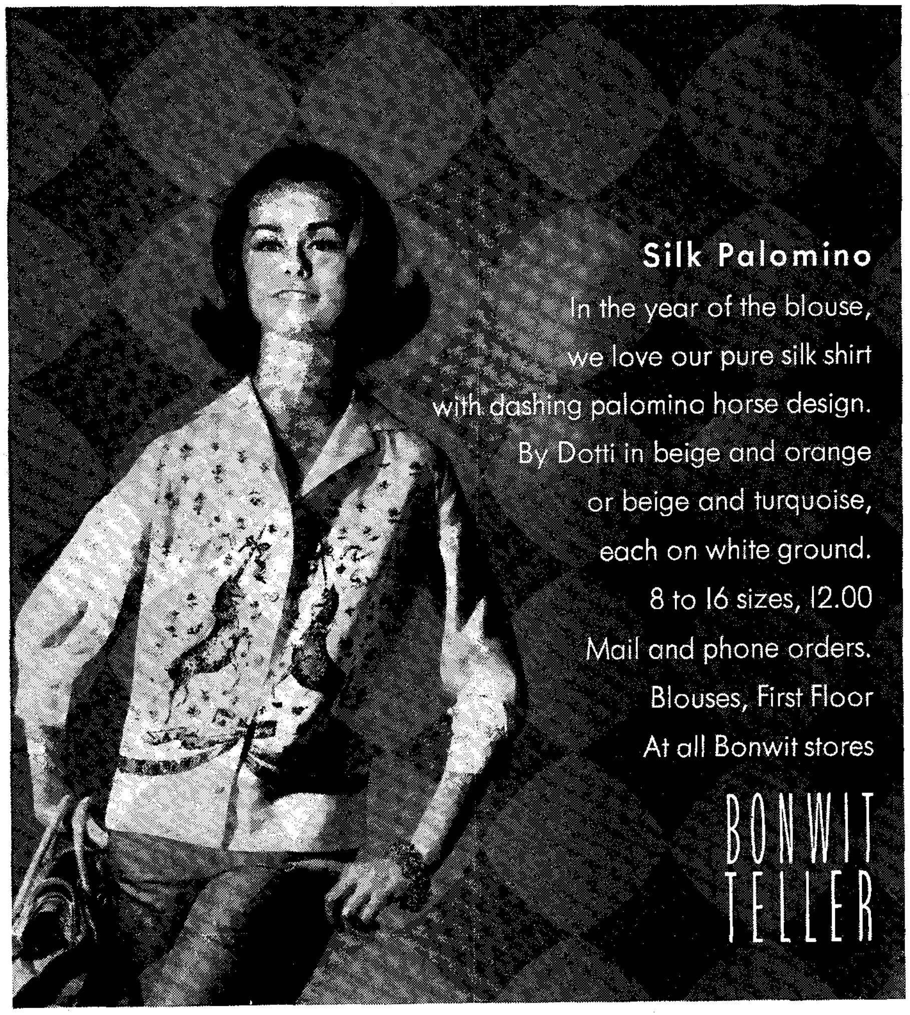

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ing to get to America, and a man bundled in newspapers sleeping on the street? Louise never saw that. She was as careful in her human judgments as she was in her accounts. Unable to squander, she wondered where to deposit her treasures of pity, affection, and love.

Patrick was reading to himself in English, with the idea that it would be useful in New York. Surely he might have thought of it before? Incompetence was written upon him as plainly as on me, and that was one of the reasons I averted my eyes. Louise was expected to correct his accent, and once he asked me to choose his texts. He read "End-game" and "Waiting for Godot," which I heard through the wall. Can you imagine listening to Beckett when you are lying in bed with a fever? I struggled up one day, and into a dressing gown, and dumped on his bed an armload of poetry. "If you *must* have Irish misery," I said, and I gave him Yeats. English had one good effect; he stopped declaiming. The roughness of it took the varnish off his tongue. "Nor dread nor hope attend a dying animal," I heard through the wall one Thursday afternoon, and the tone was so casual that he might have been asking for a cigarette or the time of a train. "Nor dread nor hope . . ." I saw the window and heard the rain and realized it was my thirty-third birthday. Patrick had great patience, and listened to his own voice again and again.

Louise nursed us, Patrick and me, as if we were one: one failing appetite, one cracked voice. She was accustomed to bad-tempered invalids, and it must have taken two of us to make one of Mother. She fed us on soup and oranges and soda biscuits. The soda biscuits were hard to find in Paris, but she crossed to the Right Bank on her bicycle and brought them back from the exotic food shops by the Madeleine. They were expensive, and neither of us could taste them, but she thought that soda biscuits were what we ought to have. She planned her days around our meals. Every noon she went out with an empty thermos flask, which she had filled with soup at the snack bar across the street. The oranges came from the market, Rue St.-Jacques. Our grippe smelled of oranges, and of leek-and-potato soup.

Louise had known Patrick seventeen days, and he had been ailing for twelve, when she talked to Sylvie again. The door to Sylvie's room was open. She sat up in her bed, with her back to a filthy pillow, eating *pain-au-chocolat*. There were crumbs on the blanket and around her chin. She saw Louise going

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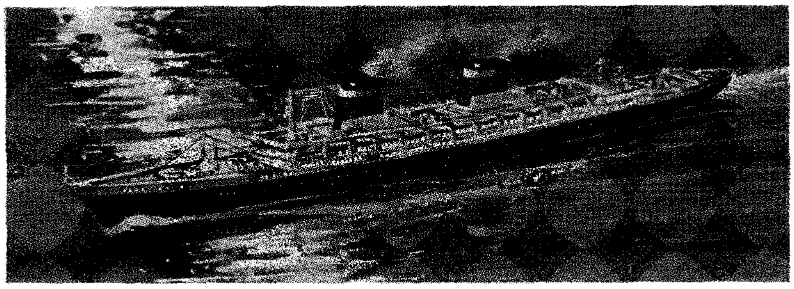

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"Aren't you talking about films?" said Louise.

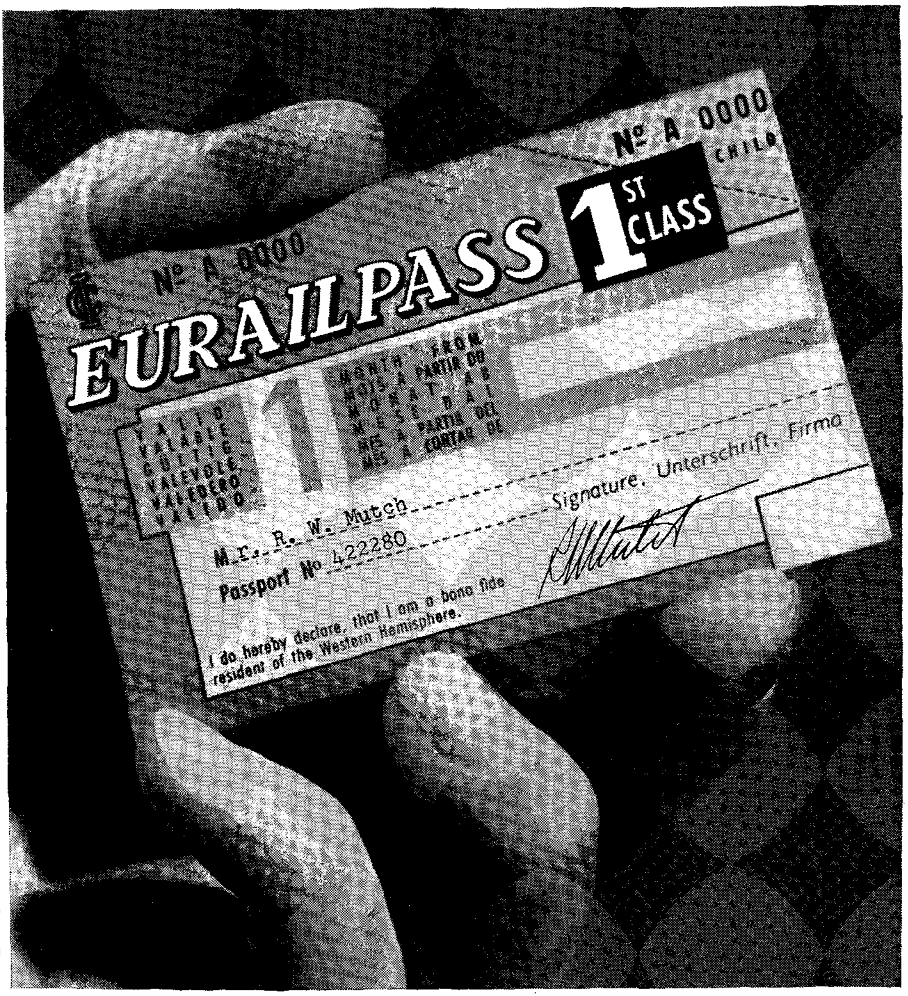
Sylvie screwed her eyes shut, thought, and said, "Well, if it isn't films it's Brecht. Anyway, it's something I've heard." She laughed, with her hands to her face, but she was watching between her fingers. Then she folded her hands and began telling poor Louise how to sit, stand, and walk on the stage—rattling off what she had learned in some second-rate theatrical course. Patrick had told us that every unemployed actor in Paris believed he could teach.

They still had not told each other their names; and if Louise walked into that cupboard room, and bothered to hear Sylvie out, and troubled to reply, it must have been only because she had decided one could move quite easily into another life in France. She worked hard at understanding, but she was often mistaken. I know she believed the French had no conventions.

"I stay in bed because my room is so cold," said Sylvie, rapidly now, as if Louise might change her mind and turn away. "This room is an icebox—there isn't even a radiator—so I stay in bed and study and I leave the door open so as to get some of the heat from the stairs." A tattered book of horoscopes lay face down on the blanket. Tacked to the wall was a picture someone had taken of Sylvie asleep on a sofa, during or after a party, judging from the scene. The slit of window in the room gave on a court, but it was a bright court, with a brave tree whose roots had cracked the paving.

"My name is Sylvie Laval," she said, and, wiping her palm on the bedsheet, prepared to shake hands.

"Louise Tate." Louise set the thermos down on Sylvie's table, between a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full ashtray and a cardboard container of coagulated milk. She saw the Japanese box with the chrysanthemum painted on the lid, and picked it up.

"What a new element you are going to be for me," said Sylvie, settling back and watching with some amazement. "I shall observe you and become like you. Yes, that's the money box, and you must take whatever you need for the sandwich."

"Why do you want to observe me?" *said Louise, turning and laughing at* her.

"You look like an angel," Sylvie said. "I'm sure angels look like you."

"I was once told I looked like an English poet in first youth," said Louise, trying to pretend that Sylvie's intention had been ironical.

Sylvie tilted her little chin as if to say she knew what that was all about. "Your friends are poets," she said. "They must be like you, too—wise and calm. I wish I knew your friends."

"They are very plain people," said Louise, still smiling. "They wouldn't be much fun for a bright little thing like you."

"Foreigners?"

"Some. French, too." Louise was proud of her introductions.

Sylvie looked with her bold black eyes and said, "French. I knew it."

"Knew what?"

"You and the type upstairs. The great actor—the comedian." She bit her fingers, hesitating. Her features were coarse and sly. "You're so comic, the two of you, creeping about with your secret. But love is love, and everyone knows."

I have wondered since about that bit of mischief. I suppose Patrick had given Sylvie a role to play, because it was the only way he could control her. She had found out, or he had told, and he had warned her not to hurt Louise. Louise was someone who must be spared. She must never guess that he and Sylvie had been lovers. They thought Louise could never stand up to the truth; they thought no one could bear to be told the truth about anything after a certain age.

Sylvie, launched in a piece of acting, could not help overloading. "Do you know any other French people?" she said. "Never mind. There's me." She flung out her arms suddenly—to the mirror, not to Louise—and cried, "I am your French friend."

"SHE'S got a picture of herself sound asleep, curled up with no shoes on," said Louise, talking in a new,

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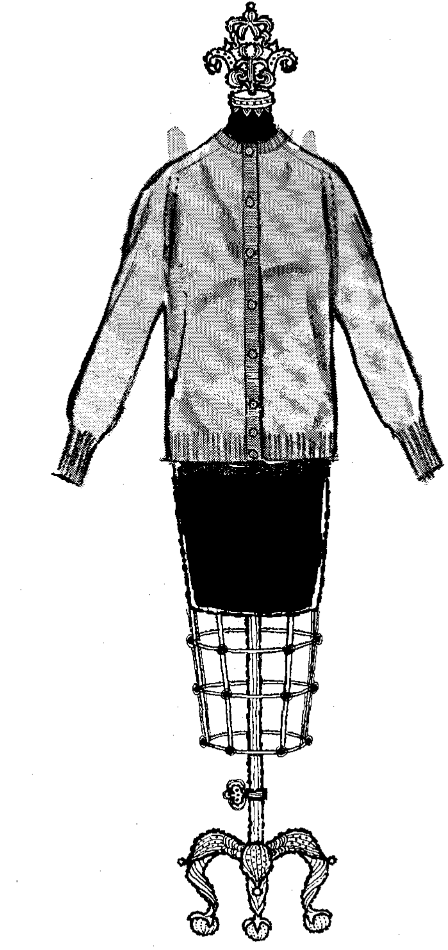

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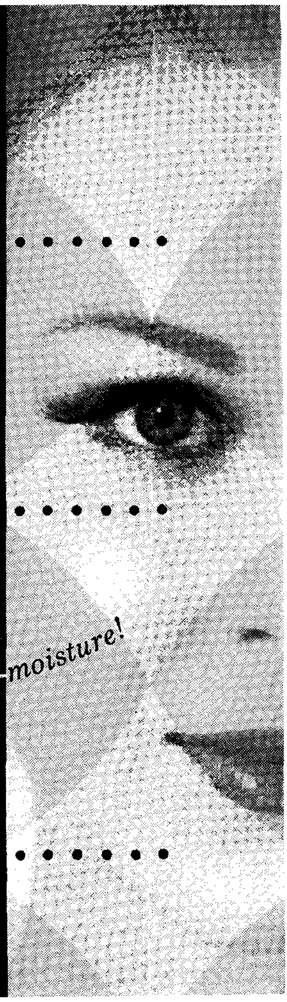

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breathless voice. "It must be the first thing she looks at in the morning when she wakes up. And she seems terribly emotional and generous. I don't know why, but she gives you the feeling of generosity. I'm sure she does herself a lot of harm."

We were in Patrick's room. Louise poured the daily soup into pottery bowls. I have often tried to imagine how he must have seemed to Louise. I doubt if she could have told you. From the beginning they stood too close; his face was like a painting in which there are three eyes and a double profile. No matter how far she backed off, later on, she never made sense of him. Let me tell what *I* remember. I remember that it was easy for him to talk, easy for him to say anything, so that I can hear a voice, having ceased to think of a face. He seldom gestured. Only his voice, which was trained, and could never be disguised, told that he did not think he was an ordinary person; he did not believe he was like anyone else in the world, not for a minute. I asked myself a commonplace question: What does she see in him? I should have wondered if she saw him at all. As for me, I saw him twice. I saw him the first time when Louise described the meeting in the consul's widow's drawing room, and I understood that the dazzling boy was only that droning voice through the wall. From the time of our grippe, I can see a spiral of orange peel, a water glass with air bubbles on the side of the glass, but I cannot see him. There was the bluish smoke of his caporal cigarettes, and the shape of Louise, like something seen against the light. . . . None of it is sharp.

One day I saw Patrick and Sylvie together, and that was plain, and clear, and well remembered. I had gone out in the rain to give a music lesson to a spoiled child, the ward of a doting grandmother. I came up the stairs, and because I heard someone laughing, or because I was feverish and beyond despair, I went into Patrick's room instead of my own.

Sylvie was there. She knelt on the floor, wearing her nightdress (the time must have been close to noon), struggling with Patrick for a bottle of French vodka, which tastes of marsh water and smells like *eau de cologne*. "Louise says mustn't drink," said Sylvie, in a babyish voice; "and besides it's mine." They stopped their puppy play when they saw me; there was a mock scurry, as if it were Puss who had the governess role instead of Louise. Then I noticed Louise. She sat before the

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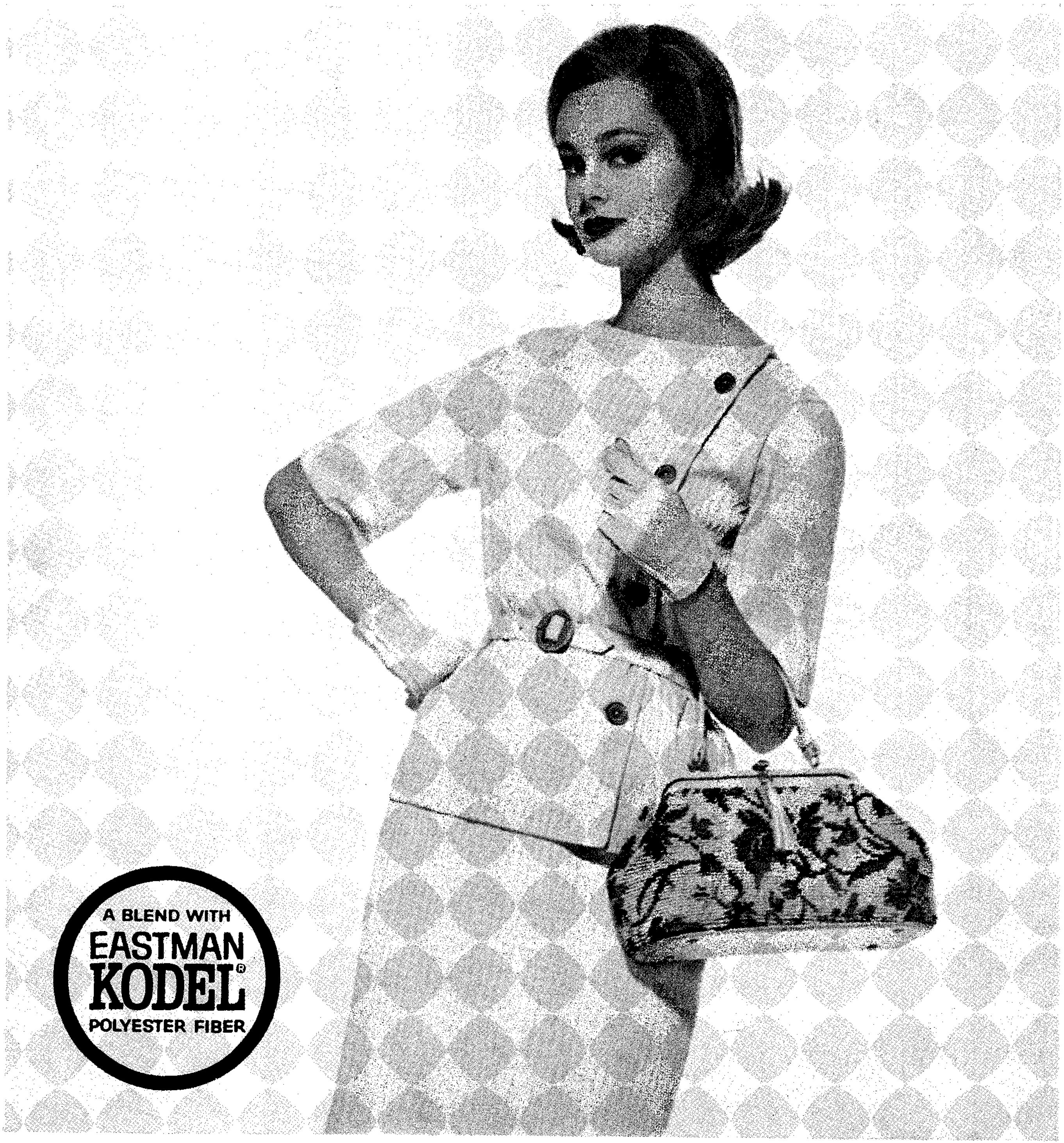

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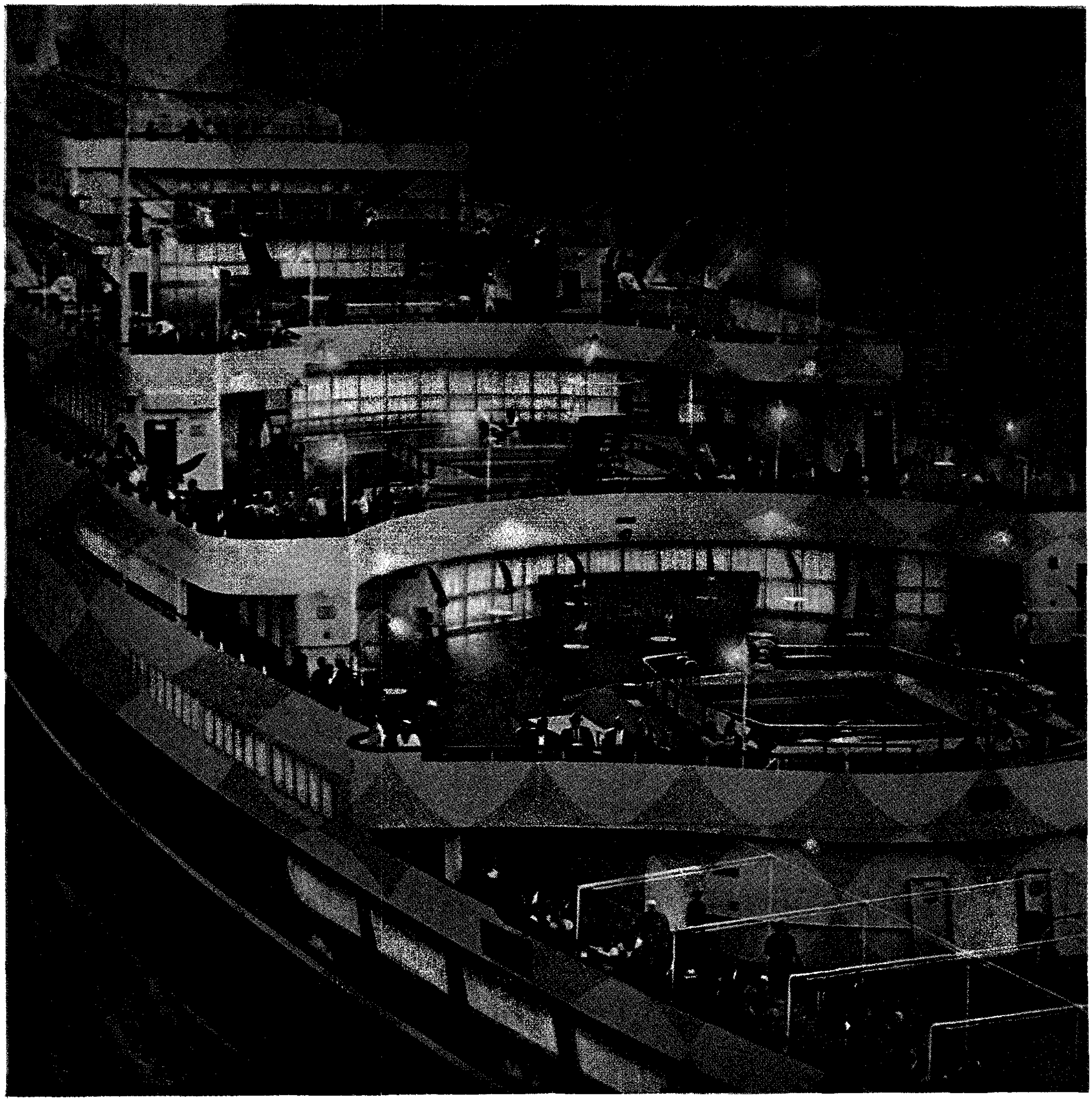

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window, reading a novel, taking no notice of her brawling pair. Her face was calm and happy and the lines of moral obligation had disappeared. She said, "Well, Puss," with our mother's inflection, and she seemed so young—nineteen or so—that I remembered how Collie had been in love with her once, before going to Malaya to be killed. Sylvie must have been born that year, the year Louise was married. I hadn't thought of that until now.

"When Berlioz was living in Italy," I said, "he heard that Marie Pleyel was going to be married, and so he disguised himself as a lady's maid and started off for Paris. He intended to assassinate Marie and her mother and perhaps the fiancé as well. But he changed his mind for some reason, and I think he went to Nice." This story rushed to my lips without reason. Berlioz and Marie Pleyel seemed to me living people, and the facts contemporary gossip. While I was telling it, I remembered they had all of them died. I forgot every word I had ever known of French, and told it in English, which Sylvie could not understand.

"You ought to be in bed, my pet," I heard Louise say.

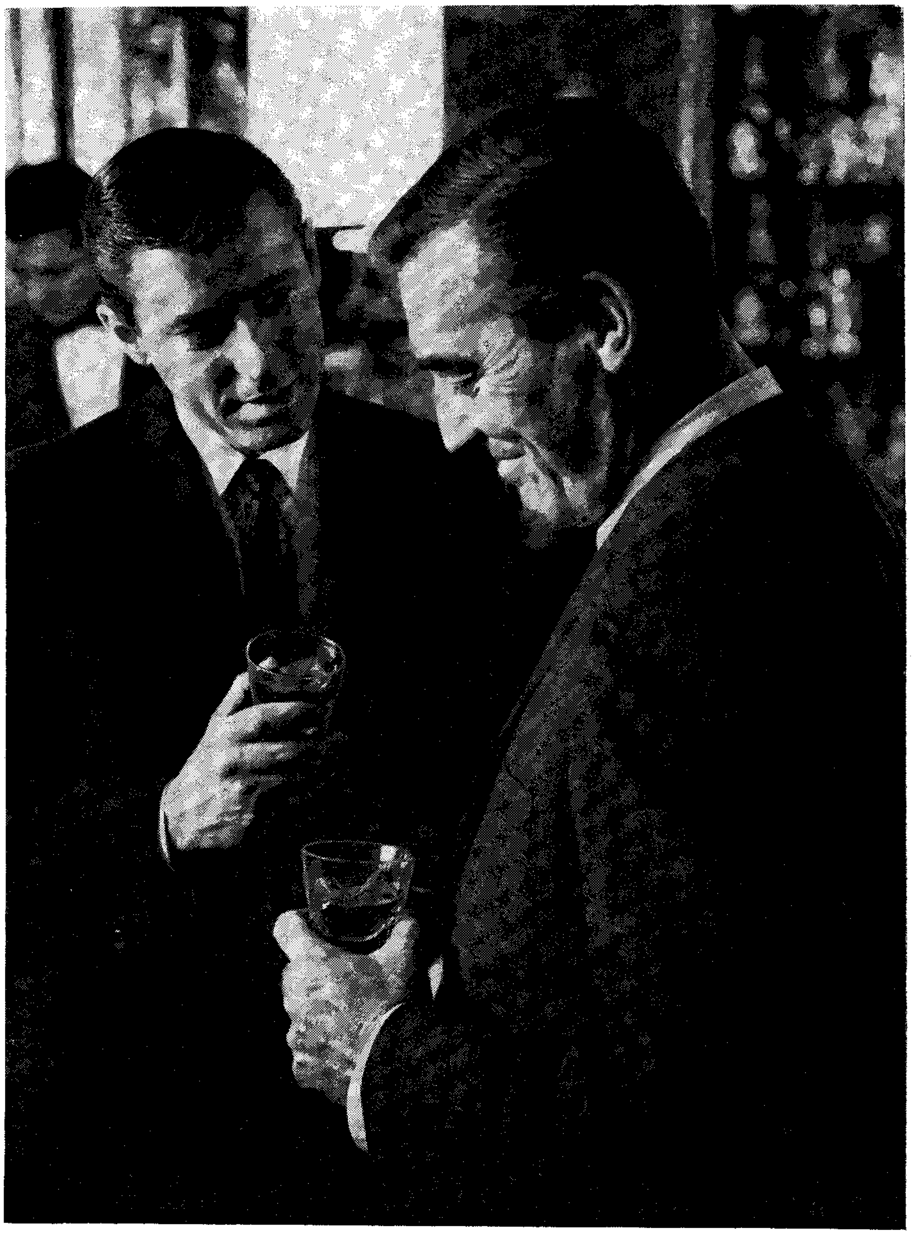
Sylvie went on with something she had been telling before my arrival. She had an admirer who was a political cartoonist. His cartoons were ferocious, and one imagined him out on the boulevards of Paris doing battle with the police; but he was really a timid man, afraid of cats, and unable to cross most streets without trembling. "He spends thousands of francs," said Sylvie, sighing. She told how many francs she had seen him spending.

I said, "Money, money . . . it *does* bring happiness." I wondered if Louise recalled that Berlioz had written this, and that we had quarrelled about it once.

Prone across the bed, leaning on his elbows, Patrick listened to Sylvie with grave attention, and I thought that here was a situation no amount of money could solve; for it must be evident to Louise, unless she were blind and had lost all feeling, that something existed between the two. The lark had stopped singing, but it had not died; it was alive and flying in the room. Sylvie, nibbling now on chocolates stuck to a paper bag, felt that I was staring at her, and turned her head.

"My room is so cold," she said humbly, "and I get so lonely, and finally I thought I'd come in to him."

"Quite right of you," I said, as if his time and his room were mine. But



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Sylvie seemed to think she had been dismissed. She licked the last of the chocolate from the paper, crumpled the bag, threw it at Patrick, and slammed the door. I sat down and leaned my head back and closed my eyes. I heard Patrick saying, "Read this," and when I looked again, Louise was on the edge of the bed with a letter in her hands. She bent over it. Her hair was like the sun—the real sun, not the sun we saw here.

"It says that your visa is refused," she said, in her flat, positive French. "It says that in six months you may apply again."

"That's what I understood. I thought you might understand more."

She smoothed the letter with both hands and made up her mind about saying something. She said, "Come to Australia."

"What?"

"Come to Australia. I'll see that they let you in; I can do that much for you. You can stay with me in Melbourne until you get settled. The house is enormous. It's too big for one person. The climate would be perfect for you."

Think of that courage: she'd have taken him home.

He looked as if she had said something completely empty of meaning, and then he appeared to understand; it was a splendid piece of mime. "What would I do in Australia? I can hardly talk the language."

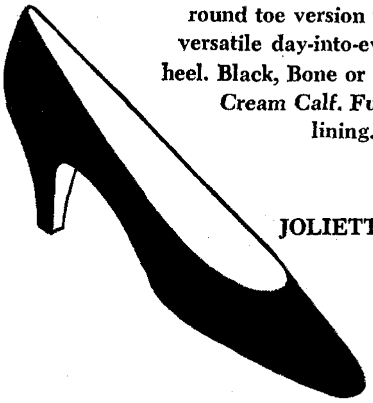
"I've seen people arriving, without money, without English, without anything, and then they do as well as anyone."

"They were refugees," he said. "I've got my own country. I'm not a refugee."

"You were anxious enough to go to New York."

The apple never drops far from the tree; here was our mother all over again, saying something unpleasant but true. My dutiful sister, the good elder girl—I might have helped her then. I might have told her how men were, or what it was like in Paris. But I kept silent, and presently I heard him saying he was going home. He was going to the house in the Dordogne—the house he had shown her in the photograph. She may have been jealous of that house; in her place I should have been. He said that the winter in Paris had been bad for him; there hadn't been enough work. Next season he would try again.

"Your mother will be pleased to have you for a bit," said Louise, accepting it; but I doubt if any of us can accept humiliation so simply. She folded the



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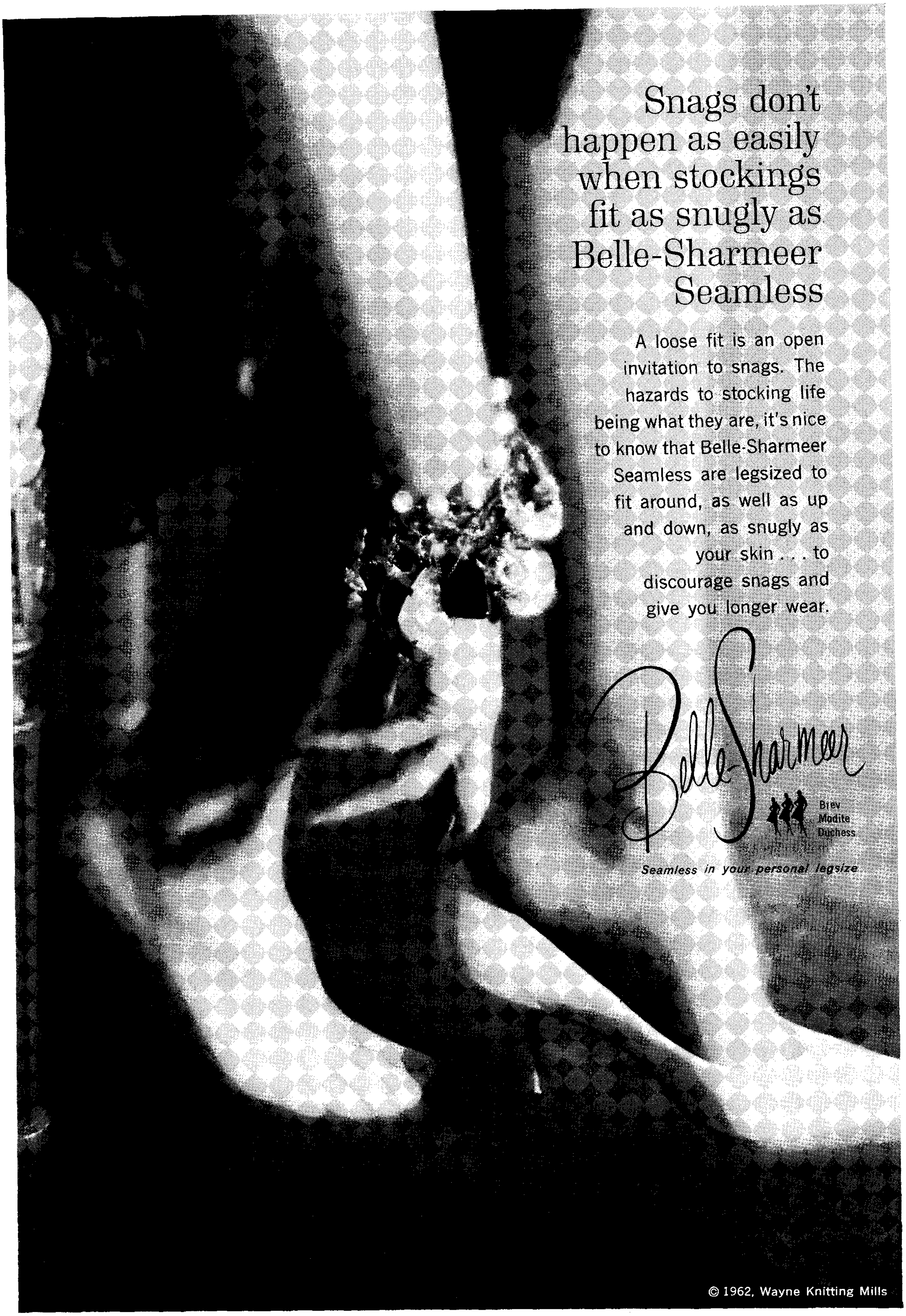

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letter and placed it quietly beside her on the blanket. She said, "I'd better put Puss to bed," and got to her feet. I don't believe they had much to say to each other after that. He went away for a week, came back to us for a fortnight, and then disappeared.

When I was recovering from that second attack of grippe, Louise made me go with her to the Faubourg Saint-Honoré to look at shops. Neither of us intended buying anything, but Louise thought the outing would do me good. Just as she was convinced invalids wanted soda biscuits, so she believed convalescents found a new purpose in living when they looked at pretty things. We looked at coats and ski boots and sweaters, and we stared at rare editions, and finally, fatigued and stupid, gazed endlessly at the brooches and strings of beads in an antique jewelry store.

"It can't be worth such an awful lot," said Louise, taking an interest in a necklace. The stones—agate, cornelian, red jasper—were rubbed and uneven, like glass that has been polished by waves. The charm of the necklace was in its rough, careless appearance and the warm color of the stones. I put one hand flat against the pane of the counter. When I took it away, I watched the imprint fade. I was accustomed to wanting what I could not have.

"Do you like it, Puss?" said Louise.

"Very much."

"So do I. It would be perfect for Sylvie."

That is all I can tell you; I am not Louise. She came out of the shop with a wrapped parcel in her hand, and said in a matter-of-fact tone that the stones were early-eighteenth-century seals, that the man had been most civil about taking her check, and that the necklace had cost a great deal of money. That was all until we reached the hotel, and then she said, "Puss, will you give it to her? She'll think it strange, coming from me."

"Why won't she think it just as odd if I give it?" I called, for Louise had simply moved on, leaving me outside Sylvie's door. I felt cross and foolish. Louise climbed slowly, one hand on the banister. I know now that she went straight upstairs to her room and marked the price of the necklace under "Necessary." It was not the real price but about a fifth of the truth. She absorbed the balance in the rest of her accounts by cheating heavily for a period of weeks. She charged herself an imaginary thousand francs for a sandwich and two thousand for a bunch of winter daisies, and inflated the cost of living

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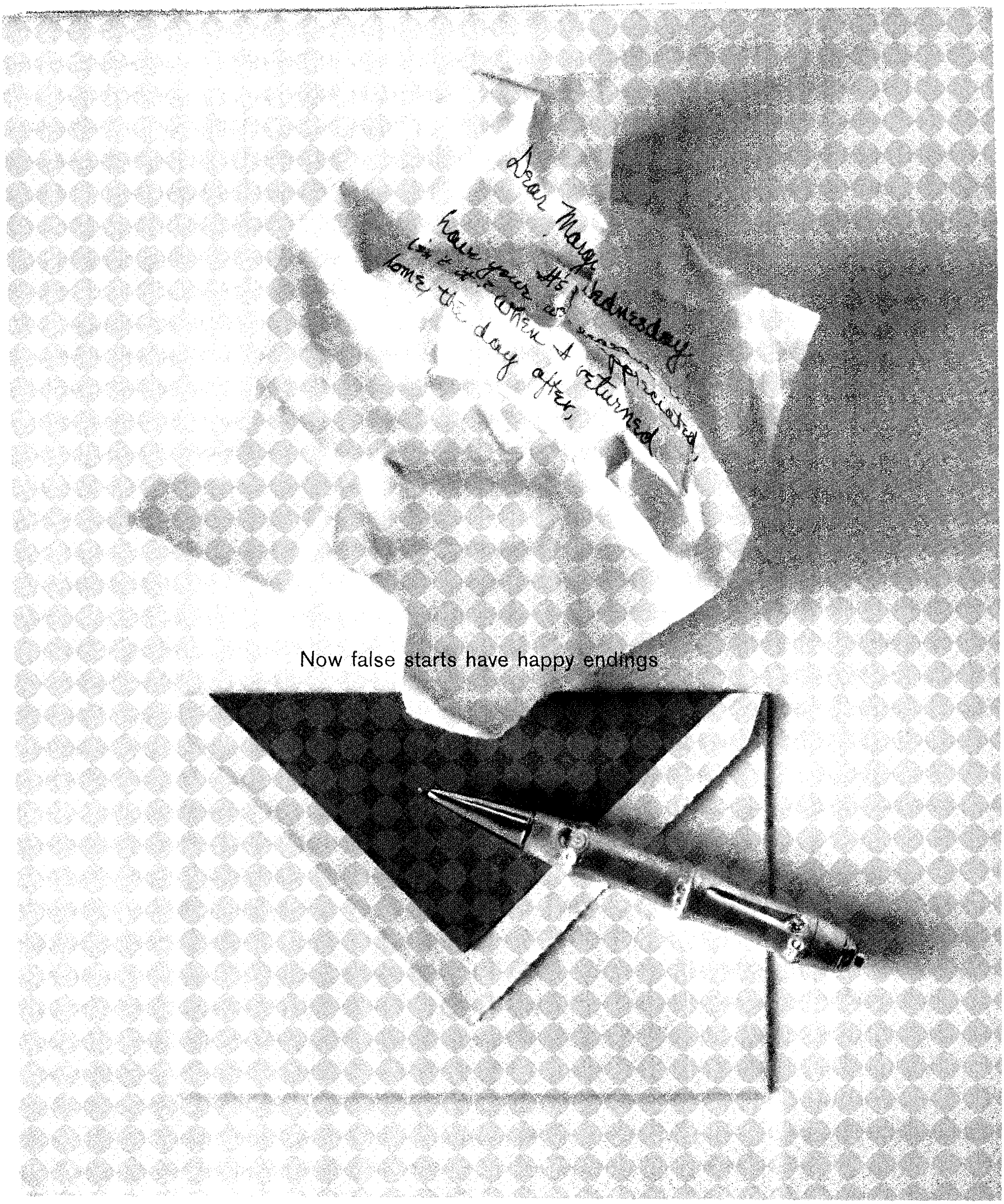
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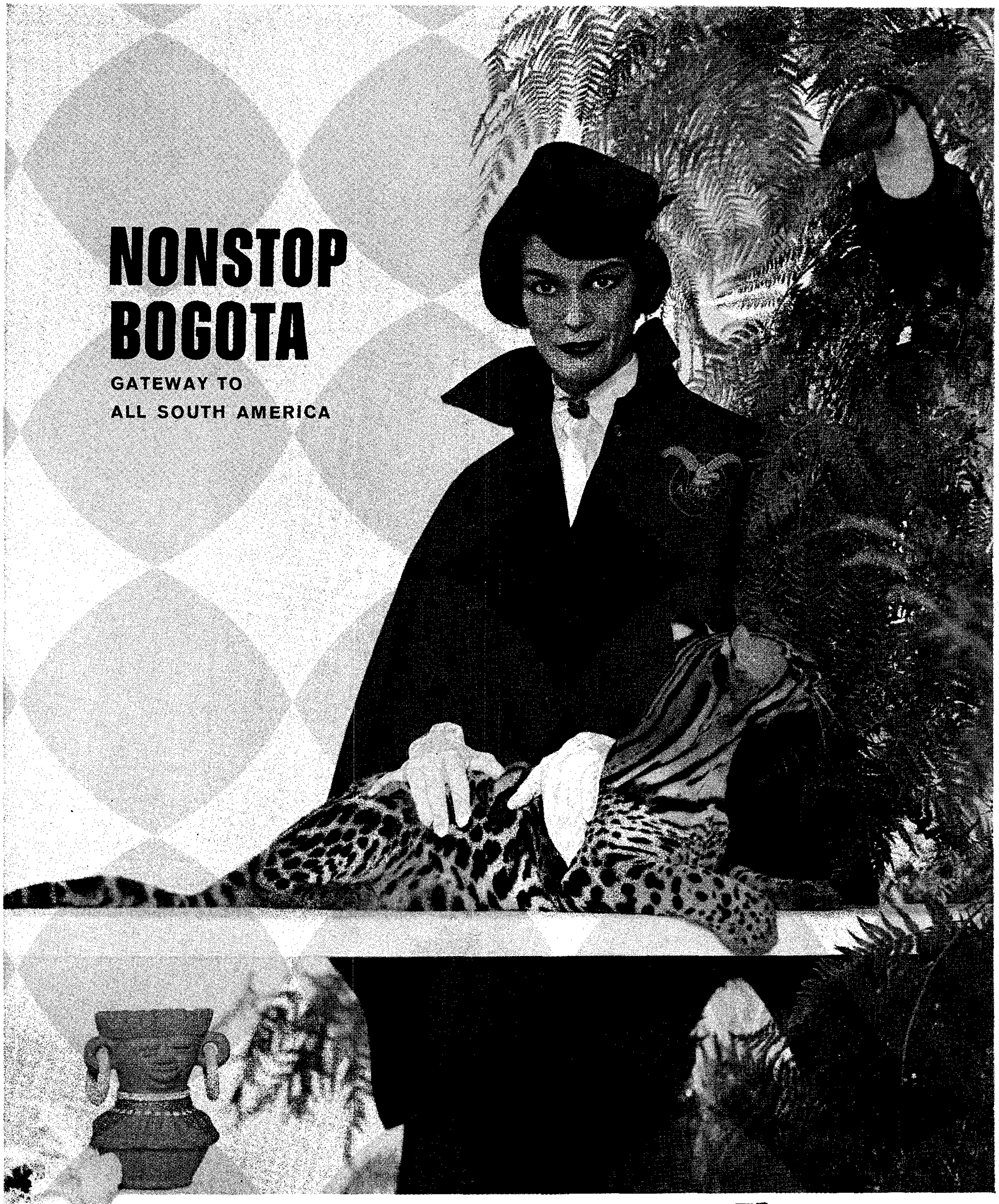

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until the cost of the necklace had disappeared.

I knocked on Sylvie's door, and heard her scuttling about behind it. "Come in!" she shouted. "Oh, it's you. I thought it was the horrible Rablis. I can't let him in when I'm not properly dressed, because . . . you know." She had pulled on a pair of slacks and a sweater I recognized as Patrick's.

"Louise wants you to have this," I said.

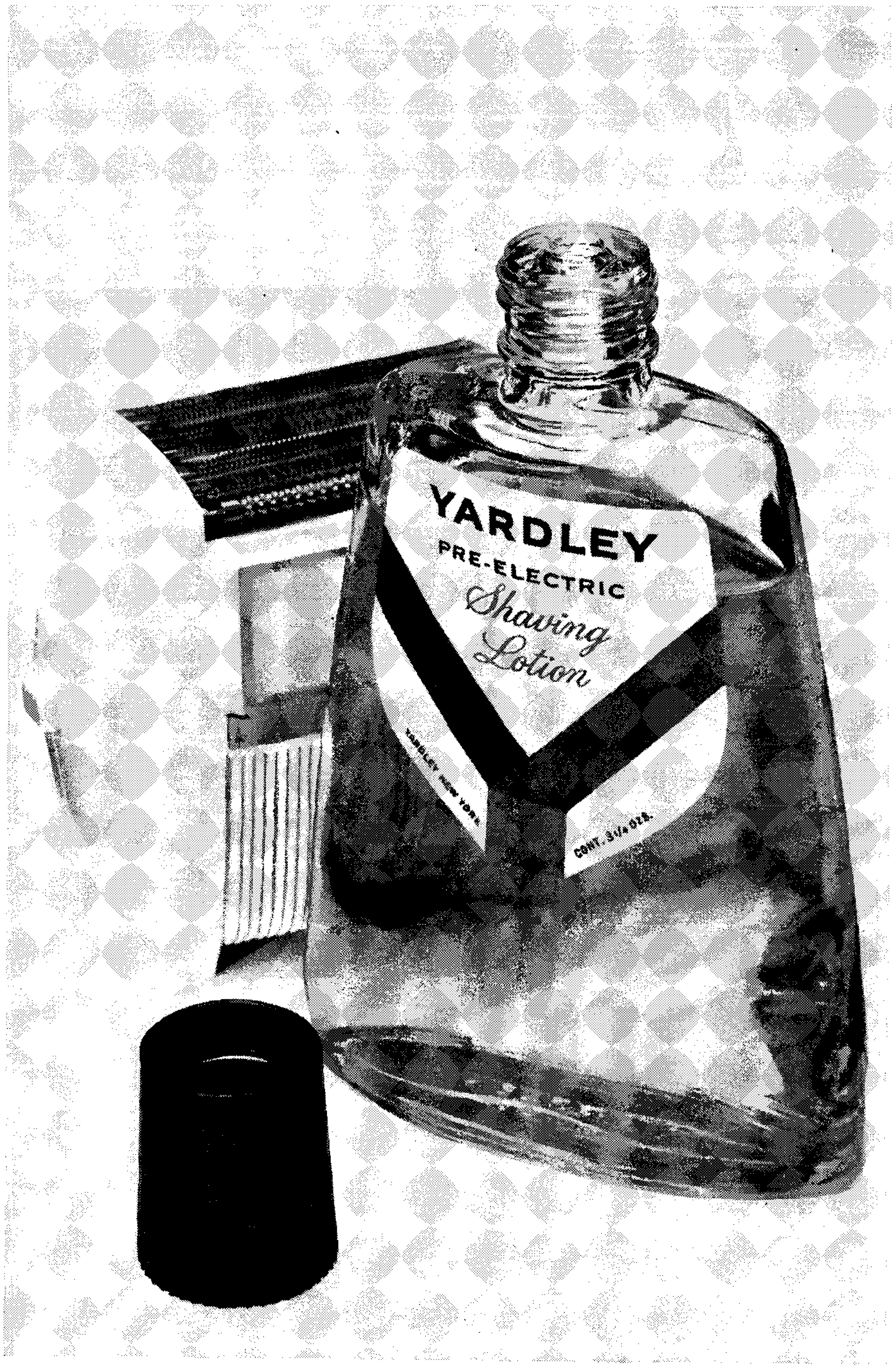
She took the box from me and sat down on the bed. She was terrified by this gift. Even the sight of the ribbons and tissue paper alarmed her. I saw that in terms of Sylvie's world Louise had made a mistake. The present was so extraordinary and it had been delivered in such a roundabout fashion that the girl *thought she was being bought.*

"My sister chose it for you on an impulse," I said. I felt huge and uniformed, like a policeman. "It seems to me a ridiculous present for a girl who hasn't proper shoes or a decent winter coat, but she thought you'd like it."

She lifted the necklace out of its box and held it over her head and let it fall. She was an actress, true enough—Sarah Bernhardt to the life. But then she turned away from me, leaning on her hands, straining forward toward the mirror, and she stopped pretending. I saw on her impudent profile surprise and greed, and we understood, together, at the same moment, what could be had from women like Louise. Sylvie said, "Your sister must be very rich."

That jolted me. "Consider the necklace a kind of insurance if you want to," I said. "You can sell it if you need money. You can give it back when you don't want it any more." That stripped the giving of any intention; she was not obliged to admire Louise, or even be grateful.

She wore the necklace every day. It hung over her plastic coat, and on top of Patrick's old sweater. One night she fell up the stairs wearing it, and a piece of jasper broke away. The necklace had a grin to it then, with a cracked tooth. Louise scarcely noticed. Now that she had given the necklace away, she scarcely saw it at all. Giving had altered her perceptions. She walked in her sleep, and part of her character, smothered until now, began to live and breathe in a dream. "I've hardly worn it," I can hear her telling Sylvie. "I bought it for myself, but it doesn't suit me." She said it about the tweed skirts, the quilted dressing gown, the stockings, the gloves, all purchased with Sylvie in mind. (She never felt the need to give me



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anything. She never so much as returned my scarf until she went back to Australia, and then it was simply a case of forgetting it, leaving it behind. She also left her trumped-up accounts. Sylvie abandoned her empty bottles and a diary and a dirty petticoat; my sister left my scarf and her false accounts. The stuff of her life is in those figures: "Dentist for S." "Shoes for S." "Oil stove for S." I was touched to find under "Necessary" "Aspirin for Puss." She had listed against it the price of a five-course meal. The two went together, the giving and the lying.)

THE days drew out a quarter-second at a time. Patrick, who had been away (though not to the house in the Dordogne; he did not tell us where he was), returned to a different climate. Louise and Sylvie had become friends. They were silly and giggly, and had a private language and special jokes. The most unexpected remarks sent them off into fits of laughter. At times they hardly dared meet each other's eyes. It was maddening for anyone outside the society. I saw that Patrick was intrigued and then annoyed. The day he left (I mean, the day he left forever) he returned the books I'd lent him—Yeats, and the other poets—and he asked me what was happening between those two. I had never known him to be blunt. I gave him an explanation, but it was beside the truth. I could have said, "You don't need her; you refused Australia; and now you're going home." Instead, I told him, "Louise likes looking after people. It doesn't matter which one of us she looks after, does it? Sylvie isn't worth less than you or me. She loves the stage as much as you do. She'd starve to pay for her lessons."

"But Louise mustn't take that seriously," he said. "There are thousands of girls like Sylvie in Paris. They all have natural charm, and they don't want to work. They imagine there's no work to acting. Nothing about her acting is real. Everything is copied. Look at the way she holds her arms, and that quick turn of the head. She never stops posing, trying things out; but acting is something else."

I took my books from him and put them on my table. I said, "This is between you and Sylvie. It's got nothing to do with me."

They were young and ambitious and frightened; and they were French, so that their learned behavior was all smoothness. There was no crevice where an emotion could hold. I was

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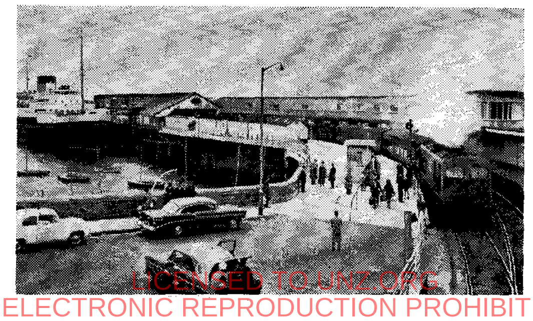

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thinking about Louise. It is one thing to go away, but it is terrible to be left.

I wanted him to go away, or stop telling me about Sylvie and Louise, but he would continue and I had to hear him say, "The difference between Sylvie and me is that I work. I believe in work. Sylvie believes in one thing after the other. Now she believes in Louise, and one day she'll turn on her."

"Why should she turn on her?"

"Because Louise is good," he said. This was the only occasion I remember when he had trouble saying what he meant. We stood face to face in my room, with the table and the books between us. We had never been as near. Twice in that conversation he slipped from "*vous*" to "*toi*," as if our tribal marks of incompetence gave us a right to intimacy. He stumbled over the words; stammered nearly. "She's so kind," he said. "She asks to be hurt."

"It's easy to be kind when you're an heiress."

"Aren't *you*?" I stared at him and he said, "Women like Louise make you think they can do anything, solve all your problems. Sylvie believes in magic. She believes in the good fairy, the endless wishes, the bottomless purse. I don't believe in magic." He had stopped groping. His actor's voice was as fluid and persistent as the winter rain. "But Sylvie believes, and one day she'll turn on Louise and hurt her."

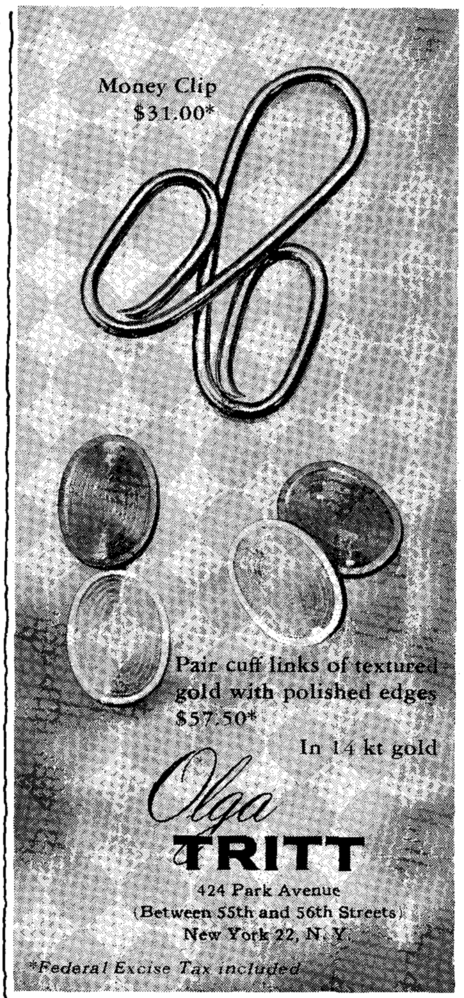
"What do you expect me to do?" I said. "You keep talking about hurting and being hurt. What do you think my life is like? It's got nothing to do with me."

"Sylvie would leave Louise alone if you told her to," he said. "She isn't a clinger. She's a tough little thing. She's had to be." There was the faintest coloration of class difference in his voice. I remembered that Louise had met him in a drawing room, even though he lived here, in the hotel, with Sylvie and me.

I said, "It's not my affair."

"Sylvie is good," he said suddenly. That was all. He said "Sylvie," but he must have meant "Louise."

He left alone and went to the station alone. I was the only one to watch him go. Sylvie was out and Louise upstairs in her room. Unless I have dreamed it, it was then he told me he was ill. He was not going home after all but to a place in the mountains—near Grenoble, I think he said. That was why he had been away for a week; that was where he'd been. As he said those words, water rushed between us and we stood on opposite shores. He was sick, but I was well. We were both incompetent, but



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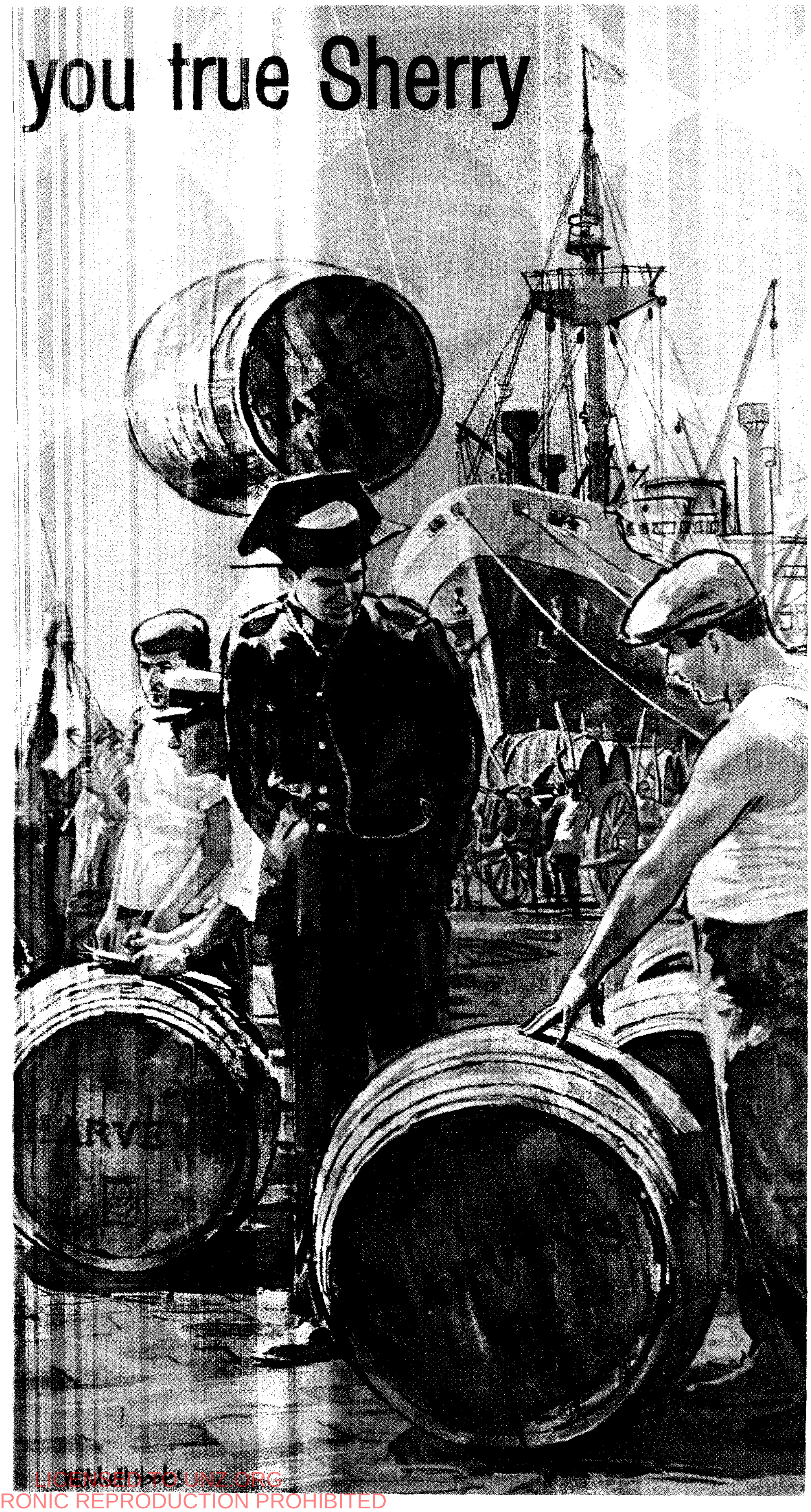

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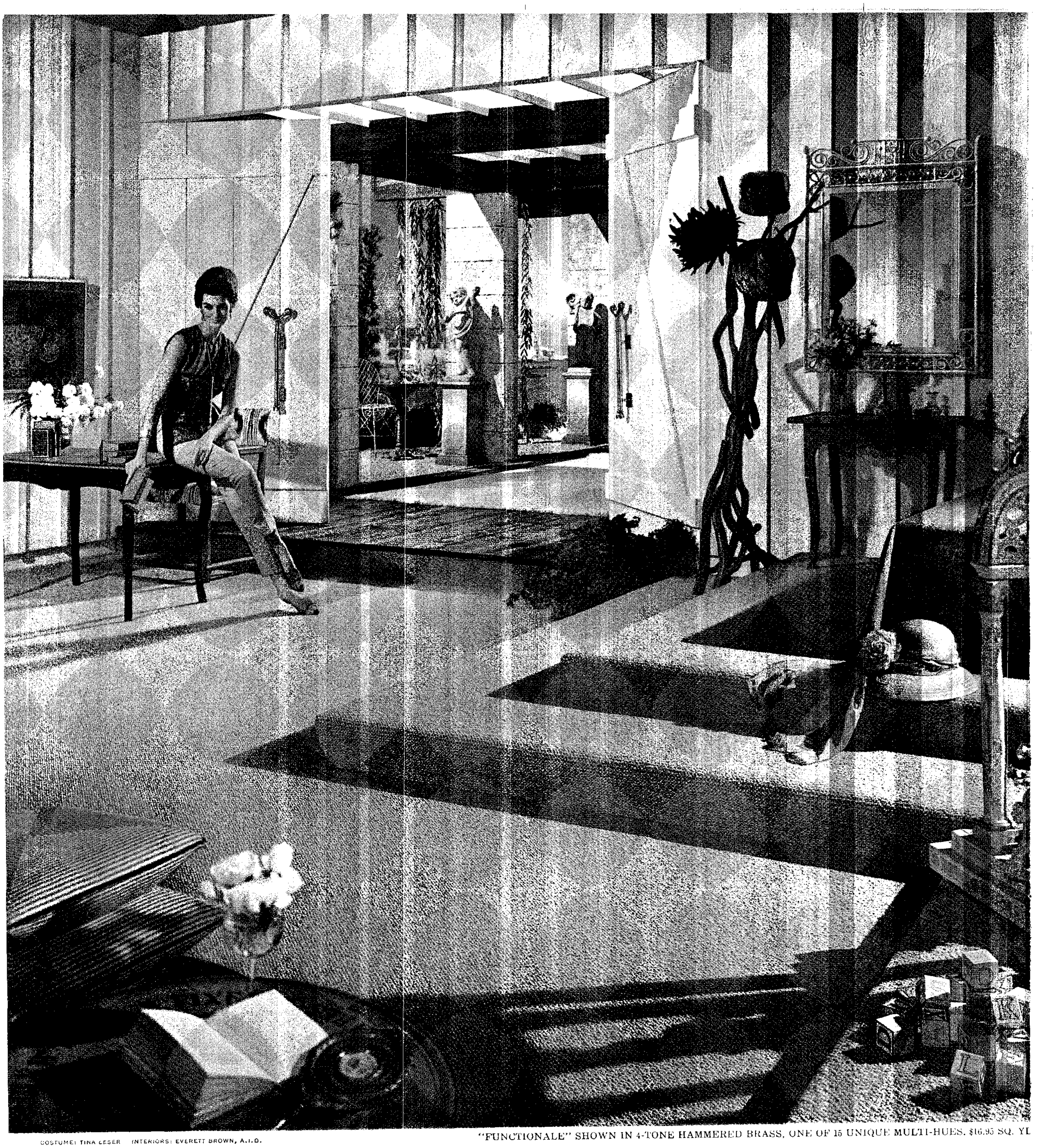

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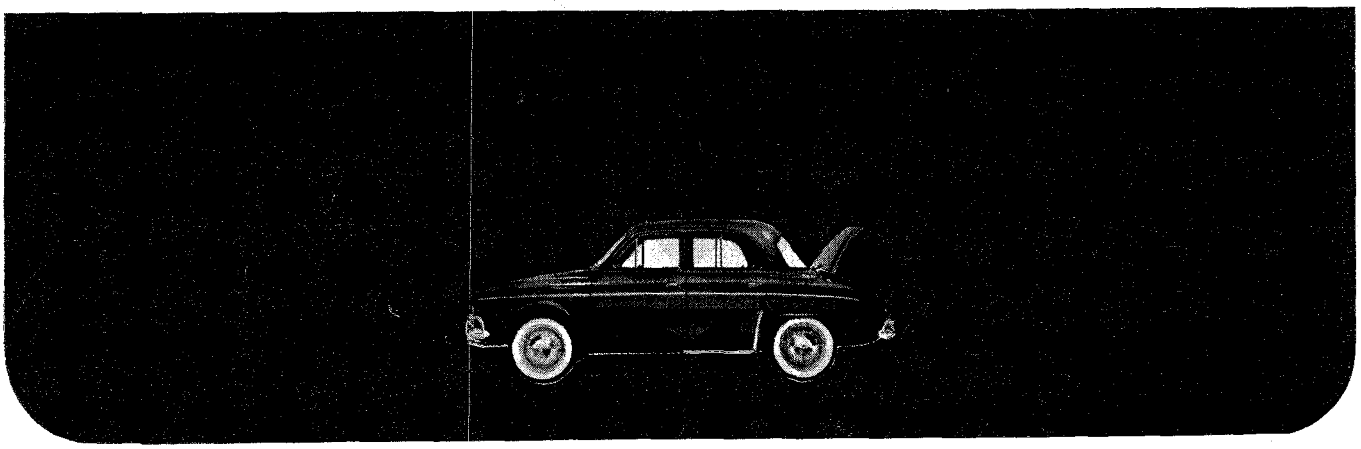

I was well. And I smiled and shook hands with him, and said goodbye.

In a book or a film one of us would have gone with him as far as the station. If he had disappeared in a country as big as Russia, one of us would have learned where he was. But he didn't disappear; he went to a town a few hundred miles distant and we never saw him again. I remember the rain on the skylight over the stairs. Louise may have looked out of her window; I would rather not guess. She may have wanted to come down at the last minute; but he had refused Australia, which meant he had refused her, and so she kept away.

Later on that day, she did something foolish: she stood in the passage and watched as his room was turned out by a maid. I managed to get her to sit on a chair. That was where Sylvie found her. Sylvie had come in from the street. Rain stood on her hair in perfect drops. She knelt beside Louise and began chafing her hands. "Tell me what it is," she said softly, looking up into her face. "How do you feel? What is it like? It must be something quite real."

"Of course it's real," I said heartily. "Come *on*, old girl."

Louise was clinging to Sylvie; she barely listened to me. "I feel as though I had no more blood," she said.

"That feeling won't last," said the girl. "He couldn't help leaving, could he? Think of how it would be if he had stayed beside you and been somewhere else—as good as miles and miles away." But I knew it was not Patrick but Collie who had gone. It was Collie who vanished before everything was said, turning his back, stopping his ears. I was thirteen and they were the love of my life. Sylvie said, "I wish I could be you and you could be me, for just this one crisis. I have too much blood and it never stops moving—never." She squeezed my sister's hand so hard that when she took her fingers away the mark of them remained in white bands. "Do you know what you must do now?" she said. "You must make yourself wait. Try to expect something. That will get the blood going again."

When I awoke the next day, I knew we were all three waiting. We waited for a letter, a telegram, a knock on the door. When Collie died, Louise went on writing letters. The letters began, "I can't believe that you are dead," which was chatty of her, not dramatic, and they went on giving innocent news. Mother and I found them and read them and tore them to shreds. We were afraid she would put them in the post and that they would be returned to

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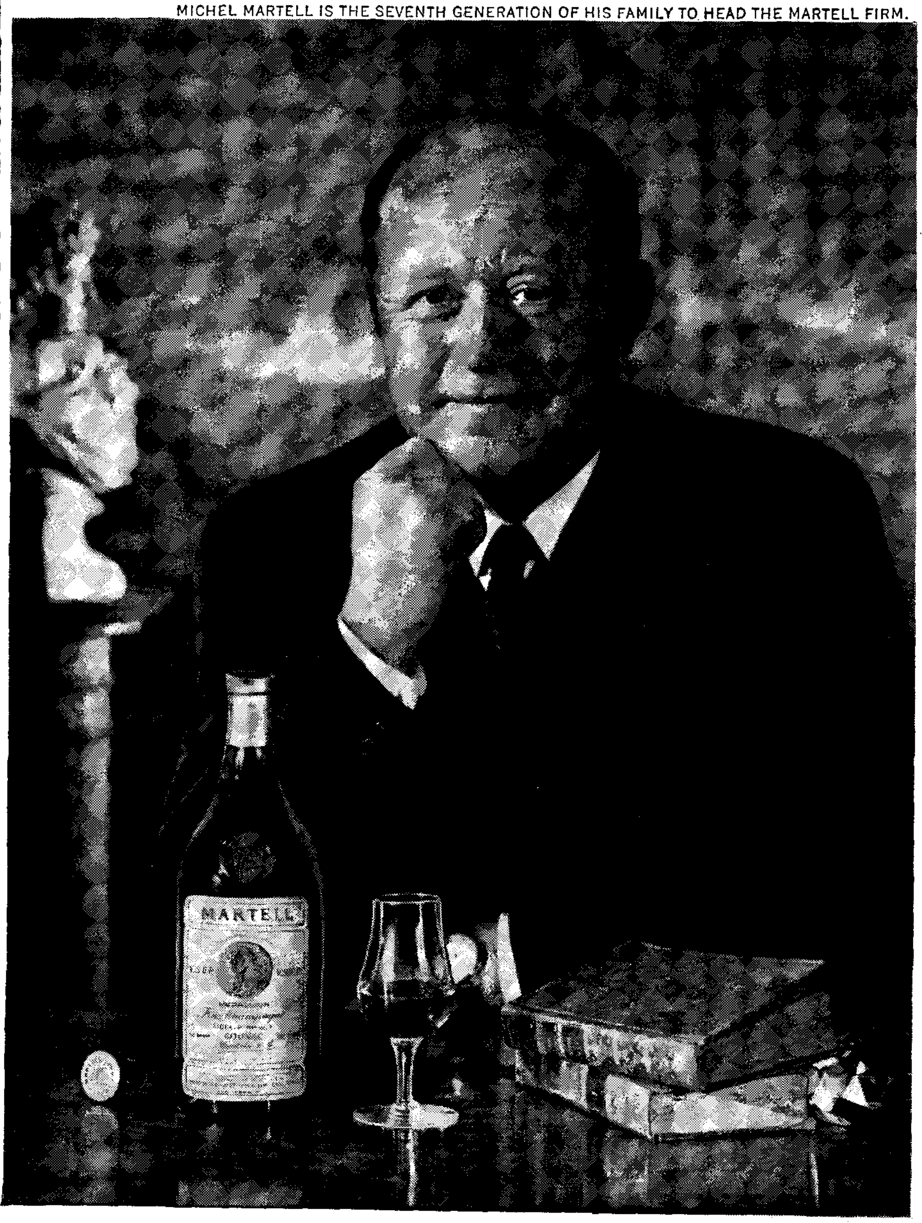

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her. Soon after Patrick had gone, Louise said to Sylvie, "I've forgotten what he was like."

"Like an actor," said Sylvie, with a funny little face. But I knew it was Collie Louise had meant.

Our relations became queer and strained. The final person, the judge, toward whom we were always turning for confirmation, was no longer there. Sylvie asked Louise outright for money now. If Patrick had been there to hear her, she might not have dared. Everything Louise replied touched off a storm. Louise seemed to be using a language every word of which offended Sylvie's ears. Sylvie had courted her, but now it was Louise who haunted Sylvie, sat in her cupboard room, badgered her with bursts of questions and pleas for secrecy. She asked Sylvie never to talk about her, never to disclose—she did not say what. When I saw them quarrelling together, aimless and bickering, whispering and bored, I thought that a cloistered convent must be like that: a house without men.

"Did you have to stop combing your hair just because he left?" I heard Sylvie say. "You're untidy as Puss."

If you listen at doors, you hear what you deserve. She must have seemed thunderstruck, because Sylvie said, "Oh *my God, don't look so helpless.*"

"I'm not helpless," said Louise.

"Why didn't you leave us alone?" Sylvie said. "Why didn't you just leave us with our weakness and our mistakes? You do so much, and you're so kind and good, and you get in the way, and no one dares hurt you."

That might have been the end of them, but the same afternoon Louise gave Sylvie a bottle of Miss Dior and the lace petticoat and a piece of real amber, and they went on being friends.

SOON after that scene, however, in March, Louise discovered two things. One was that Sylvie had an aunt and uncle living in Paris, so she was not as forsaken as she appeared to be. Sylvie told her this. The other had to do with Sylvie's social life, métier, and means. M. Rablis made one of his periodic announcements to the effect that Sylvie would have to leave the hotel—clothes, mirror, horoscopes, money box, and all. M. Rablis was, and is, a small truculent person. He keeps an underexercised dog chained to his desk. While the dog snarled and cringed, Louise said that she knew Sylvie had an aunt and uncle, and that she would make Sylvie go to them and ask them to pay their niece's back rent. Louise had an un-

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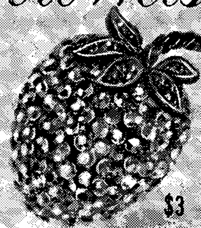

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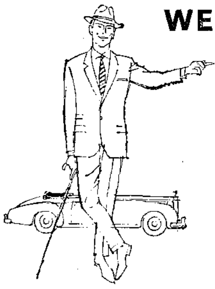

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shakable belief in the closeness of French families, having read about the welding influence of patriotism, the Church, and inherited property. She said that Sylvie would find some sort of employment. It was time to bring order into Sylvie's affairs, my sister said.

She was a type of client the hotelkeeper had often seen: the foreign, interfering, middle-aged female. He understood half she said, but was daunted by the voice, and the frozen eye, and the bird's-nest hair. The truth was that for long periods he forgot to claim Sylvie's rent. But he was not obsessed with her, and, in the long run, not French for nothing; he would as soon have had the money she owed. "She can stay," he said, perhaps afraid Louise might mention that he had been Sylvie's lover (although I doubt if she knew). "But I don't want her bringing her friends in at night. She never registers them, and whenever the police come around at night and find someone with Sylvie I have to pay a fine."

"Do you mean men?" said my wretched sister. "Do you mean the police come about men?"

SOME of my sister's hardheaded common sense returned. She talked of making Sylvie a small regular allowance, which Sylvie was to supplement by finding a job. "Look at Puss," Louise said to her. "Look at how Puss works and supports herself." But Sylvie had already looked at me. Louise's last recorded present to Sylvie was a camera. Sylvie had told her some cocksure story about an advertising firm on the Rue Balzac, where someone had said she had gifts as a photographer. Later she changed her mind and said she was gifted as a model, but by that time Louise had bought the camera. She moved the listing in her books from "Necessary" to "Unnecessary." Mice, insects, and some birds have secret lives. She harped on the aunt and uncle, until one day I thought, She will drive Sylvie insane.

"Couldn't you ask them to make you a proper allowance?" Louise asked her.

"Not unless I worked for them, either cleaning for my aunt or in my uncle's shop. Needles and thread and mending wool. Just the thought of touching those old maid's things—no, I couldn't. And then, what about my lessons?"

"You used to sew for me," said Louise. "You darned beautifully. I can understand their point of view. You could make some arrangement to work half days. Then you would still have

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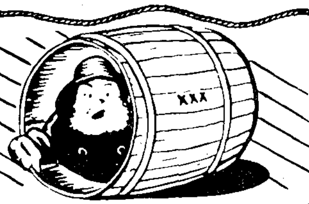

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time for your lessons. You can't expect charity."

"I don't mind charity," said Sylvie. "You should know."

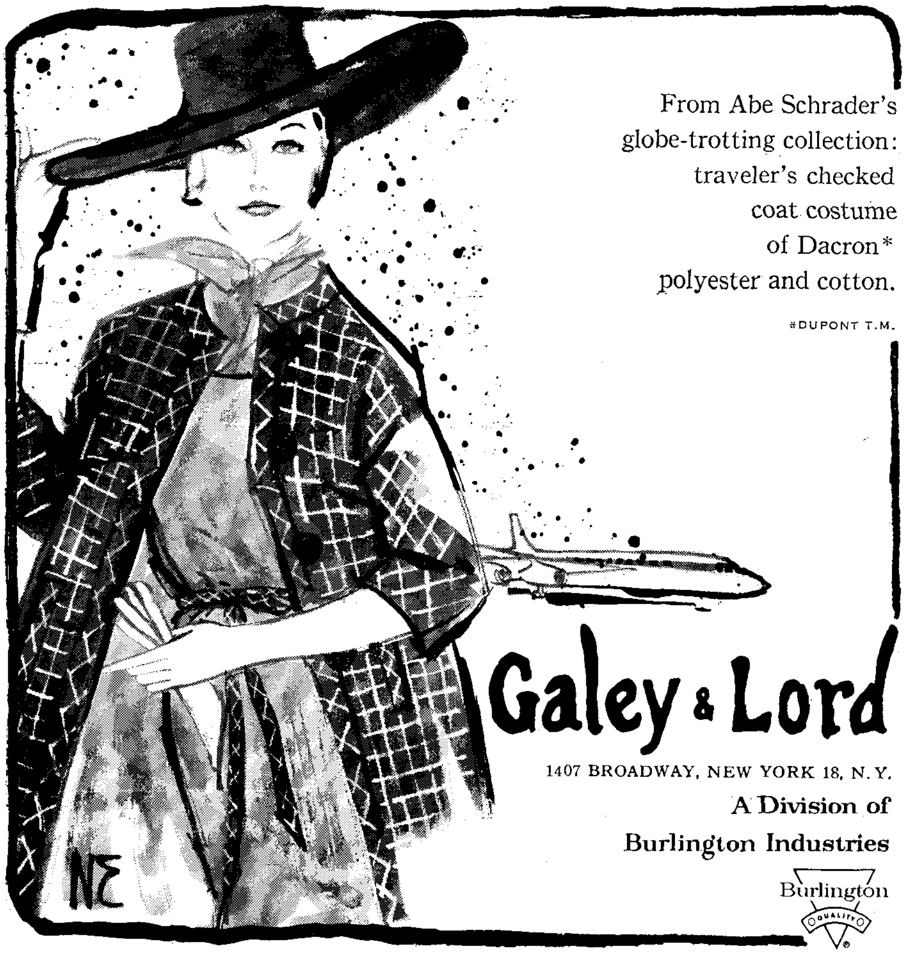
I remember that we were in the central market, in Les Halles, dodging among the barrows, pulling each other by the sleeve whenever a cart laden with vegetables came trundling toward us. This outing was a waste of time where I was concerned; but Sylvie hated being alone with Louise now. Louise had become so nagging, so dull. Louise took pictures of Sylvie with the new camera. Sylvie wanted a portfolio; she would take the photographs to the agency on the Rue Balzac, and then they would see how pretty she was and would give her a job. Louise had agreed, but she must have known it was foolish. Sylvie's bloom, divorced from her voice and her liveliness, simply disappeared. In any photograph I had ever seen of her she appeared unkempt and coarse and rather fat.

Her last words had been so bitter that I put my hand on the girl's shoulder, and at that her tension broke and she clutched Louise and cried, "I should be helped. Why shouldn't I be helped? I *should* be!"

When she saw how shocked Louise was, and how she looked to see if anyone had heard, Sylvie immediately laughed. "What will all those workmen say?" she said. It struck me how poor an actress she was; for the cry of "I should be helped" had been real, but nothing else had. All at once I had a strong instinct of revulsion. I felt that the new expenses in Louise's life were waste and pollution, and what had been set in motion by her giving was not goodness, innocence, courage, or generosity but something dark. I would have run away then, literally fled, but Sylvie had taken my sleeve and she began dragging me toward a fruit stall. "What if Louise took my picture here?" she said. "I saw something like that once. I make up my eyes in a new way, have you noticed? It draws attention away from my mouth. If I want to get on as a model, I ought to have my teeth capped."

I remember thinking, as Louise adjusted the camera, Teeth capped. I wonder if Louise will pay for that.

I THINK it was that night I dreamed about them. I had been dream-haunted for days. I watched Louise searching for Patrick in railway stations and I saw him departing on ships while she ran along the edge of the shore. I heard his voice. He said, "Haven't you seen her wings? She never uses them now." Then I saw wings, small, neatly



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Of This Time, Of That Place
Burt Brinckerhoff as a gifted student in a struggle for emotional rehabilitation.
Tuesday, March 6 (10-11 PM)

Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic
Bizet's *Carmen* in the original version.
Sunday, March 11 (5-6:30 PM)

The Prince and the Pauper
Walt Disney's adaptation from Mark Twain.
Sun's, March 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Behind the Walls of Kano
Traditions of a walled Nigerian city.
Monday, March 12 (7-7:30 PM)

The Land
The American farm: problem and promise.
Tuesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

Alcoholism
Documentary drama on a major social problem.
Wednesday, March 14 (10-11 PM)

Cops 'n' Robbers
Edward G. Robinson narrates impressions from the annals of American crime.
Sunday, March 18 (10-11 PM)

Cavalleria Rusticana
Mascagni's opera. In English.
Sunday, March 25 (3:30-4:40 PM)

The Business of Defense
Sunday, March 25 (10-11 PM)

Firewalkers of Fiji
Firewalking ritual and ceremonial fishing rites.
Monday, March 26 (7-7:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Three works by Stravinsky.
Monday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Report on Cambodia
Tuesday, March 27 (10-11 PM)

The Teen-Aged Narcotics Addict
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Sundays: Camera Three
Washington Conversation
Meet the Professor
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Adlai Stevenson Reports/
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Issues and Answers
Update
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The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
1, 2, 3—Go!
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  World of Color

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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folded back. That scene faded, and the dream continued, a dream of labyrinths, of search, of missed chances, of people standing on opposite shores. Awaking, I remembered a verse from a folkloric poem I had tried, when I was Patrick's age, to set to music:

Es warent zwei Königskinder
Die hatten einander so lief
Sie konnten zusammen nicht kommen
Das Wasser, es war zu tief.

I had not thought of this for years. I would rather not think about all the verses and all the songs. Who was the poem about? There were two royal children, standing on opposite shores. I was no royal child, and neither was Louise. We were too old and blunt and plain. We had no public and private manners; we were all one. We had secrets—nothing but that. Patrick was one child. Sylvie must be the other. I was still not quite awake, and the power of the dream was so strong that I said to myself, "Sylvie has wings. She could fly."

Sylvie. When she had anything particularly foolish to say, she put her head on one side. She sucked her fingers and grinned and narrowed her eyes. The grime behind her ears faded to gray on her neck and vanished inside her collar, the rim of which was black. She said, "I wonder if it's true, you know, the thing I'm not to mention. Do you think he loved her? What do you think? It's like some beautiful story, isn't it? . . . [hand on cheek, treacle voice]. It's pure Claudel. Broken lives. I *think.*"

Cold and dry, I said, "Don't be stupid, Sylvie, and don't play detective." Louise and Collie, Patrick and Louise: I was as bad as Sylvie. My imagination crawled, rampant, unguided, flowering between stones. Supposing Louise had never loved Collie at all? Supposing Patrick had felt nothing but concern and some pity? Sylvie knew. She knew everything by instinct. She munched sweets, listened to records, grimaced in her mirror, and knew everything about us all.

Patrick had been pushed to the very bottom of my thoughts. But I knew that Sylvie was talking. I could imagine her excited voice saying, "Patrick was an actor, although he hardly ever had a part, and she was good and clever, nothing of a man-eater. . . ." I could imagine her saying it to the young men, the casual drifters, who stood on the pavement and gossiped and fingered coins, wondering if they dared go inside a café and sit down—wondering if they had enough money for a cup of coffee or a glass of beer. Sylvie knew everybody in

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Paris. She knew no one of any consequence, but she knew everyone, and her indiscretions spread like the track of a snail.

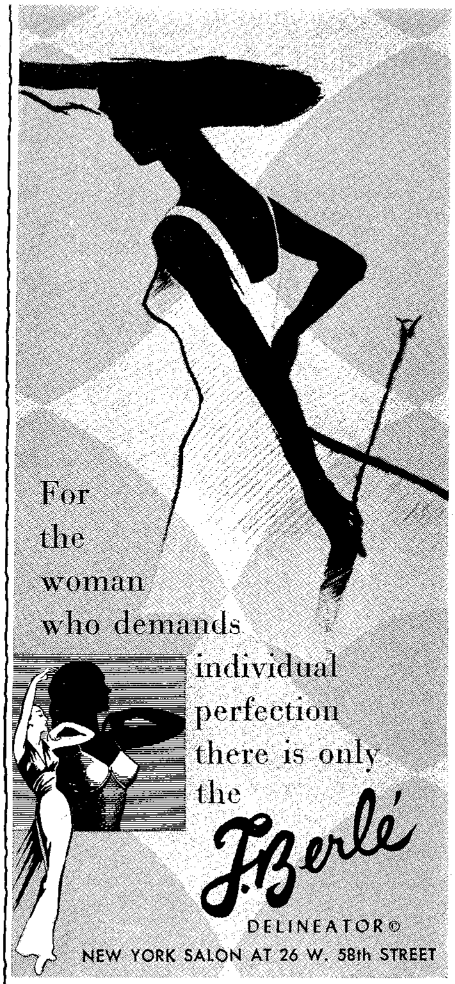
Patrick was behind a wall. I knew that something was living and stirring behind the wall, but it was impossible for me to dislodge the bricks. Louise never mentioned him. Once she spoke of her lost young husband, but Collie would never reveal his face again. He had been more thoroughly forgotten than anyone deserves to be. Patrick and Collie merged into one occasion, where someone had failed. The failure was Louise's; the infidelity of memory, the easy defeat were hers. It had nothing to do with me.

The tenants of the house in Melbourne wrote about rotten beams and asked Louise to find a new gardener. She instantly wrote letters and a gardener was found. It was April, and the ripped fabric of her life mended. One could no longer see the way she had come. There had been one letter from Patrick, addressed to all three.

A letter to Patrick that Sylvie never finished was among the papers I found in Sylvie's room after she had left the hotel. "I *have been painting pictures* in a friend's studio," it said. "Perhaps art is what I shall take up after all. My paintings are very violent but also very tender. Some of them are large but others are small. Now I am playing Mozart on your old record-player. Now I am eating chocolate. Alas."

Patrick wrote to Sylvie. I found his letter on M. Rablis' desk one day. I put my hand across the desk to reach for my key, which hung on a board on the wall behind the desk, and I saw the letter in a basket of mail. I saw the postmark and I recognized his hand. I put the letter in my purse and carried it upstairs. I sat down at the table in my room before opening it. I slit the envelope carefully and spread the letter flat. I began to read it. The first words were "*Mon amour*."

The new tenant of his room was a Brazilian student who played the guitar. The sun falling on the carpet brought the promise of summer and memories of home. Paris was like a dragonfly. The Seine, the houses, the trees, the wind, and the sky were like a dragonfly's wing. Patrick belonged to another season—to winter, and museums, and water running off the shoes, and steamy cafés. I held the letter under my palms. What if I went to find him now? I stepped into a toy plane that went any direction I chose. I arrived where he was, and walked toward him. I saw, on a winter's day (the only season in



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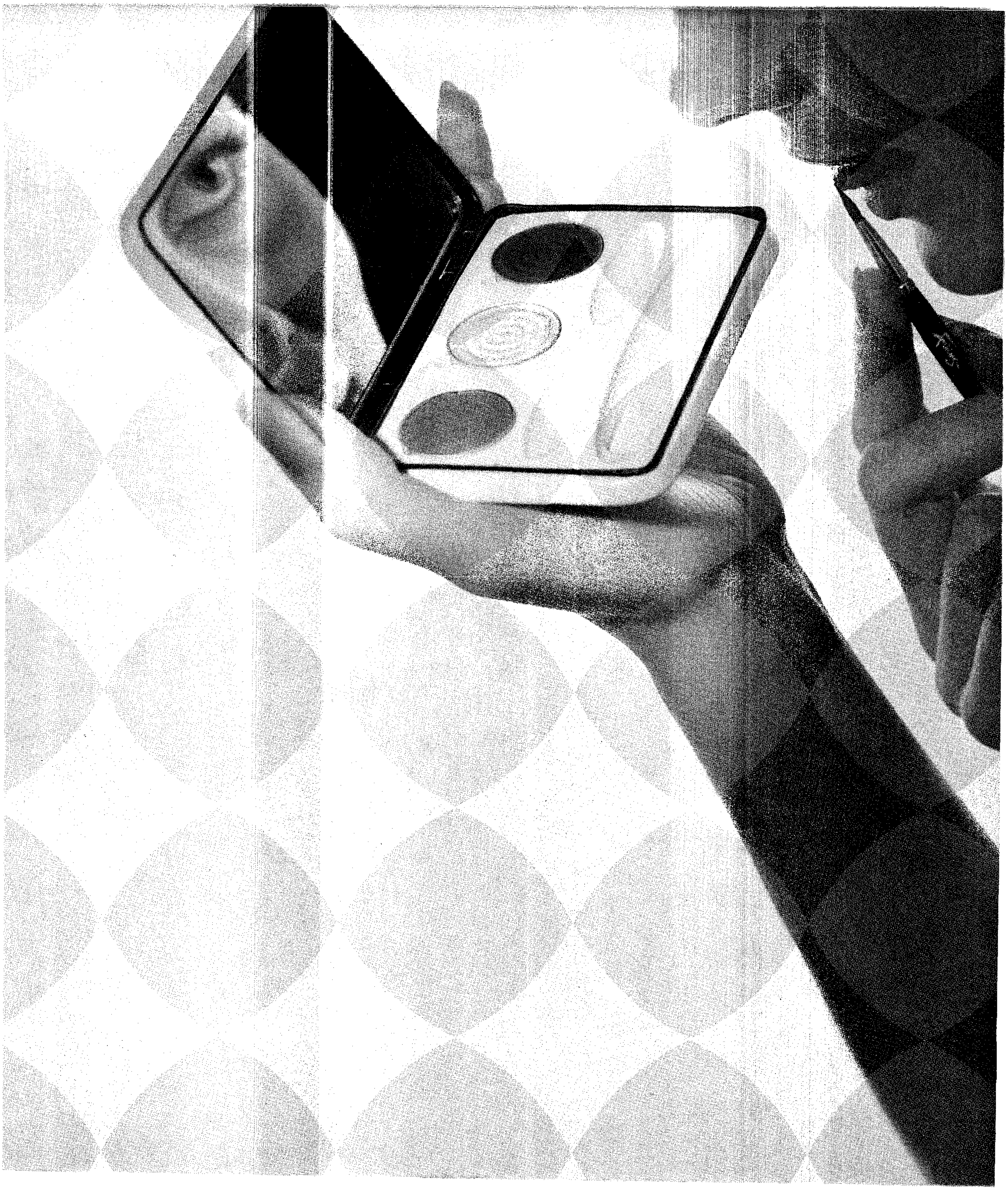

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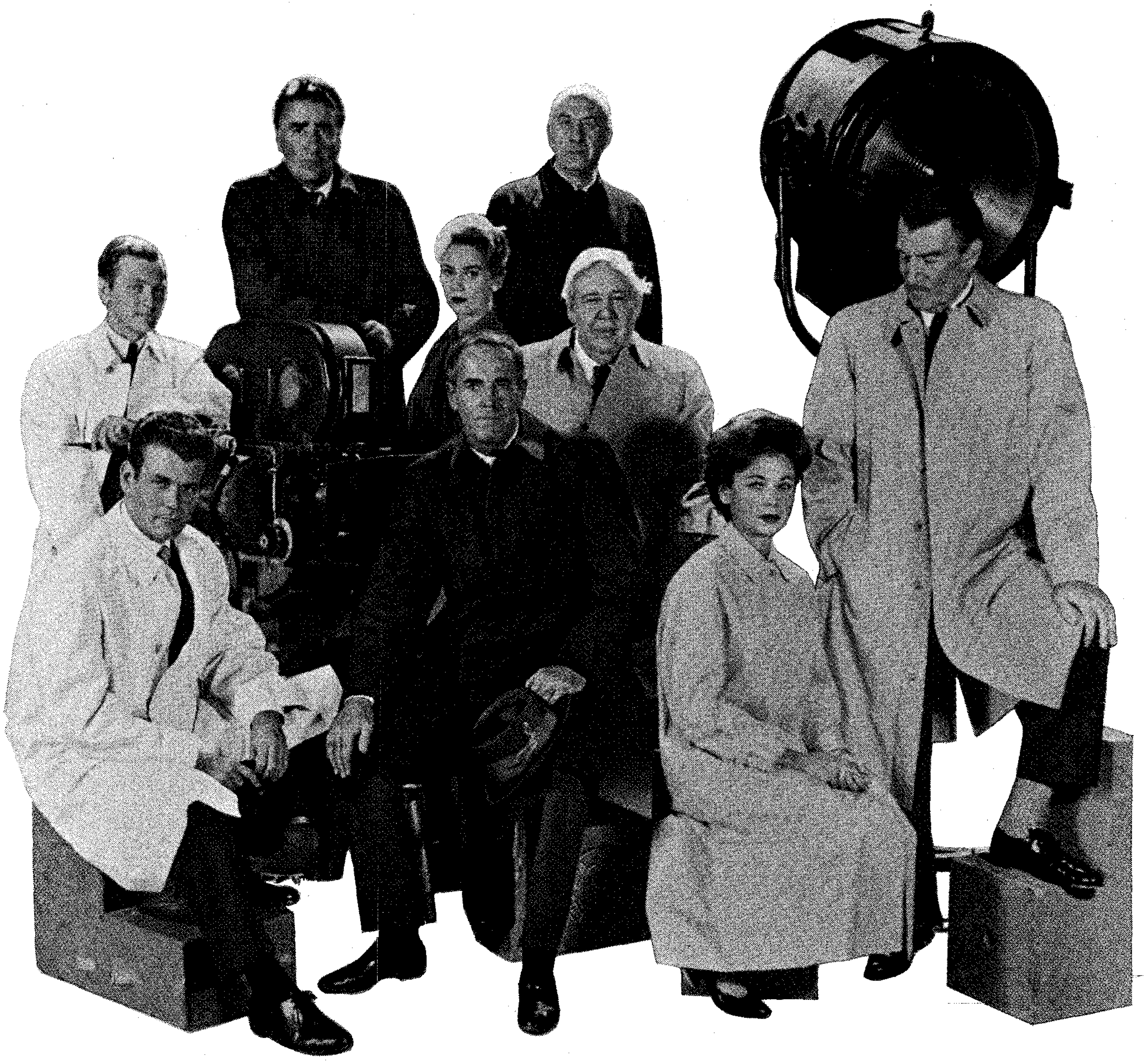

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which we could meet), Patrick in sweaters. I saw his astonishment, and, in a likeness as vivid as a dream, I saw his dismay.

I sat until the room grew dark. Sylvie banged on the door and came in like a young tiger. She said gaily, "Where's Louise? I think I've got a job. It's a funny job—I want to tell her. Why are you sitting in the dark?" She switched on a light. The spring evening came in through the open window. The room trembled with the passage of cars down the street. She looked at the letter and the envelope with her name upon it but made no effort to touch them.

She said, "Everything is so easy for people like Louise and you. You go on the assumption that no one will ever dare hurt you, and so nobody ever dares. Nobody dares because you don't expect it. It isn't fair."

I realized I had opened a letter. I had done it simply and naturally, as a fact of the day. I wondered if one could steal or kill with the same indifference—if one might actually do harm.

"Tell Louise not to do anything more for me," she said. "Not even if I ask."

That night she vanished. She took a few belongings and left the rest of her things behind. She owed much rent. The hotel was full of strangers, for with the spring the tourists came. M. Rablis had no difficulty in letting her room. Louise pushed her bicycle out to the street, and studied the history of music, and visited the people to whom she had introductions, and ate biscuits in her room. She stopped giving things away. Everything in her accounts was under "Necessary," and only necessary things were bought. One day, looking at the Seine from the Tuileries terrace, she said there was no place like home, was there? A week later, I put her on the boat train. After that, I had winter ghosts: Louise making tea, Sylvie singing, Patrick reading aloud.

Then, one summer morning, Sylvie passed me on the stairs. She climbed a few steps above me and stopped and turned. "Why, Puss!" she cried. "Are you still here?" She hung on the banister and smiled and said, "I've come back for my clothes. I've got the money to pay for them now. I've had a job." She was sunburned, and thinner than she had seemed in her clumsy winter garments. She wore a cotton dress, and sandals, and the necklace of seals. Her feet were filthy. While we were talking she casually picked up her skirt and scratched an insect bite inside her thigh. "I've been in a Christian coöperative

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What's New in High Fidelity

by José Schorr

Well-known free lance magazine writer.

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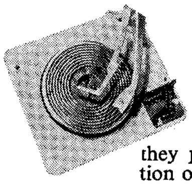

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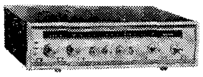

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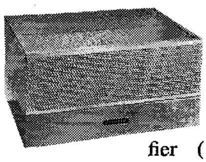

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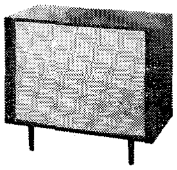

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community," she said. Her eyes shone. "It was wonderful! We are all young and we all believe in God. Have you read Maritain?" She fixed her black eyes on my face and I knew that my prestige hung on the reply.

"Not one word," I said.

"You could start with him," said Sylvie earnestly. "He is very materialistic, but so are you. I could guide you, but I haven't time. You must first dissolve your personality—are you listening to me?—and build it up again, only better. You must get rid of everything material. You must."

"Aren't you interested in the stage any more?" I said.

"That was just theatre," said Sylvie, and I was too puzzled to say anything more. I was not sure whether she meant that her interest had been a pose or that it was a worldly ambition with no place in her new life.

"Oh," said Sylvie, as if suddenly remembering. "Did you ever hear from him?"

Everything was still, as still as snow, as still as a tracked mouse.

"Yes, of course," I said.

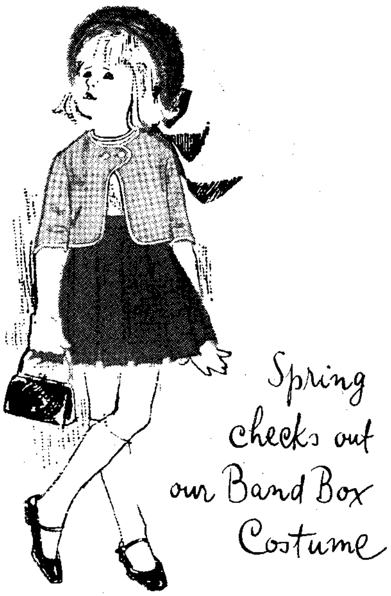
"I'm so glad," said Sylvie, with some of her old overplaying. She made motions as though perishing with relief, hand on her heart. "I was so silly, you know. I minded about the letter. Now I'm beyond all that. A person in love will do anything."

"I was never in love," I said.

She looked at me, searching for something, but gave me up. "I've left the community now," she said. "I've met a boy . . . oh, I wish you knew him! A saint. A modern saint. He belongs to a different group and I'm going off with them. They want to reclaim the lost villages in the South of France. You know? The villages that have been abandoned because there's no water or no electricity. Isn't that a good idea? We are all people for whom the theatre . . . [gesture] . . . and art . . . [gesture] . . . and music and all that have failed. We're trying something else. I don't know what the others will say when they see him arriving with me, because they don't want unattached women. They don't mind wives, but unattached women cause trouble, they say. *He* was against *all* women until he met *me*." Sylvie was beaming. "There won't be any trouble with me. All I want to do is work. I don't want anything . . ." She frowned. What was the word? ". . . anything material."

"In that case," I said, "you won't need the necklace."

She placed her hand flat against it,



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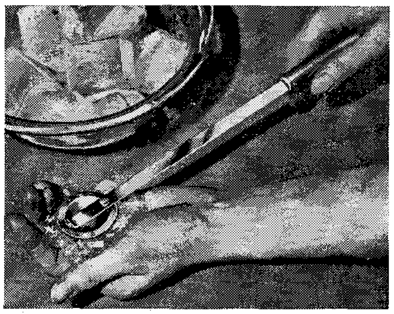

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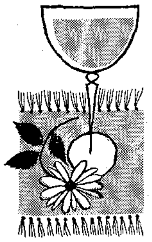

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but there was nothing she could do. All the while she was lifting it off over her head and handing it down to me I saw she was regretting it, and for two pins would have taken back all she had said about God and materialism. I ought to have let her keep it, I suppose. But I thought of Louise, and everything spent with so little return. She had merged "Necessary" and "Unnecessary" into a single column, and when I added what she had paid out it came to a great deal. She must be living thinly now.

"I don't need it," said Sylvie, backing away. "I'd have been as well off without it. Everything I've done I've had to do. It never brought me *bonheur*."

I am sorry to use a French word here, but "*bonheur*" is ambiguous. It means what you think it does, but sometimes it just stands for luck; the meaning depends on the sense of things. If the necklace had done nothing for Sylvie, what would it do for me? I went on down the stairs with the necklace *in my pocket, and I thought,* Selfish child. After everything that was given her, she might have been more grateful. She might have bitten back the last word. —Mavis Gallant

•

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•

ALUMNI NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From an M.I.T. Alumni Association bulletin*]

Virgilio Barco-Vargas '43 of Colombia has been appointed his country's ambassador to Great Britain.

Gustavo U. Gross '50 was elected governor of the State of Guayas, Ecuador.

During anti-American demonstrations in Angola last March, the official car of U.S. Consul William G. Gibson '38 was pushed into Luanda Bay.

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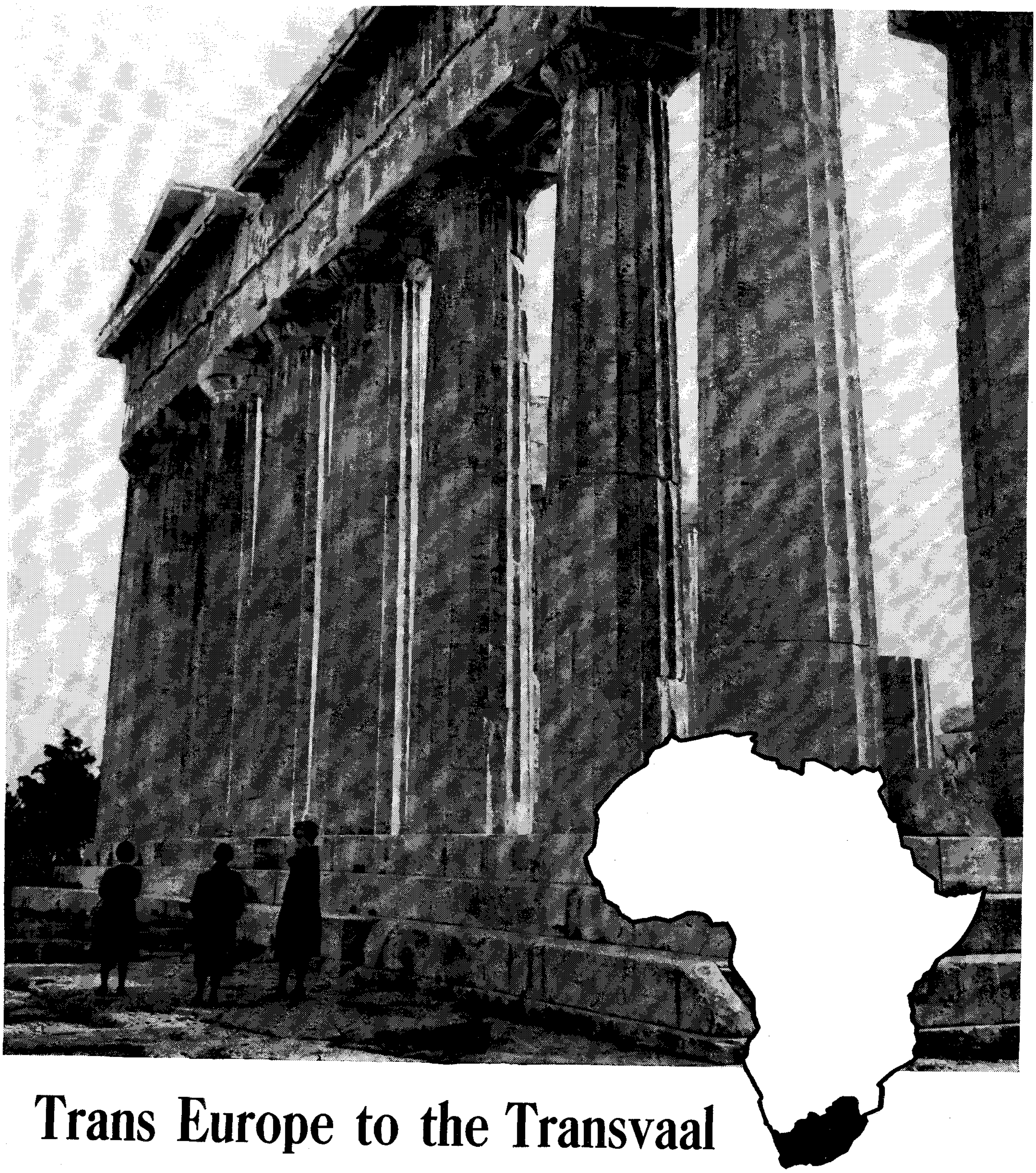

Trans Europe to the Transvaal

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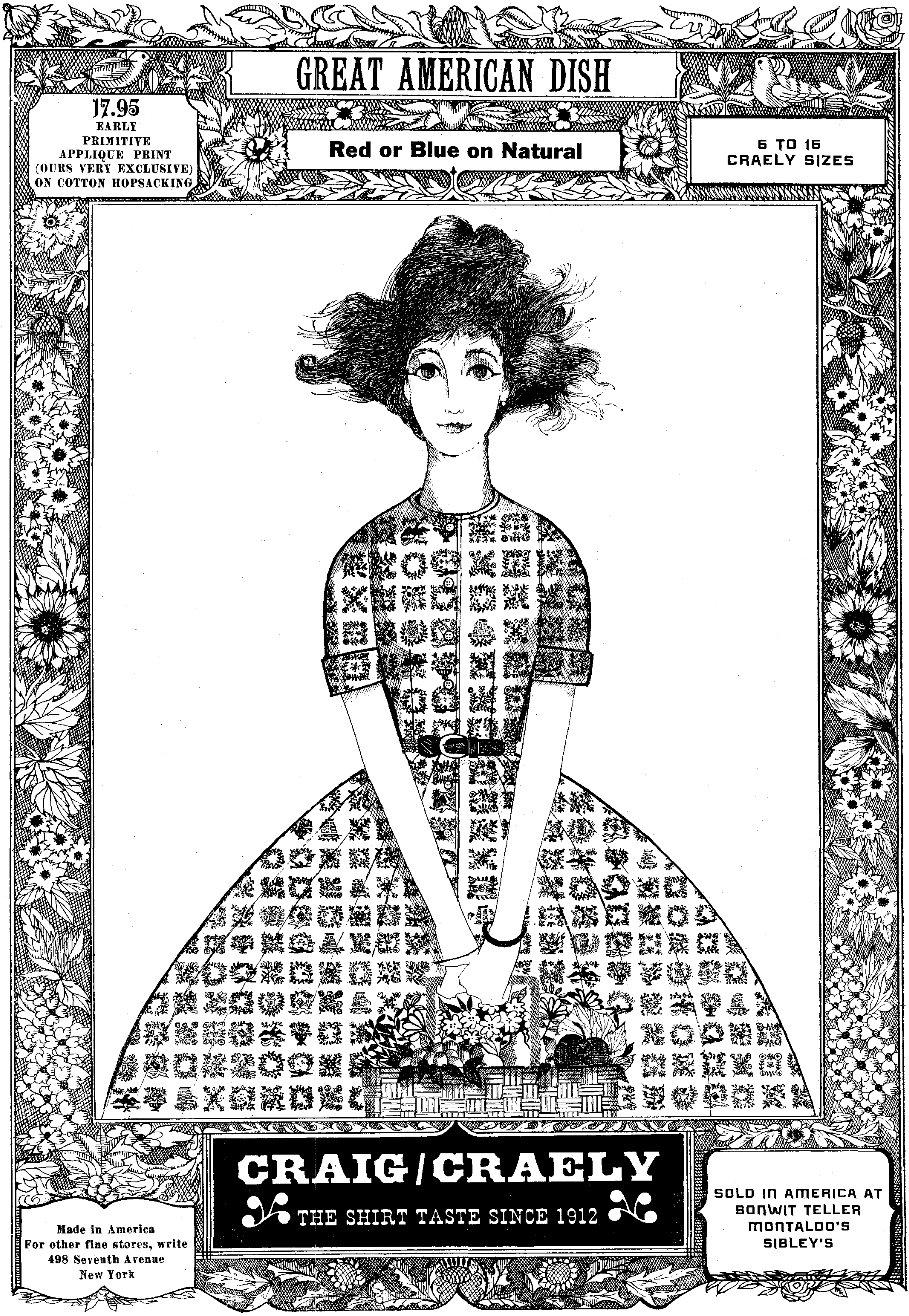

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THE THEATRE

AS IT MUST TO ALL MEN

CANCER is a wild growth that is sometimes tamed—and more often than you might think—by medical practitioners who may not know its cause but can be most ingenious about its suppression. Although there is a whole host of diseases of which this cannot be said, cancer is nevertheless the prime shocker of all the ailments that afflict civilized man. In "A Gift of Time," at the Ethel Barrymore, Garson Kanin, who based his drama on a book called "Death of a Man," by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker, exploits the shock impact of cancer to the fullest degree. Mrs. Wertenbaker, in her book, described her life with her husband, the novelist and journalist Charles Christian Wertenbaker, dwelling particularly upon his last days, as a victim of an inoperable cancer. "A Gift of Time" follows Mrs. Wertenbaker's theme down to the last morbid moment, but whether Mr. Kanin has constructed a play out of this material is another matter. Within a couple of scenes, we know that Wertenbaker is doomed. His troubles begin in France, and after an exploratory operation in New York he decides that France is where he will spend the remainder of his life. There is nothing wrong in our knowing that the protagonist is going to die, but Mr. Kanin never establishes Wertenbaker as the kind of man of charm, consequence, and talent (all of these, incidentally, Wertenbaker had) who might excite our sympathy. He plays an agonized Santa Claus for his two small children when he gets back to France; he confesses to his wife that he is no Hemingway; he goes off his head with the drugs he must take; and, toward the end, he does a delirious reënactment of their life together, including a physical interlude that might give Stekel pause. And that's about all.

Whatever drama "A Gift of Time" has to offer is contained in the performance of Henry Fonda, who hides its many faults under a bushel of ability. As his long-suffering and compassionate wife, Olivia de Havilland struck me as just a trifle stiff, and as for the two children representing the young Wertenbakers, they shall be nameless here, since I don't believe in attacking little ones, even verbally. Many of the scenes in "A Gift of Time" almost succeed in working a spectator up to some emotion, but any tears I shed during the evening were for a group of characters who didn't appear in the play at all—the poor, underpaid, so often frustrated, and largely disregarded researchers who are trying to kill the villain of the piece.

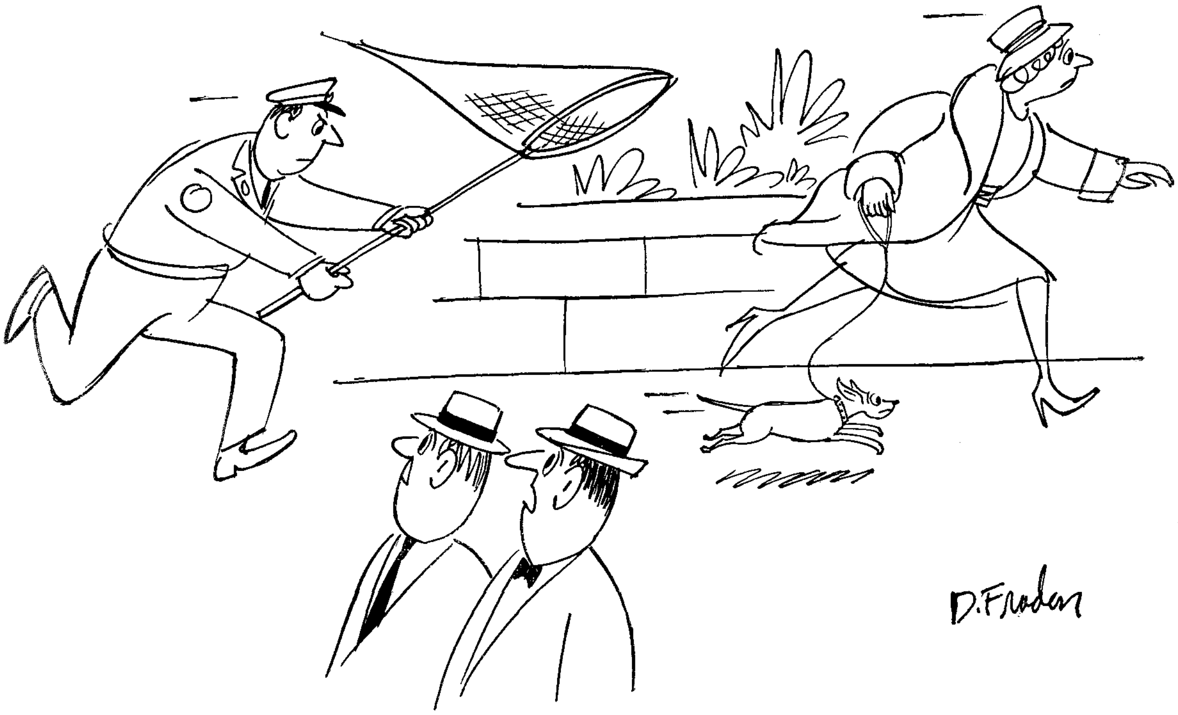
THE Old Vic's "Saint Joan," at the City Center, lacks only one thing to make it perfect, and that, alas, is Saint Joan. Barbara Jefford, who plays the role, has a sort of buxom, beatific, urban-housewifely air, even in armor, and I'd follow her to the ends of the earth, but not if I expected any of Shaw's goddams to show up in a belligerent mood. But no matter. All the Master's skill is evident as the Church, the military, and Joan's heavenly voices come into conflict, with Shaw, a Protestant Irishman of the trickiest theological kind, persuading us to take a firm view of one position he has established, forthwith demolishing that position, and then putting us confidently on another ideological road, which we should—but never do—know is going to become impassable when he gives us another signpost to follow. I imagine that when Shaw wrote "Saint Joan," he rather fancied himself as the heroine, hearing the voices of the Webbs and of Hegel, Marx, and Engels, but, having lived for a while in Dalkey, near Dublin, he could never take their dialectics straight, and anyhow he was a man. The performers in this "Saint Joan" occasionally get out of hand in a welter of slapstick, but there's no particular harm in that, since when it comes to the point of condemning the Maid to the stake, the lines have all the wit and solemnity that Shaw put into them. I could list so many people who did very well that I might exhaust your patience, so let me settle for George Howe, as the Inquisitor; André Van Gyseghem, as the Bishop of Beauvais; John Clements, as the Earl of Warwick; and Nicholas Meredith, as Chaplain de Stogumber. But all the rest are fine, too, I assure you.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Paradise Regained

BY using every device the theatre has to offer—a pinch of this, a pinch of that—and by supplying their own delicacy and imagination and understanding, Herbert Berghof, who directed "This Side of Paradise," at the Sheridan Square, and Sydney Sloane, who adapted it and who plays Rosalind,



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and Paul Roebling, who plays Amory, and the other members of the company have performed what almost amounts to magic. Their impressionistic production of F. Scott Fitzgerald's delightful impressionistic and partly reminiscent novel about his undergraduate days at Princeton, before and during the First World War, and his attempts to find a place for himself after graduation, has, with one sure stroke, offset the thick-fingered movie adaptations and frowzy, learned articles that have done him and his work such a disservice. There is not, as far as I could see, a fumble in the show. Its strength is the strength of suggestion, which carries with it a confidence in the audience to get the point. Much of the dialogue has been taken straight from the novel, but it has been compressed and sharpened for the stage. The silences are as eloquent as the lines. Amory's misery after he has broken up with Rosalind is expressed in a short ballet with Mr. Roebling, muddled and lurching, and two dancers, Moss Cohen and Julie Arenal, as all the bartenders and girls he subsequently brushes against. A dressing table with a wispy garter belt draped over the mirror and hatboxes all over the floor set the scene for Rosalind's début. Amory and his friends lie on a blanket discussing books and girls, Amory and his literary friend Tom D'Invilliers ride in on bicycles, talk for a moment or two, and ride out again; the setting becomes Princeton. Fishing rods, stools, a wicker basket, a shooting stick, a newspaper—and at the end of a pier Amory gives his ideas about Socialism a trial run for two businessmen. Amory and a young man, both in trench coats, wind their puttees as a recording of Caruso singing "Over There" starts softly and then takes over. The selection of records, which could so easily have been used cheaply as "mood music," is, by the way, as right and effective as the selection of lines and props. "The Débutante," Fitzgerald's play within the novel (about the brief love affair of Amory and Rosalind), is Act II of the play. Miss Sloane, although she isn't ideally cast as the débutante who ranked love second, plays her well, and her scenes with Mr. Roebling are as refreshing and touching as anyone could wish. Mr. Roebling is Amory to the life, in all his honesty and talent and innocent complexity. Donald Hotton is good as D'Invilliers, and so, in one scene, is Jess Osuna as Monsignor Darcy.

IN "A Chekhov Sketchbook," three brief farces, at the Gramercy Arts, Joseph Buloff appears as three charac-

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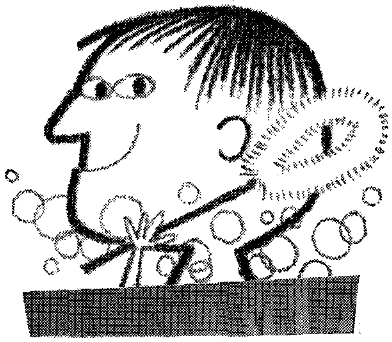

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ters, each of them dancing, so to speak, on the brink of a private hell. To consider them in order, the first is a pre-Chaplin tramp in chains who slyly gets his own back from two brutish policemen who are taking him part way to Siberia by persuading them that his destination is a kind of Sun Valley of northern Asia. At one point, the tramp is almost smothered by his own misery, but at the end he has pulled himself together and jauntily follows the envious policemen offstage, a discarded cigarette in his mouth. The second character is an ignorant, timorous, spiteful, bewildered old deacon of an all but deserted church deep in the country. He has a young and juicy wife, of whose virtue he is wildly suspicious, not without reason, and, of course, another man does appear—a postman, lost on his way to the railroad station. The sketch is a funny one, with a maximum amount of horseplay (Mr. Buloff almost knocks himself out playing it), but it has elements that are not funny at all. Finally, Mr. Buloff appears as a landowner—linen suit, gray goatee, pince-nez on a cord—up from the country for a day's shopping, who walks into a music store and realizes that he has forgotten the name of the song he was sent to buy. He tries to remember it, with the help of the clerk—one of those endlessly patient Russians whom no confidence or outbreak of emotion takes by surprise—and between groping and humming and picking at the piano he speaks uncomplainingly of his overbearing wife, his ugly stepdaughter, and the trouble he will be in if he arrives home without the music. By the time he is through, he has laid bare his entire, awful life.

These three roles—the foxy-wistful tramp, the frenzied cuckold, the put-upon "little man"—are types as familiar and probably as old as farce itself, but Chekhov has, with the greatest economy, endowed them with personality and suggested a depth that goes way beyond pathos. Although Mr. Buloff shows considerable comic virtuosity, and although his makeups are splendid, I could in every instance have done with a bit more subtlety in performance and far less hokum. The sketches, by the way, have been described as adaptations of short stories. All were new to me, and it is hard to believe that "The Music Shop" didn't start out as a vaudeville skit. The adapters are Luba Kadison and Helen Waren, and their lines sound quite good.

—EDITH OLIVER

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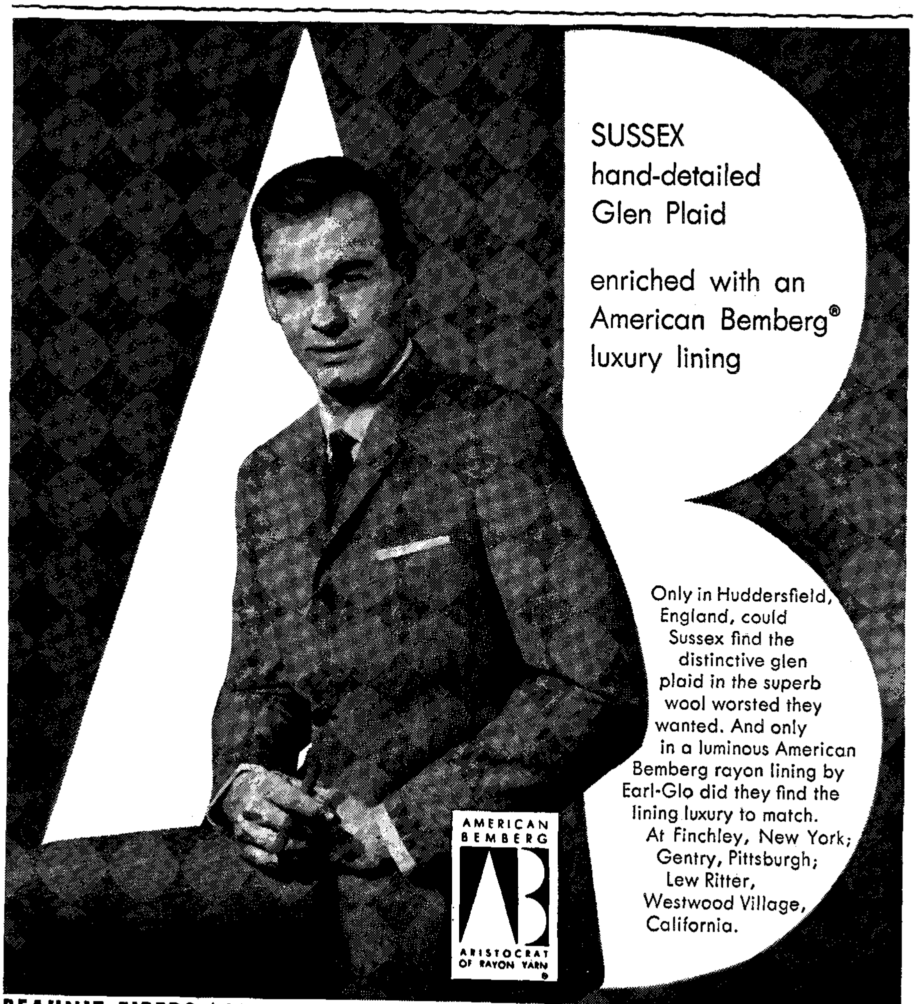

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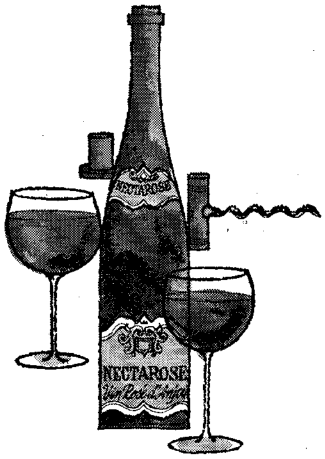

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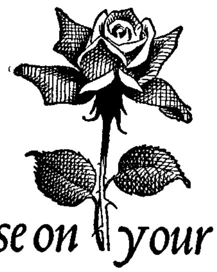
THE RACE TRACK

Well!

IT would be interesting, though probably not terribly so, to know how many horseplayers threw away their past-performance charts after Physician, a five-year-old gelding, won the Santa Anita Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday. He had been first only half a dozen times in his life, and had shown his best form last autumn at Pomona, a half-mile track on the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds. That's not my idea of a Santa Anita Handicap winner, but I suppose such criticism is fairly captious, since he beat Olden Times, who had won the San Antonio a fortnight before, as well as Four-and-Twenty, the hero of the Maturity and two other stakes, and ten also-rans. Because Physician is owned by Lynn Boice, one of Rex Ellsworth's trainers, he was obliged to run as part of the Ellsworth entry, made up of Olden Times and last year's winner of the race, Prove It. If Physician hadn't been coupled in the betting with those two, I daresay he'd have been better than 50–1; as it was, he paid $7.60. The race was run in a light rain, and as I caught the broadcast, Olden Times led, with Four-and-Twenty and Prove It closest, for most of the mile and a quarter; in fact, Olden Times turned into the stretch three lengths to the good. Physician, last for half the route, began to move up at the mile, and, producing an astonishing burst of speed, won going away by a couple of lengths. His share of the purse was $100,000.

YORKY, who hadn't been in the winner's circle since he took the twenty-fourth running of the Widener Handicap a year ago, came through beautifully in the twenty-fifth running of the same fixture at Hialeah last weekend. And not unexpectedly, for his showing the preceding week in the Seminole, in which he was third to Intentionally and Carry Back, gave more than an inkling that he'd be hard to beat. After making short work of the leaders on the stretch turn, he stood off the challenge of Carry Back and won by a neck. Ambiopoise was third.



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Once more, Carry Back lacked the racing room he likes to have, but he made a good try.

IT'S a commonplace that the best horses are the most brittle, so it was in the cards that a hex would catch up with Sir Gaylord, the top three-year-old at Hialeah this winter. As no doubt you know, he galloped off with the Everglades Stakes the other afternoon, beating Ridan for the second time at the meeting and Crimson Satan for the third. Two days later, he went lame and was scratched from the Flamingo Stakes, for which he would have been odds-on. According to the vets in attendance, a fragment of bone had been chipped off the inside of his right front ankle. Casey Hayes, his trainer, thinks it might have happened either in the race or while the colt was rolling over in his stall. Happily, the injury is nothing that treatment and rest won't cure. It would seem that the Everglades isn't a lucky race for C. T. Chenery, who I hardly need tell you owns Sir Gaylord. In 1959, he won it with First Landing, who had finished first in ten of his eleven starts the season before. Shortly after that, First Landing lost his form, and he didn't regain it until autumn.

With Sir Gaylord out of the picture, the Flamingo Stakes on Saturday seems to be anybody's race. Dead Ahead will have a big following, though it took everything he had to win a race on the grass early last week. Ridan also will have friends, but he's so obviously a sprinter that I was surprised when he finished as close as third in the Everglades, which is at a mile and a furlong. Later, he was placed fourth, because he'd crowded Prego. Incidentally, Hartack was set down ten days for his erratic handling of Ridan; before the ruling was announced, he had asked to be released from his engagement to ride the colt in the Flamingo. I was also disappointed in the showing of Crimson Satan, who came in fifth. So was Shoemaker, but he'll have the mount again in the Flamingo. . . . By the way, Shoemaker did all right at Santa Anita last Friday, riding six winners. Two dollars on each would have won you $28.60, but a parlay on them would have brought in $2,042.60. Play 'em to show and sleep in the street!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> The double ceremony took place at St. Michael of the Wirephoto.)
> —*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.*

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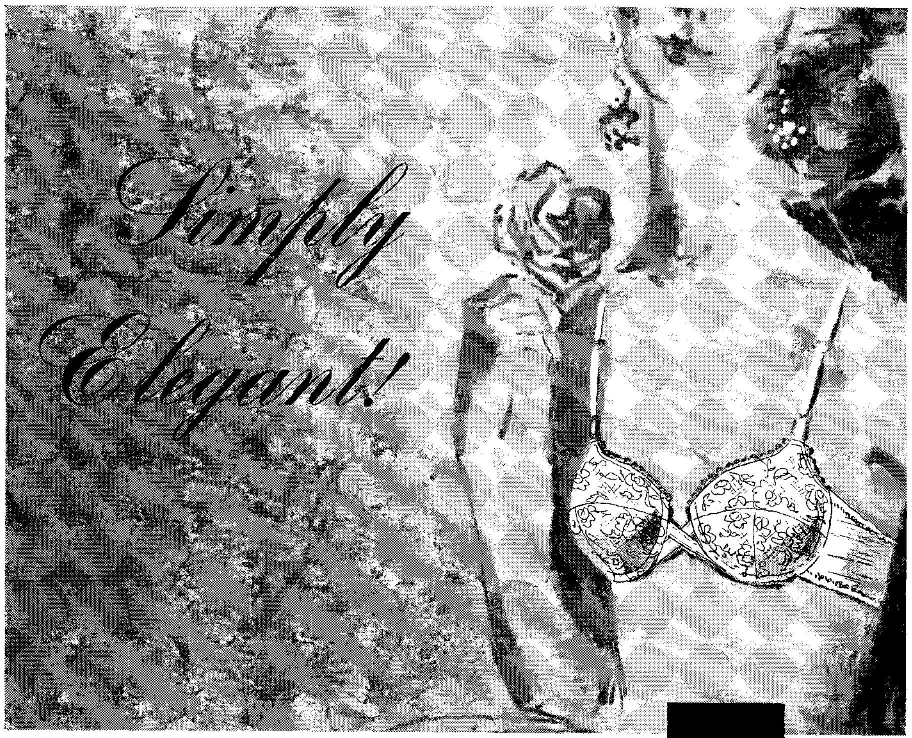

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THE ART GALLERIES

Dubuffet

I FIRST heard of Jean Dubuffet, the Paris painter who is now the subject of a truly intensive retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, in the early nineteen-forties, when rumors began circulating that a real wild man—"*plus fauve que les fauves*"—had appeared in Paris. This must have been at about the time of his first one-man show there, in 1944, and the stories went on to describe him as more or less another Gauguin, a man who had abruptly abandoned a successful business in mid-career to embark on the boldest kind of adventurings in art. Allowing for a slight amount of exaggeration, this part of the legend appears to be substantially true, although Dubuffet had some early academic training. Born in 1901 in Le Havre, that hotbed of artists (Monet, Jongkind, and Boudin lived there, while Renoir, Sisley, Lautrec, and a host of others worked there), he studied painting for a few months in Paris while still in his teens. But he abandoned it shortly after, and for a considerable period he vacillated, interesting himself variously in music and poetry, and meantime travelling widely. He also functioned, off and on, as a wholesaler of wines, and according to the biographical matter in the catalogue it was not until around 1942, when he was entering his forties (Gauguin was only thirty-five when he gave up banking), that he forsook all else and turned seriously to art.

That is, if "seriously" is the proper word. Dubuffet's first exhibition here was in 1947, at the Pierre Matisse. He was then developing his "horror heads," as I call them—huge, bloated scrawled or scribbled concoctions, done in thick impasto mixed with sand, pebbles, and other random ingredients—and, as I recall, the general critical reaction was similar to the one he had had in France, where he'd been viewed as a bad boy dabbling, somehow obscenely, in pigments, much as a more innocent younger brother might dabble in mud, making mud pies.

The works *did* look pretty wild at the time, though I must say I thought even then they weren't so wild as all that (hadn't many of the Dadaists and Surrealists experimented with similar grotesqueries?), and they seem even less so now, as one sees them, and other examples from the same period, in the present collection. Indeed, one of the main values of the show is that it gives a certain continuity to Dubuffet's progression, and so—and this not always to the betterment of his artistic stature—smooths over or eliminates a good deal of his early shock effect. In the process, it provides a curiously explicit demonstration of the means by which a man almost literally makes himself into an artist. His earliest pieces, such as the study of a crowded subway car, called "Métro," the nude "Woman Trying on a Hat," and the friezelike street scene "View of Paris—The Life of Pleasure," are all designedly infantile in style. To be sure, it would appear that Dubuffet was early attracted to the study of drawings by the insane, and these may well have been an influence. (It occurs to me that this influence, operating in the background, may have contributed to the instinctive reaction of so many people that the works are disgusting, repellent, obscene.) Superficially, though, the approach is modelled along the familiar lines of child art—the color garish, but candidly so, the drawing impromptu, the proportions deliberately arbitrary and distorted.

Within a year or so (see his "Couple in Gray" and the red and blue "Leader in Parade Uniform"), his color had grown both richer and more subtle and the design more confident, and a few years after that we find him embarked on the series of ballooning, macrocephalic figures and faces that were his introduction to this country. These are grotesque, certainly—disturbingly so—but it is the savage power and authority inherent in them that make them disturbing. Once again his color and design increased in assurance, while at the same time he had begun going further with his already thick impasto, laying on the pigment until at times it gives almost a quality of bas-relief to the surface of the painting. Indeed, in the context of the show it seems to me that this period—roughly 1945 to 1950—contains most of his best works, and I'd cite especially a pink nude called "The Coffee Grinder" and a wonderfully blustery study of a strong man called "Will Power," along with such others as the ghastly,

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gaunt portrait "Dhotel, Yellow Teeth," and the red and pink "Tree of Fluids," another nude.

Even at this late period, though, he could fall back into sheer nonsense, as in "Arab on a Camel" and "Landscape with Drunkards," both scrawly; into the willfully *outré*, as in "The Man with a Rose;" or, worse yet, into the banal, as in "Touring Club," "View of Paris—Apartment Houses," and "The Desert Track." Since then, his course has been equally erratic, and although his technique has improved enormously, there is still very little in the way of a basic philosophic purpose or point of view to be discerned beneath it. There are hints here and there. One continuing preoccupation of Dubuffet's has to do with that simplest of all elements, earth itself. He rubbed dirt and sand and pebbles into his earlier canvases, and now, in his latest ones, he has turned to a more painterly treatment of the same theme—most successfully, perhaps, in such pieces as "Natural History" and "Table of Undefined Form," in both of which segments of rock and soil are presented like still-lifes, on a barely suggested broad tabletop; "Stone of Dordogne," which is just that, a large, canvas-filling study of a brown rock, done almost in bas-relief; and the truly poetic painted collage "Blond Topography—The Sleep of the Soil."

But he can still slide off into silliness, as in "I Live in a Happy Country," which is a painfully elaborate expanse of flower forms, done mainly in collage and painted over, as well as in "Black Eye," and any number of others. In the end, I found myself wearying of so much insistence on prankishness. Worse, there were a few minutes when, by accident, I felt physically trapped by it. The show is a large one (around a hundred and eighty items in all) and it trails erratically through a series of small rooms or galleries. I finally lost my way and, trying to get back on course, got to wandering about, in one doorway and out another, but still finding myself coming up against the same late group of heads ("Black Eye" was one of them), which are smudgy as well as scrawly. I got straightened out eventually, but I had the feeling it was just in time.

COINCIDENCES are always engaging, and I am rarely unimpressed when out of the vast variety of shows being offered at any given moment a few fall into a happy if fortuitous relation. This week we've three sculpture exhi-

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bitions, all concentrating on bas-reliefs, and the conjunction is the more surprising because the art of bas-relief itself is in an uncertain state of seeming near-extinction and still-tentative revival. In a sense, the three shows—by Oliver O'Connor Barrett, Robert Jacobsen, and Pietro Consagra—illustrate some of the transitional phases the method is now going through. Barrett, at the Sculpture Center, is the most traditional in style, and his work—mostly done in wood, incised in fairly large panels—at first glance may seem almost excessively old-fashioned in atmosphere, for the mood is sentimental, while the slight stylizations the artist affects add stiffness more than anything else. For all that, it's worth taking a second look at the pieces, to observe how, in his "Spiral Stair," the half-dozen stair treads *do* spiral upward, though all carved to a depth of an inch or less, and how deftly, in "Christ & The Money Changers," a whole crowd of onlookers is disposed persuasively in the same narrow depth of space.

Jacobsen (at the Kootz) and Consagra (at the Staempfli), both newcomers to New York, exemplify some of the uses to which bas-relief is being put in the framework of modern art. Consagra, an Italian, is the more consistent in his approach. Jacobsen, a Dane, works in welded metal; he shows both standing figures and reliefs, and, to tell the truth, is a bit heavy-handed in both forms. He seems to feel freer in the reliefs, however, perhaps because their simpler frontal structure limits his tendency toward the ponderous. I liked best his "Rei," with its rectangular pattern, and the more fluent "Vaujour." His show closes this Saturday, as does Barrett's. Consagra, by contrast with Jacobsen, is all elegance. He works in flat metal, built up in layers whose overlapping contours form the design; though the subjects are a bit repetitious, almost all of them representing a group of abstract figures, arranged more or less as a frieze, there is no denying their technical polish and skills—most particularly in his "Colloquio Buffo" and in "Racconto di Marinaio," with its pleasant suggestion of ships and sails in the background.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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Blue'beard' (blo͞o'bẹrd'; 114), *n.* A man who murders one wife after another;—from the hero of a popular story.—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, Second Edition.*

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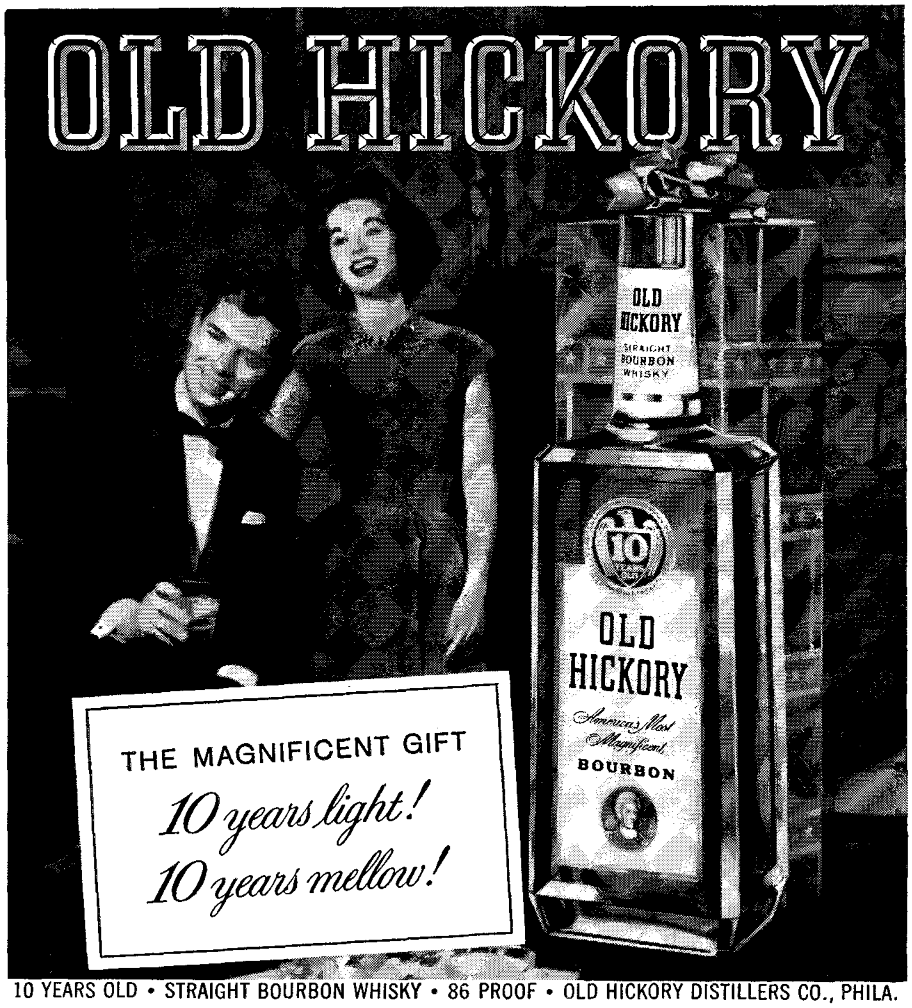
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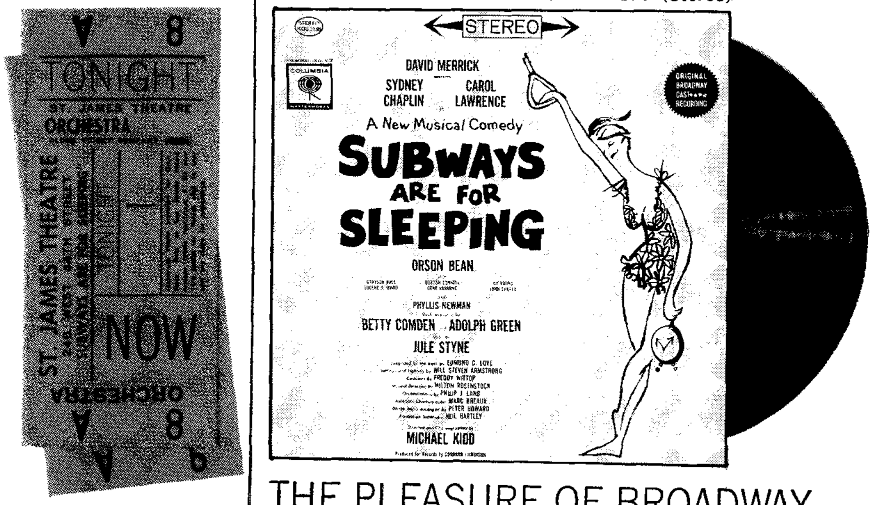
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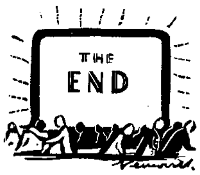

RELUCTANTLY, I have to cast my vote against "The Night." Its maker, Michaelangelo Antonioni, is to my mind the most interesting of the movie directors now at work in Italy, and my enthusiasm for his previous picture, "L'Avventura," is practically unbounded; in any discussion of the relative merits of "La Dolce Vita" and "L'Avventura," I always come down hard in favor of the latter. "La Dolce Vita" is marvellously theatrical and therefore absorbing to sit through, but one doesn't take it altogether seriously; Signor Fellini is, or is pretending to be, dismayed by the debasement of life to be encountered on every hand, and his dismay, at once so high-spirited and so simple-minded, has an undoubted charm, as his camerawork has extraordinary skill, but who can suppose that his reporter hero, through whose eyes the picture is seen, would ever fumble his way toward any but the dimmest, most conventional views of his, and our, predicament? He is a handsome scarecrow, stuffed with turn-of-the-century straw; "writing" is good, "orgy" is bad, as sky is blue and lollipop is sweet. For Signor Antonioni, I suspect, the corruption depicted in "La Dolce Vita" comes no closer to embodying the difficulties of contemporary life than the pagan naughtiness depicted by deMille. It isn't anything as old-fashioned and fundamentally wholesome as corruption that troubles the architect hero of "L'Avventura;" in his world the question of behaving honorably or dishonorably doesn't arise, and what beats him to his knees is the intrinsic meaninglessness of any action he may take in respect to his emotions. One chooses not to die; beyond that, there is scarcely any choice except not to choose. Every alternative is seen as equally acceptable (how much harder this must be to bear than alternatives that are seen as equally inacceptable!), and the only felt force is *noia*—a more than boredom, a not-caring. In "L'Avventura," this hapless, hopeless not-caring is spelled out for us in a long sequence of episodes, which implicate us by their vivid and minute particularity and oblige us, little by little, to share the anguish of a hero who feels neither regret nor remorse and weeps because he cannot be sure that he even feels their absence.

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In "The Night," the theme remains not-caring and the setting is again a slough of despond peopled by vagrants of talent and wealth; Antonioni takes care to place his hollow men and women against highly sensual backgrounds, which simultaneously provide a feast for our eyes and establish that his vagrants are starving in the midst of plenty. The architect of "L'Avventura" here becomes two people—a good-looking, successful young novelist and his attractive wife. Childless intellectuals of ample means, they have once loved each other and even now are closer to each other than to anyone else, yet they feel nothing. For some fifteen hours, we accompany them on a round of visits that amount to a charade, which each hopes the other will find some means of turning into the real thing. They try all the usual devices for bringing old emotions to life—unexpected separation, a return to a favorite meeting place, the stimulation of a stylish strip-tease joint, a lavish party in the country, flirtation with total strangers. Nothing works. In the end, at dawn, not at home but in the absurdity of a sand trap on a fashionable golf course, he falls upon his wife's unresponding body like a thief despoiling a corpse, but with this fearful difference—that there is nothing left to steal.

What fails in "The Night" is the execution of its dolorous theme. Save for an electrifying opening scene in a hospital, the young couple are made to slope like zombies through an assortment of episodes that, though wonderfully photographed, lack invention and that are tedious not only to the participants but to us; before very long we yawn to prove that we exist. We have been here before, by this pool, in this rain, with this girl. "L'Avventura," for all its deliberate languors, is full of suspense, and we rejoice in crudely wondering what will happen next; the intentional lack of suspense in "The Night" makes it idle for us even to recognize its familiarity. The picture also fails because of unlucky casting. The novelist is Marcello Mastroianni, who reinforces the monotony of the script by maintaining a fixed expression of slight, gentlemanly suffering from start to finish, and his wife is Jeanne Moreau, who *always* seems terribly sad to me, even when she smiles. They are meant to be a sorry pair, but they turn out to be dull as well. If I were to encounter them at a party here in New York, how little their angst would interest me and how quickly I would wish them back in their elegant flat in Milan!

—BRENDAN GILL

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

POET AND PEDAGOGUE

WHEN Floyd Patterson regained the world heavyweight championship by knocking out Ingemar Johansson in June, 1960, he so excited a teen-ager named Cassius Marcellus Clay, in Louisville, Kentucky, that Clay, who was a good amateur light heavyweight, made up a ballad in honor of the victory. (The tradition of pugilistic poetry is old; according to Pierce Egan, the Polybius of the London Prize Ring, Bob Gregson, the Lancashire Giant, used "to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the Bards of Old." A sample Gregson couplet was "The British lads that's here/Quite strangers are to fear." He was not a very good fighter, either.) At the time, Clay was too busy training for the Olympic boxing tournament in Rome that summer to set his ode down on paper, but he memorized it, as Homer and Gregson must have done with their things, and then polished it up in his head. "It took me about three days to think it up," Clay told me a week or so ago, while he was training in the Department of Parks gymnasium, on West Twenty-eighth Street, for his New York début as a professional, against a heavyweight from Detroit named Sonny Banks. In between his composition of the poem and his appearance on Twenty-eighth Street, Clay had been to Rome and cleaned up his Olympic opposition with aplomb, which is his strongest characteristic. The other finalist had been a Pole with a name that it takes two rounds to pronounce, but Cassius had not tried. A book that I own called "Olympic Games: 1960," translated from the German, says, "Clay fixes the Pole's punch-hand with an almost hypnotic stare and by nimble dodging renders his attacks quite harmless." He thus risked being disqualified for holding and hitting, but he got away with it. He had then turned professional under social and financial auspices sufficient to launch a bank, and had won ten tryout bouts on the road. Now he told me that Banks, whom he had never seen, would be no problem.

I had watched Clay's performance in Rome and had considered it attractive but not probative. Amateur boxing compares with professional boxing as college theatricals compare with stealing scenes from Margaret Rutherford. Clay had a skittering style, like a pebble scaled over water. He was good to watch, but he seemed to make only glancing contact. It is true that the Pole finished the three-round bout helpless and out on his feet, but I thought he had just run out of puff chasing Clay, who had then cut him to pieces. ("Pietrzykowski is done for," the Olympic book says. "He gazes helplessly into his corner of the ring; his legs grow heavier and he cannot escape his rival.") A boxer who uses his legs as much as Clay used his in Rome risks deceleration in a longer bout. I had been more impressed by Patterson when *he* was an Olympian, in 1952; he had knocked out his man in a round.

At the gym that day, Cassius was on a mat doing situps when Mr. Angelo Dundee, his trainer, brought up the subject of the ballad. "He is smart," Dundee said. "He made up a poem." Clay had his hands locked behind his neck, elbows straight out, as he bobbed up and down. He is a golden-brown young man, big-chested and long-legged, whose limbs have the smooth, rounded look that Joe Louis's used to have, and that frequently denotes fast muscles. He is twenty years old and six feet two inches tall, and he weighs a hundred and ninety-five pounds.

"I'll say it for you," the poet announced, without waiting to be wheedled or breaking cadence. He began on a rise:

> "You may talk about Sweden [down and up again],
> You may talk about Rome [down and up again],
> But Rockville Centre is Floyd Patterson's home [down]."

He is probably the only poet in America who can recite this way. I would like to see T. S. Eliot try.

Clay went on, continuing his ventriflexions:

> "A lot of people say that Floyd couldn't fight,
> But you should have seen him *on that comeback night.*"

There were some lines that I fumbled; the tempo of situps and poetry grew concurrently faster as the bardic fury took hold. But I caught the climax as the poet's voice rose:

> "He cut up his eyes and mussed up his face,
> And that last left hook *knocked his head out of place!*"

Cassius smiled and said no more for several situps, as if waiting for Johansson to be carried to his corner. He resumed when the Swede's seconds had had time to slosh water in his pants and bring him around. The fight was done; the press took over:

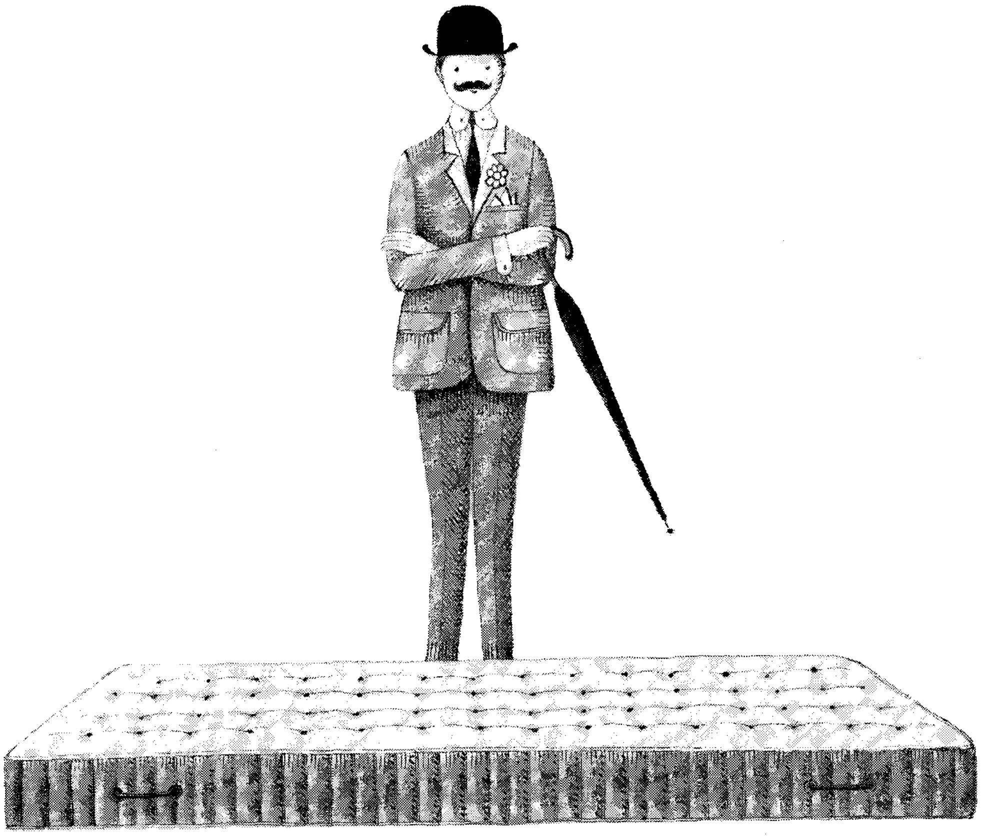
> "A reporter asked: 'Ingo, will a rematch be put on?'
> Johansson said: 'Don't know. It might be postponed.' "

The poet did a few more silent strophes, and then said:

> "If he would have stayed in Sweden,
> He wouldn't have took that beatin'."

Here, overcome by admiration, he lay back and laughed. After a minute or two, he said, "That rhymes. I like it."

There are trainers I know who, if they had a fighter who was a poet, would give up on him, no matter how good he looked, but Mr. Dundee is of the permissive school. Dundee has been a leading Italian name in the prizefighting business in this country ever since about 1910, when a manager named Scotty Monteith had a boy named Giuseppe Carrora whom he rechristened Johnny Dundee. Johnny became the hottest lightweight around; in 1923, in the twilight of his career, he boiled down and won the featherweight championship of the world. Clay's trainer is a brother of



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Chris Dundee, a promoter in Miami Beach, but they are not related to Johnny, who is still around, or to Joe and Vince Dundee, brothers out of Baltimore, who were welterweight and middleweight champions, respectively, in the late twenties and early thirties, and who are not related to Johnny, either.

"He is very talented," Dundee said while Clay was dressing. It was bitter cold outside, but he did not make Clay take a cold shower before putting his clothes on. "He likes his shower better at the hotel," he told me. It smacked of progressive education. Elaborating on Clay's talent, Dundee said, "He will jab you five or six times going away. Busy hands. And he has a left uppercut." He added that Clay, as a business enterprise, was owned and operated by a syndicate of ten leading citizens of Louisville, mostly distillers. They had given the boy a bonus of ten thousand dollars for signing up, and paid him a monthly allowance and his training expenses whether he fought or not—a research fellowship. In return, they took half his earnings when he had any. These had been inconsiderable until his most recent fight, when he made eight thousand dollars. His manager of record (since somebody has to sign contracts) was a member of this junta—Mr. William Faversham, a son of the old matinée idol. Dundee, the tutor in attendance, was a salaried employee. "The idea was he shouldn't be rushed," Dundee said. "Before they hired me, we had a conference about his future like he was a serious subject."

It sounded like flying in the face of the old rule that hungry fighters make the best fighters. I know an old-style manager named Al Weill, who at the beginning of the week used to give each of his fighters a five-dollar meal ticket that was good for five dollars and fifty cents in trade at a coffeepot on Columbus Avenue. A guy had to win a fight to get a second ticket before the following Monday. "It's good for them," Weill used to say. "Keeps their mind on their work."

That day in the gym, Clay's boxing had consisted of three rounds with an amateur light heavyweight, who had been unable to keep away from the busy hands. When the sparring partner covered his head with his arms, the poet didn't bother to punch to the body. "I'm a head-hunter," he said to a watcher who called his attention to this omission. "Keep punching at a man's head, and it mixes his mind." After that, he had skipped rope without a rope. His flippancy would have horrified Colonel

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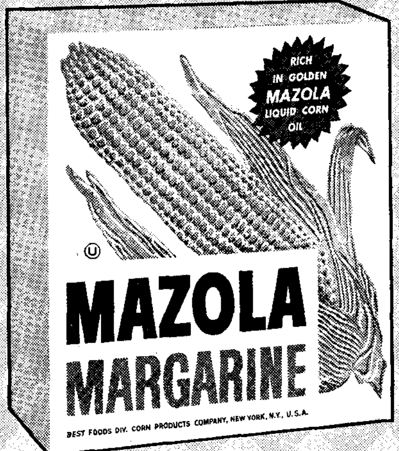
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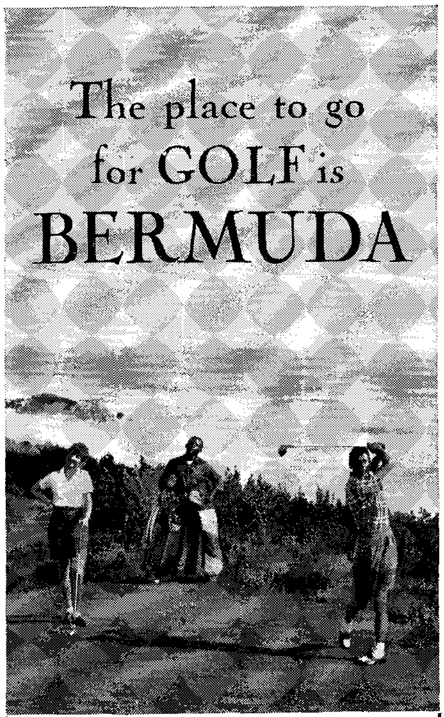
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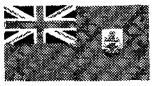

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Now Cassius reappeared, a glass of fashion in a snuff-colored suit and one of those lace-front shirts, which I had never before known anybody with nerve enough to wear, although I had seen them in shirt-shop windows on Broadway. His tie was like two shoestring ends laid across each other, and his smile was white and optimistic. He did not appear to know how badly he was being brought up.

JUST when the sweet science appears to lie like a painted ship upon a painted ocean, a new Hero, as Pierce Egan would term him, comes along like a Moran tug to pull it out of the doldrums. It was because Clay had some of the Heroic aura about him that I went uptown the next day to see Banks, the *morceau* chosen for the prodigy to perform in his big-time début. The exhibition piece is usually a fighter who was once almost illustrious and is now beyond ambition, but Banks was only twenty-one. He had knocked out nine men in twelve professional fights, had won another fight on a decision, and had lost two, being knocked out once. But he had come back against the man who stopped him and had knocked *him* out in two rounds. That showed determination as well as punching power. I had already met Banks, briefly, at a press conference that the Madison Square Garden corporation gave for the two incipient Heroes, and he seemed the antithesis of the Kentucky bard—a grave, quiet young Deep Southerner. He was as introverted as Clay was extro. Banks, a lighter shade than Clay, had migrated to the automobile factories from Tupelo, Mississippi, and boxed as a professional from the start, to earn money. He said at the press conference that he felt he had "done excellently" in the ring, and that the man who had knocked him out, and whom he had subsequently knocked out, was "an excellent boxer." He had a long, rather pointed head, a long chin, and the kind of inverted-triangle torso that pro-proletarian artists like to put on their steelworkers. His shoulders were so wide that his neat ready-made suit floated around his waist, and he had long, thick arms.

Banks was scheduled to train at two o'clock in the afternoon at Harry Wiley's Gymnasium, at 137th Street and Broadway. I felt back at home in

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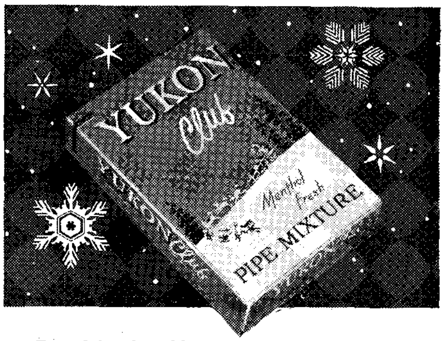

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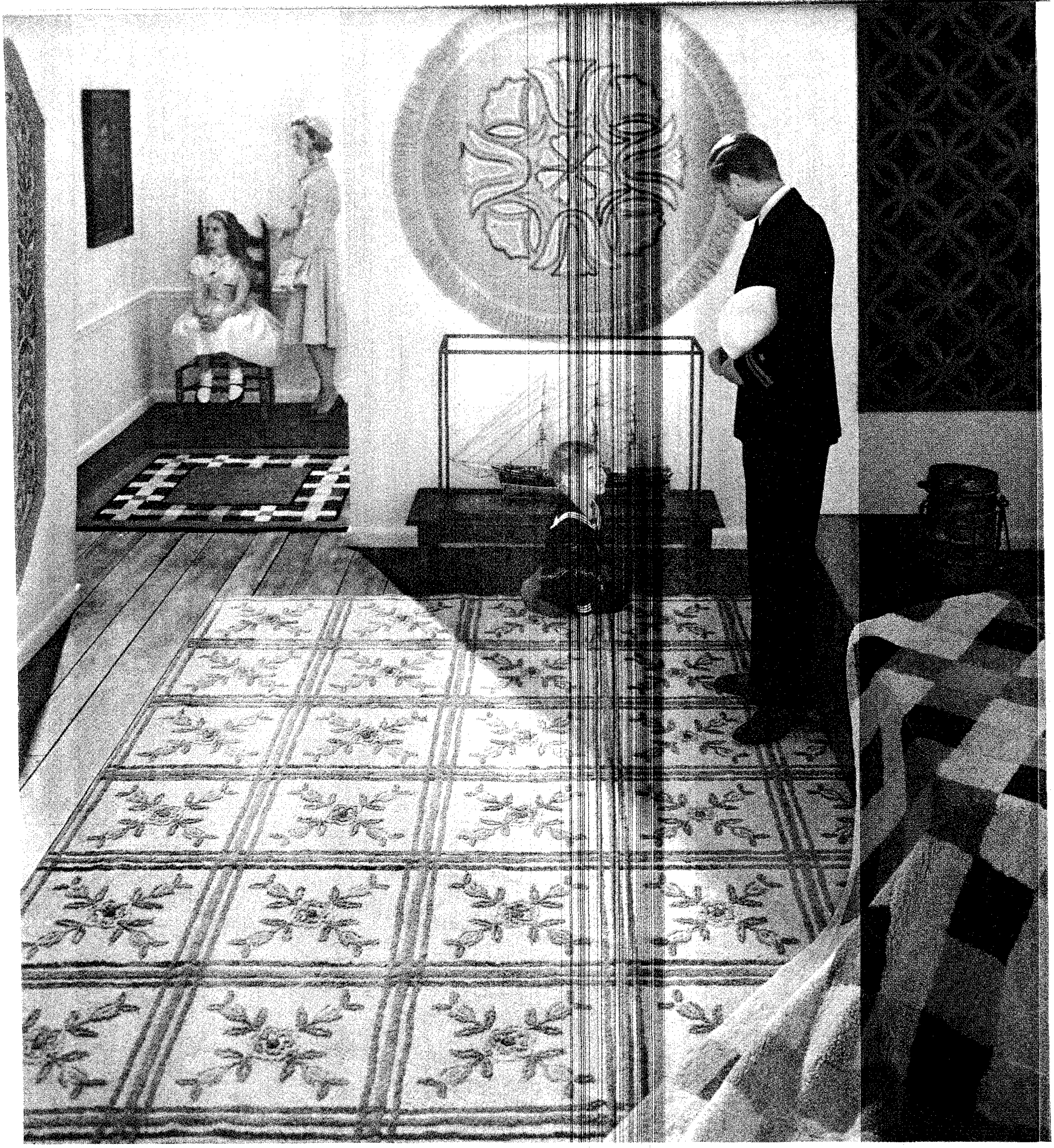

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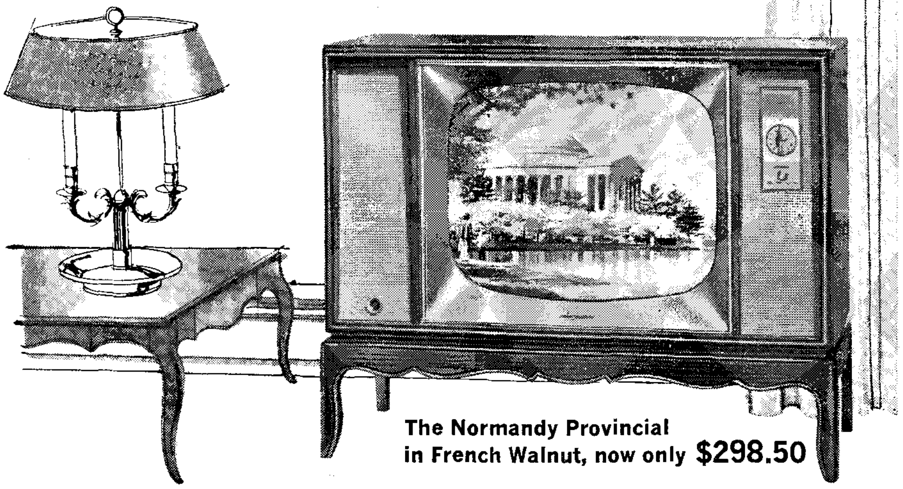
the fight world as soon as I climbed up from the subway and saw the place—a line of plate-glass windows above a Latin-American bar, grill, and barbecue. The windows were flecked with legends giving the hours when the gym was open (it wasn't), the names of fighters training there (they weren't, and half of them had been retired for years), and plugs for physical fitness and boxing instruction. The door of the gym—"Harry Wiley's *Clean* Gym," the sign on it said—was locked, so I went into the Latin-American place and had a beer while I waited. I had had only half the bottle when a taxi drew up at the curb outside the window and five colored men—one little and four big—got out, carrying bags of gear. They had the key for the gym. I finished my beer and followed them.

By the time I got up the stairs, the three fellows who were going to spar were already in the locker room changing their clothes, and the only ones in sight were a big, solid man in a red jersey, who was laying out the gloves and bandages on a rubbing table, and a wispy little chap in an olive-green sweater, who was smoking a long rattail cigar. His thin black hair was carefully marcelled along the top of his narrow skull, a long gold watch chain dangled from his fob pocket, and he exuded an air of elegance, precision, and authority, like a withered but still peppery mahout in charge of a string of not quite bright elephants. Both men appeared occupied with their thoughts, so I made a tour of the room before intruding, reading a series of didactic signs that the proprietor had put up among the photographs of prizefighters and pinup girls. "Road Work Builds Your Legs," one sign said, and another, "Train Every Day—Great Fighters Are Made That Way." A third admonished, "The Gentleman Boxer Has the Most Friends." "Ladies Are Fine—At the Right Time," another said. When I had absorbed them all, I got around to the big man.

"Clay looks mighty fast," I said to him by way of an opening.

He said, "He may not be if a big fellow go after him. That amateur stuff don't mean too much." He himself was Johnny Summerlin, he told me, and he had fought a lot of good heavyweights in his day. "Our boy don't move so fast, but he got fast hands," he said. "He don't discourage easy, either. If we win this one, we'll be all set." I could see that they would be, because Clay has been getting a lot of publicity, and a boxer's fame, like a knight's armor, becomes the property of the fellow who licks him.

Banks now came out in ring togs,



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and, after greeting me, held out his hands to Summerlin to be bandaged. He looked even more formidable without his street clothes. The two other fighters, who wore their names on their dressing robes, were Cody Jones, a heavyweight as big as Banks, and Sammy Poe, nearly as big. Poe, although a Negro, had a shamrock on the back of his robe—a sign that he was a wag. They were both Banks stablemates from Detroit, Summerlin said, and they had come along to spar with him. Jones had had ten fights and had won eight, six of them by knockouts. This was rougher opposition than any amateur light heavyweight. Banks, when he sparred with Jones, did not scuffle around but practiced purposefully a pattern of coming in low, feinting with head and body to draw a lead, and then hammering in hooks to body and head, following the combination with a right cross. His footwork was neat and geometrical but not flashy—he slid his soles along the mat, always set to hit hard. Jones, using his right hand often, provided rough competition but no substitute for Clay's blinding speed. Poe, the clown, followed Jones. He grunted and howled "Whoo-huh-huh!" every time he threw a punch, and Banks howled back; it sounded like feeding time at a zoo. This was a lively workout.

After the sparring, the little man, discarding his cigar, got into the ring alone with Banks. He wore huge sixteen- or eighteen-ounce sparring gloves, which he held, palm open, toward the giant, leading him in what looked like a fan dance. The little man, covering his meagre chest with one glove, would hold up the other, and Banks would hit it. The punch coming into the glove sounded like a fast ball striking a catcher's mitt. By his motions the trainer indicated a scenario, and Banks, from his crouch, dropped Clay ten or fifteen times this way, theoretically. Then the slender man called a halt and sent Banks to punch the bag. "Remember," he said, "you got to keep on top of him—keep the pressure on."

As the little man climbed out of the ring, I walked around to him and introduced myself. He said that his name was Theodore McWhorter, and that Banks was his baby, his creation—he had taught him everything. For twenty years, McWhorter said, he had run a gymnasium for boxers in Detroit—the Big D. (I supposed it must be pretty much like Wiley's, where we were talking.) He had trained hundreds of neighborhood boys to fight, and had had some good fighters in his time, like Johnny Summerlin, but never a

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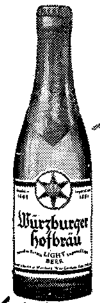

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champion. Something always went wrong.

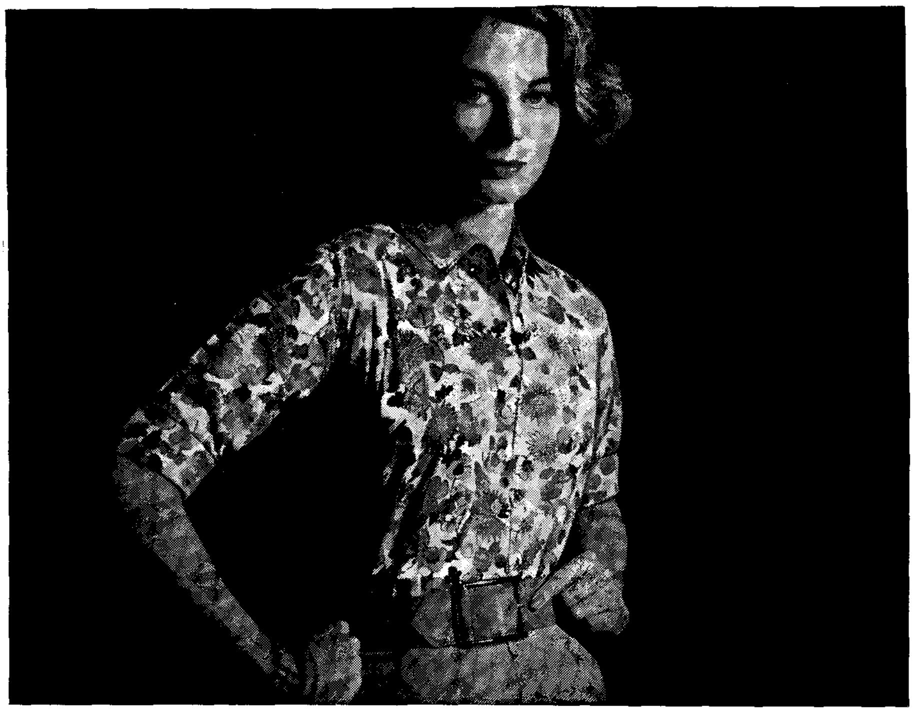
There are fellows like this in almost every big town. Cus D'Amato, who brought Patterson through the amateurs and still has him, used to be one of them, with a one-room gym on Fourteenth Street, but he is among the few who ever hit the mother lode. I could see that McWhorter was a good teacher—such men often are. They are never former champions or notable boxers. The old star is impatient with beginners. He secretly hopes that they won't be as good as he was, and this is a self-defeating quirk in an instructor. The man with the little gym wants to prove himself vicariously. Every promising pupil, consequently, is himself, and he gets knocked out with every one of them, even if he lives to be eighty. McWhorter, typically, said he had been an amateur bantamweight in the thirties but had never turned pro, because times were so hard then that you could pick up more money boxing amateur. Instead of medals, you would get certificates redeemable for cash—two, three, five dollars, sometimes even ten. Once you were a pro, you might not get two fights a year. Whatever his real reason, he had not gone on.

"My boy never got nothing easy," he said. "He don't expect it. Nobody give him nothing. And a boy like that, when he got a chance to be something, he's dangerous."

"You think he's really got a chance?" I asked.

"If we didn't think so, we wouldn't have took the match," Mr. McWhorter said. "You can trap a man," he added mysteriously. "Flashy boxing is like running. You got a long lead, you can run freely. The other kid's way behind, you can sit down and play, get up fresh, and run away from him again. But you got a man running after you with a knife or a gun, pressing it in your back, you feel the pressure. You can't run so free. I'm fighting Clay my way." The substitution of the first for the third person in conversation is managerial usage. I knew that McWhorter would resubstitute Banks for himself in the actual fight.

We walked over to the heavy bag, where Banks was working. There was one other downtown spectator in the gym, and he came over and joined us. He was one of those anonymous experts, looking like all his kind, whom I have been seeing around gyms and fight camps for thirty years. "You can tell a Detroit fighter every time," he said. "They're well trained. They got the fundamentals. They can hit. Like from



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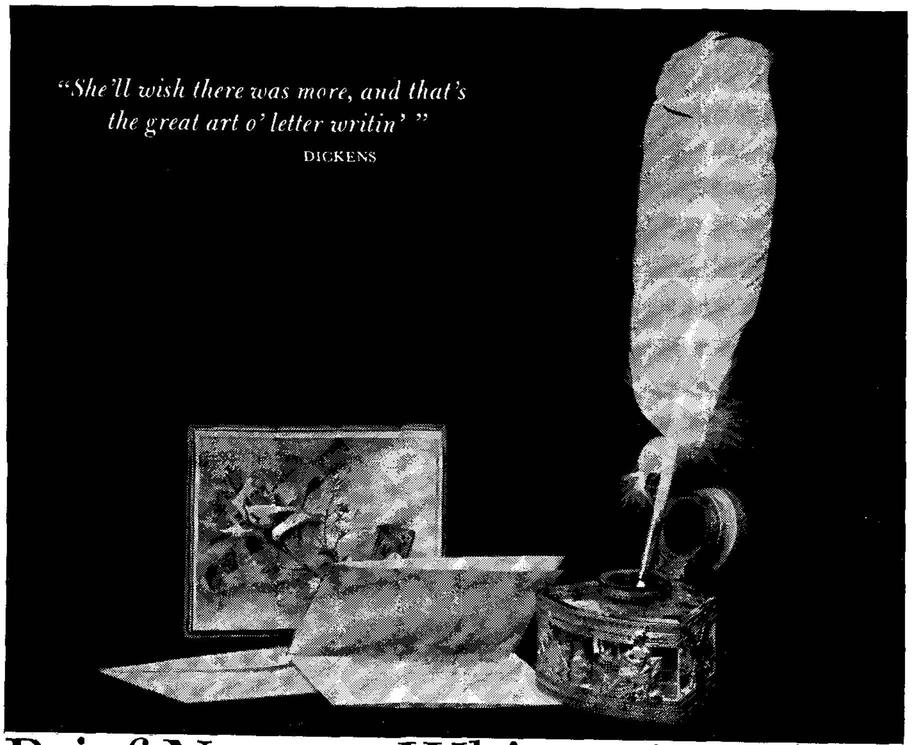
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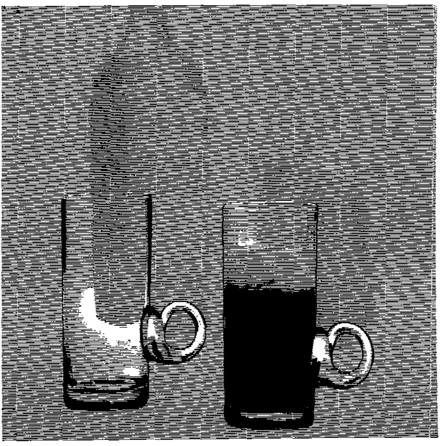

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Mr. McWhorter acknowledged the compliment. "We have some fine *trainers* in Detroit," he said.

Banks, no longer gentle, crouched and swayed before the bag, crashing his left hand into it until the thing jigged and clanked its chains.

"Hit him in the belly like that and you got him," the expert said. "He can't take it there."

Banks stopped punching the bag and said, "Thank you, thank you," just as if the expert had said something novel.

"He's a good boy," McWhorter said as the man walked away. "A *polite* boy."

When I left to go downtown, I felt like the possessor of a possibly valuable secret. I toyed with the notion of warning the butterfly Cassius, my fellow-littérateur, of his peril, but decided that I must remain neutral and silent. In a dream the night before the fight, I heard Mr. McWhorter saying ominously, "You can trap a man." He had grown as big as Summerlin, and his cigar had turned into an elephant goad.

THE temperature outside the Garden was around fifteen degrees on the night of the fight, and the crowd that had assembled to see Clay's début was so thin that it could more properly be denominated a quorum. Only fans who like sociability ordinarily turn up for a fight that they can watch for nothing on television, and that night the cold had kept even the most gregarious at home. (The boxers, however, were sure of four thousand dollars apiece from television.) Only the sportswriters, the gamblers, and the fight mob were there—nonpayers all—and the Garden management, solicitous about how the ringside would look to the television audience, had to coax relative strangers into the working-press section. This shortage of spectators was too bad, because there was at least one red-hot preliminary, which merited a better audience. It was a six-rounder between a lad infelicitously named Ducky Dietz—a hooker and body puncher—and a light heavy from western Pennsylvania named Tommy Gerarde, who preferred a longer range but punched more sharply. Dietz, who shouldn't have, got the decision, and the row that followed warmed our little social group and set the right mood for the main event.

The poet came into the ring first, escorted by Dundee; Nick Florio, the brother of Patterson's trainer, Dan Florio; and a fellow named Gil Clancy, a physical-education supervisor for the

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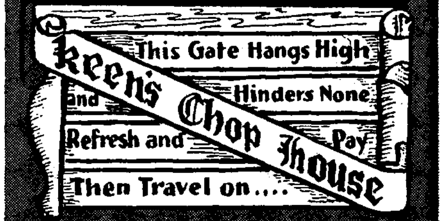

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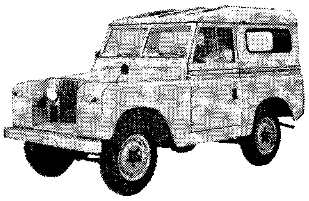

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Department of Parks, who himself manages a good welterweight named Emile Griffith. (Griffith, unlike Clay, is a worrier. "He is always afraid of being devalued," Clancy says.) As a corner, it was the equivalent of being represented by Sullivan & Cromwell. Clay, who I imagine regretted parting with his lace shirt, had replaced it with a white robe that had a close-fitting red collar and red cuffs. He wore white buckskin bootees that came high on his calves, and, taking hold of the ropes in his corner, he stretched and bounced like a ballet dancer at the bar. In doing so, he turned his back to the other, or hungry, corner before Banks and his faction arrived.

Banks looked determined but slightly uncertain. Maybe he was trying to remember all the things McWhorter had told him to do. He was accompanied by McWhorter, Summerlin, and Harry Wiley, a plump, courtly colored man, who runs the clean gym. McWhorter's parchment brow was wrinkled with concentration, and his mouth was set. He looked like a producer who thinks he may have a hit and doesn't want to jinx it. Summerlin was stolid; he may have been remembering the nights when he had not quite made it. Wiley was comforting and solicitous. The weights were announced: Clay, 194½; Banks, 191¼. It was a difference too slight to count between heavyweights. Banks, wide-shouldered, narrow-waisted, looked as if he would be the better man at slinging a sledge or lifting weights; Clay, more cylindrically formed—arms, legs, and torso—moved more smoothly.

When the bell rang, Banks dropped into the crouch I had seen him rehearse, and began the stalk after Clay that was to put the pressure on him. I felt a species of complicity. The poet, still wrapped in certitude, jabbed, moved, teased, looking the *Konzertstück* over before he banged the ivories. By nimble dodging, as in Rome, he rendered the hungry fighter's attack quite harmless, but this time without keeping his hypnotic stare fixed steadily enough on the punch-hand. They circled around for a minute or so, and then Clay was hit, but not hard, by a left hand. He moved to his own left, across Banks's field of vision, and Banks, turning with him, hit him again, but this time full, with the rising left hook he had worked on so faithfully. The poet went down, and the three men crouching below Banks's corner must have felt, as they listened to the count, like a Reno tourist who hears the silver-dollar jackpot come rolling down. It had been a solid shot—

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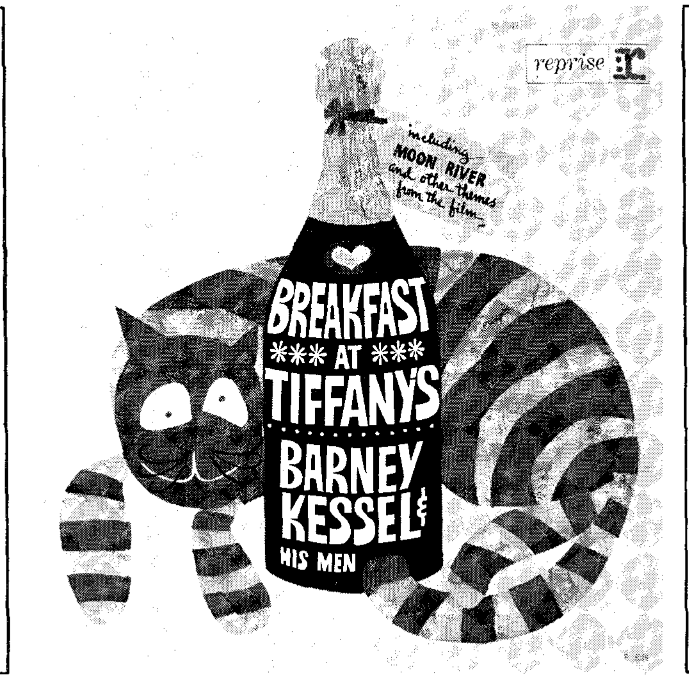
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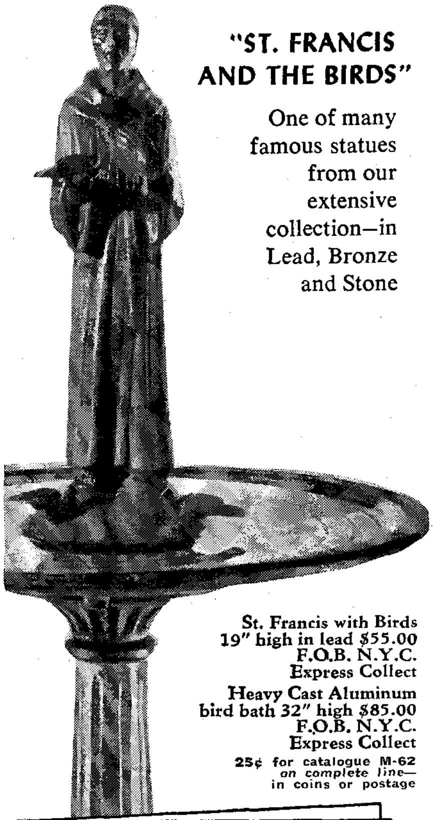
no fluke—and where one shot succeeds, there is no reason to think that another won't. The poet rose at the count of two, but the referee, Ruby Goldstein, as the rules in New York require, stepped between the boxers until the count reached eight, when he let them resume. Now that Banks knew he could hit Clay, he was full of confidence, and the gamblers, who had made Clay a 5–1 favorite, must have had a bad moment. None of them had seen Clay fight, and no doubt they wished they hadn't been so credulous. Clay, I knew, had not been knocked down since his amateur days, but he was cool. He neither rushed after Banks, like an angry kid, nor backed away from him. Standing straight up, he boxed and moved—cuff, slap, jab, and stick, the busy hands stinging like bees. As for Banks, success made him forget his whole plan. Instead of keeping the pressure on—moving in and throwing punches to force an opening—he forgot his right hand and began winging left hooks without trying to set Clay up for them. At the end of the round, the poet was in good shape again, and Banks, the more winded of the two, was spitting a *handsome quantity* of blood from the jabs that Clay had landed going away. Nothing tires a man more than swinging uselessly. Nevertheless, the knockdown had given Banks the round. The hungry fighter who had listened to his pedagogue was in front, and if he listened again, he might very well stay there.

It didn't happen. In the second round, talent asserted itself. Honest effort and sterling character backed by solid instruction will carry a man a good way, but unearned natural ability has a lot to be said for it. Young Cassius, who will never have to be lean, jabbed the good boy until he had spread his already wide nose over his face. Banks, I could see, was already having difficulty breathing, and the intellectual pace was just too fast. He kept throwing that left hook whenever he could get set, but he was like a man trying to fight off wasps with a shovel. One disadvantage of having had a respected teacher is that whenever the pupil gets in a jam he tries to remember what the professor told him, and there just isn't time. Like the Pole's in the Olympics, Banks's legs grew heavier, and he could not escape his rival. He did not, however, gaze helplessly into his corner of the ring; he kept on trying. Now Cassius, having mixed the mind, began to dig in. He would come in with a flurry of busy hands, jabbing and slapping his man off balance, and then, in close, drive a short,



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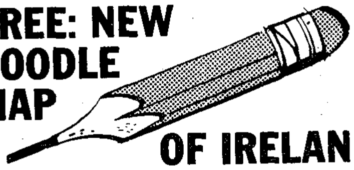

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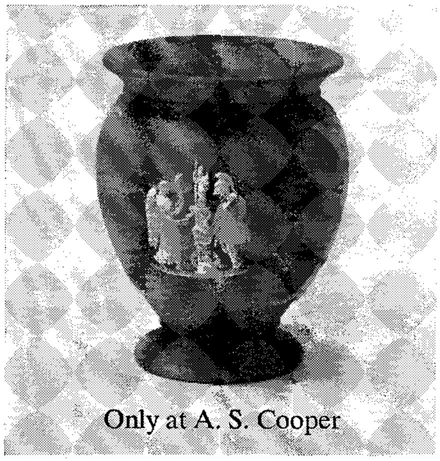

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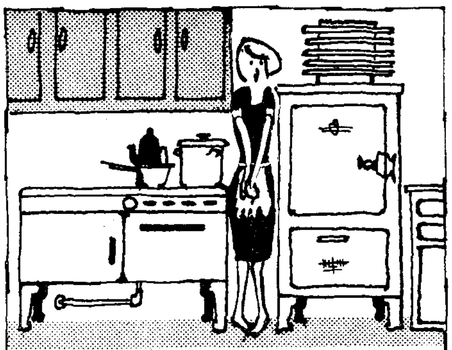

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hard right to the head or a looping left to the slim waist. Two-thirds of the way through the round, he staggered Banks, who dropped forward to his glove tips, though his knees did not touch canvas. A moment later, Clay knocked him down fairly with a right hand, but McWhorter's pupil was not done.

The third round was even less competitive; it was now evident that Banks could not win, but he was still trying. He landed the last, and just about the hardest, punch of the round—a good left hook to the side of the poet's face. Clay looked surprised. Between the third and fourth rounds, the Boxing Commission physician, Dr. Schiff, trotted up the steps and looked into Banks's eyes. The Detroit lad came out gamely for the round, but the one-minute rest had not refreshed him. After the first flurry of punches, he staggered, helpless, and Goldstein stopped the match. An old fighter, brilliant but cursed with a weak jaw, Goldstein could sympathize.

WHEN it was over, I felt that my first social duty was to the stricken. Clay, I estimated, was the kind of Hero likely to be around for a long while, and if he felt depressed by the knockdown, he had the contents of ten distilleries to draw upon for stimulation. I therefore headed for the loser's dressing room to condole with McWhorter, who had experienced another almost. When I arrived, Banks, sitting up on the edge of a rubbing table, was shaking his head, angry at himself, like a kid outfielder who has let the deciding run drop through his fingers. Summerlin was telling him what he had done wrong: "You can't hit anybody throwing just one punch all the time. You had him, but you lost him. You forgot to keep crowding." Then the unquenchable pedagogue said, "You're a better fighter than he is, but you lost your head. If you can only get him again . . ." But poor Banks looked only half convinced. What he felt, I imagine, was that he *had* had Clay, and that it might be a long time before he caught him again. If he had followed through, he would have been in line for dazzling matches—the kind that bring you five figures even if you lose. I asked him what punch had started him on the downgrade, but he just shook his head. Wiley, the gym proprietor, said there hadn't been any one turning point. "Things just went sour gradually all at once," he declared. "You got to respect a boxer. He'll pick you and peck you, peck you and pick you, until you don't know where you are."

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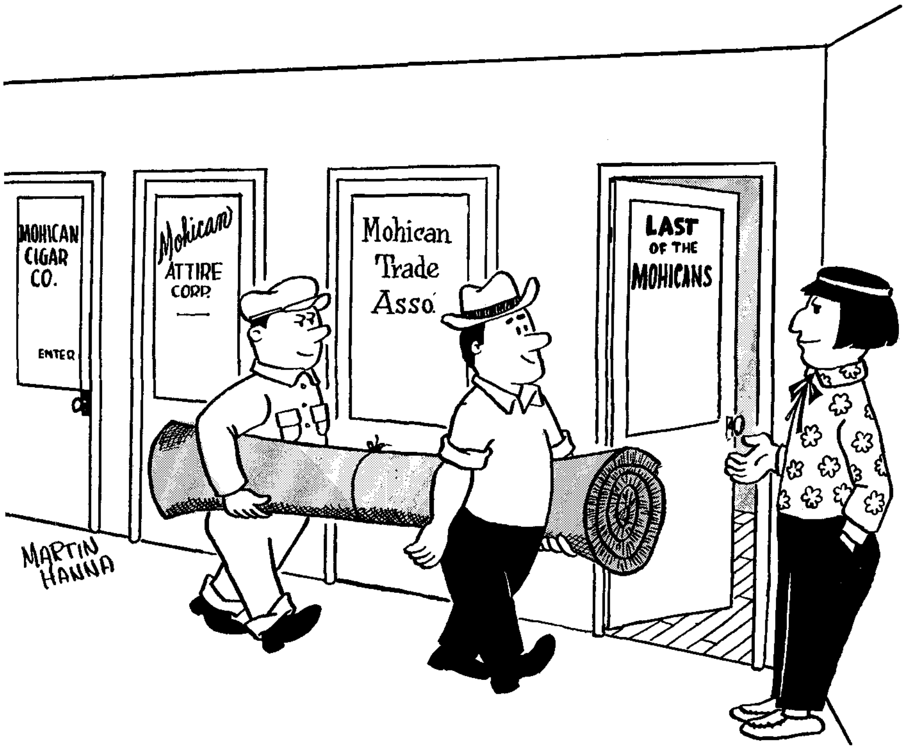
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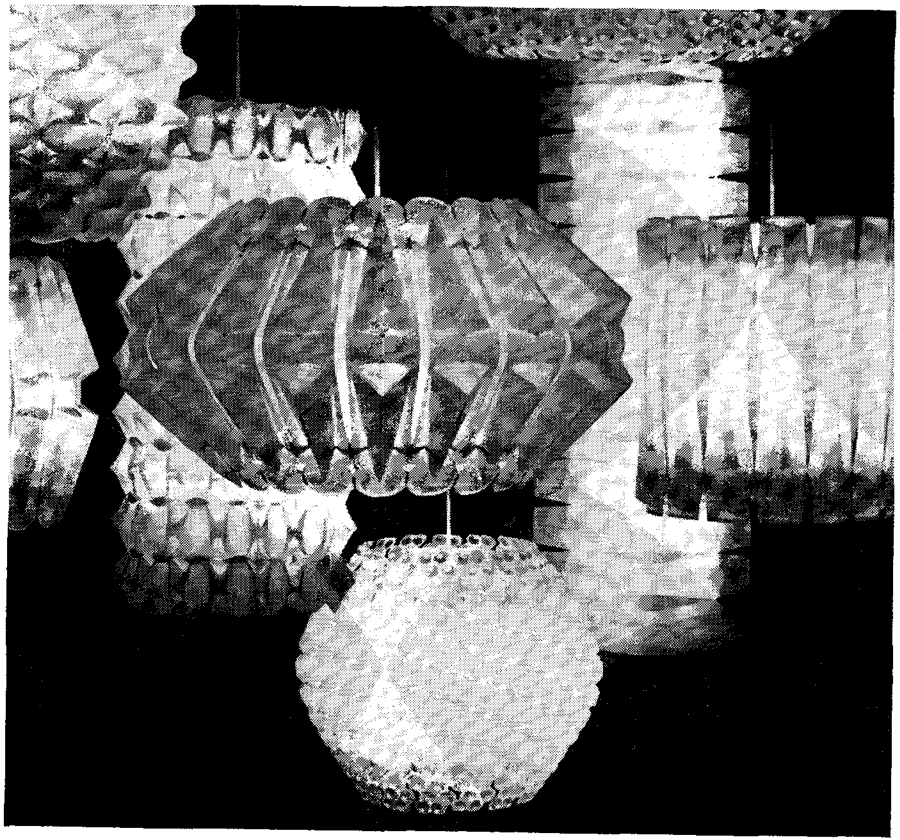

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Of Kings and Giants

I HAVE been listening to televised opera for quite a number of years, mainly to the performances provided by that adventurous organization the N.B.C. Opera Company, and have admired the ingenuity and artistry with which much of it has been done, as well as the integrity and stubborn idealism of this particular company's producer, Samuel Chotzinoff. I am aware that the medium of television is capable of bringing opera to a much larger audience than that which regularly attends performances in opera houses, and I have been delighted by Mr. Chotzinoff's insistence on doing his operas in the English language—especially since he has nearly always chosen translations of the most skillful and effective sort. Yet I have been inclined to regard this form of operatic production as a substitute for the real thing. The television screen is unquestionably somewhat small for the purposes of opera, and the mechanics of sound production on television permit no end of adjustments in volume, which render lesser voices impressive and hence take away one of opera's incidental excitements. I must say, however, that last Sunday afternoon's broadcast of Italo Montemezzi's opera "The Love of Three Kings" led me to revise some of my ideas on the subject. I have heard a number of performances of this work in various opera houses—where it has never been particularly popular—and have always found it rather dull and static, even when it was enlivened by striking stage personalities, such as Grace Moore and Ezio Pinza, whom I remember seeing in it at the Metropolitan. In these performances, the opera has invariably seemed remote and formal—a sort of Italo-Germanic "Pelléas et Mélisande," with very little action and very little power to involve an audience's emotions. Sunday's broadcast, however, made me aware of subtleties in the work that had eluded me in the opera house, and caused me to realize for the first time what a wonderful opera "The Love of Three Kings" is. And this revelation was due, in part, to the very limitations of televised opera that I have com-

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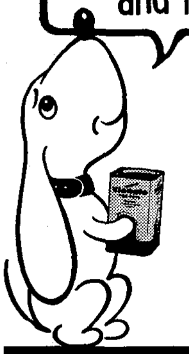
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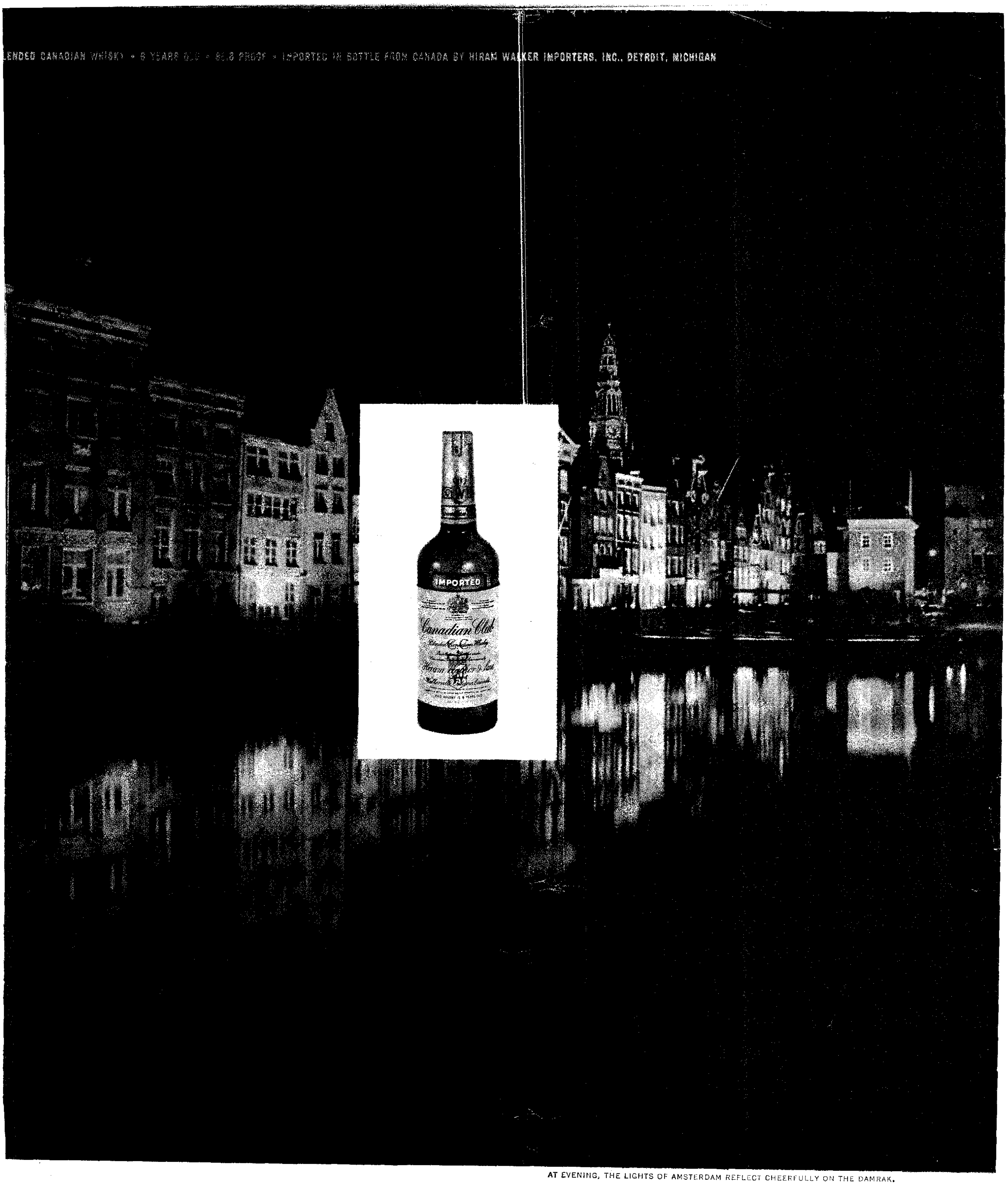
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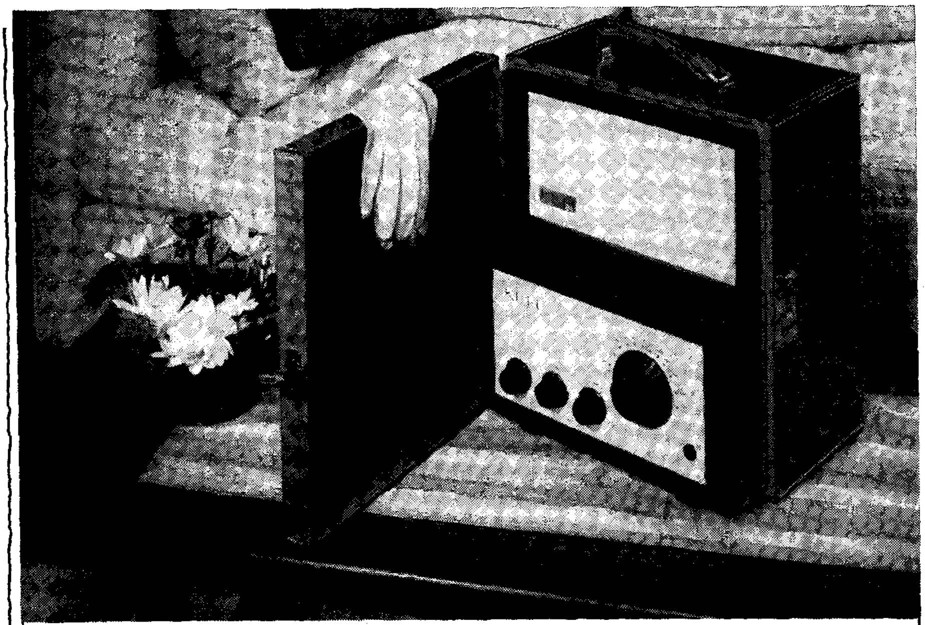
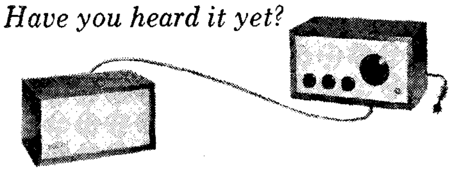
plained about. The small screen brought one into the midst of the action, and closeups enabled one to study the minutest changes in facial expression, with the result that what before had seemed remote and static became vital and touching. "The Love of Three Kings" is, apparently, a very intimate opera—perhaps too intimate to be fully realized on the grand-opera stage. Television seems to be its ideal medium.

As set forth the other afternoon in full color, the opera proved so gripping that it must have left many of its auditors limp, if not actually in tears. Its theme is, of course, one of those eternal love-and-death affairs, owing something to "Tristan und Isolde," something to "Pelléas," and something to "Romeo and Juliet." Musically, it is a marvel, written in the final flush of the post-Wagnerian tradition, with a score far richer in hypnotic power than that of "Pelléas," and full of the noblest sort of expressiveness. I hope that, since it has been recorded on tape, the N.B.C. Opera will find occasion to repeat it.

Much of the production's artistic success was undoubtedly due to its conductor, Alfred Wallenstein, one of the very few American maestros of top rank, and one whose extraordinary gifts are belatedly being recognized. Much of it was also due to the ingenious sets, by Ed Wittstein, and to Kirk Browning's superb stage direction, which stood up excellently under the microscopic scrutiny of the camera. The cast consisted of about as fine a group of American singing actors as could be assembled for such a purpose. Phyllis Curtin made an exceedingly handsome Fiora, and her good looks and naturalness of demeanor were perfectly suited to the understatement that television requires—better suited by far than the large-scale heroics of an old-fashioned prima donna would have been. Giorgio Tozzi, always a striking actor in tragic parts, was very impressive as the blind King Archibaldo. Richard Torigi had the dashing appearance and most of the capacity for sorrow and magnanimity that the role of the husband, Manfredo, requires, and Frank Porretta was effectively passionate as the lover, Prince Avito. Moreover, they all sang beautifully, or at least the microphones made them appear to do so (which is all that one could ask); as a matter of fact, whoever had charge of the balancing of sonorities among orchestra, chorus, and soloists turned in a flawless job. I have noticed that the activities of the N.B.C. Opera have been somewhat curtailed this sea-





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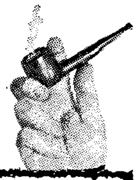

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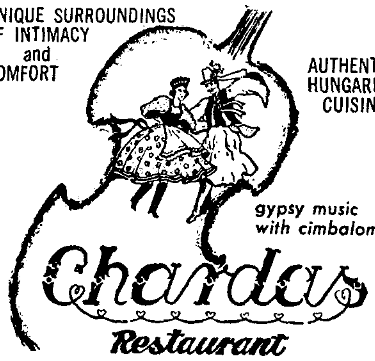

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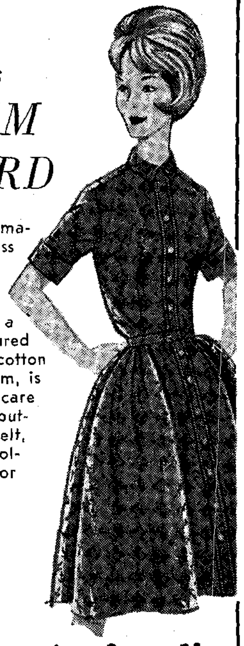

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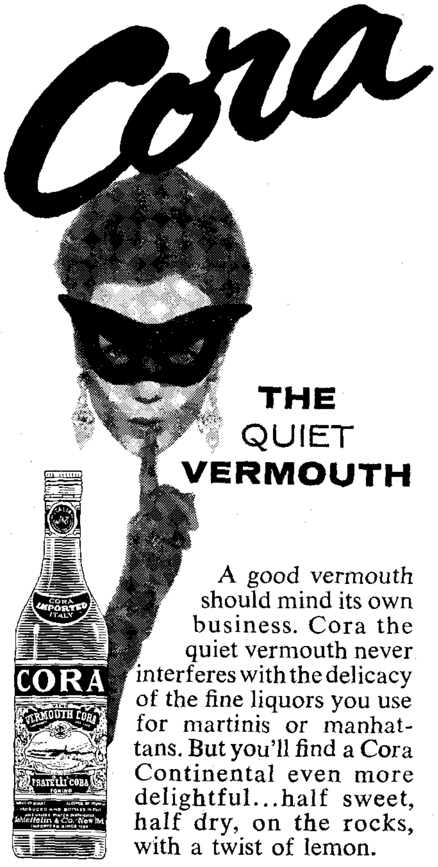
son, and I think that this is a great pity and a further sign of cultural obtuseness on the part of those who have been given control of one of our great natural resources—the airwaves. The replacement of these broadcasts by an additional dose of moronic claptrap would, I think, be a national tragedy.

THE third volume of Igor Stravinsky's reminiscences and thoughts about his art, set down in question-and-answer form by the indefatigable Robert Craft, is now off the press, under the title "Expositions and Developments" (Doubleday). I have read the book with great interest, finding the commentary on his own work instructive and the childhood reminiscences of life in old St. Petersburg quite charming. Not the least interesting to me is the final chapter, which the great man has added by way of an appendix, and in which he has taken a roundhouse swing at "the professional ignoramus, the journalist-reviewer pest," with particular reference to two members of this species—one "employed by a New York newspaper," the other by "America's most sophisticated popular magazine." The former he refers to as H. P. Langweilich and the latter as S. W. Deaf, explaining that "I cannot go about immortalizing such people by naming them," and accusing both of "public ignorance" and of "pretending to know when they know nothing." I shall leave Mr. Langweilich to defend himself, and I shall not grasp greedily at immortality by revealing the identity of S. W. Deaf. Mr. Stravinsky, with his fastidious eye, has detected a sentence in Mr. Deaf's prose output that is open to criticism on the ground of inexactness (one of many such that Mr. Deaf has probably written from time to time in the course of years of concert reviewing), and, like a good schoolmaster, has whacked the culprit with his ruler. The sentence reads, "At least [the Symphony] avoided the twelve-tone scale and its characteristic pedantry." Mr. Stravinsky points out that even Mozart used a twelve-tone scale (that of the piano keyboard), and surmises, in a burst of clairvoyance, that what Mr. Deaf really meant was the peculiar "dodecaphonic" (or "twelve-tone") use of the twelve-tone scale by Schoenberg and his disciples (including Stravinsky himself)—thus indicating that he is quite aware of what Mr. Deaf was writing about, even though his language may not have been altogether specific. If I were serving as referee, I would perhaps grant Mr. Stravinsky a technical knockout over Deaf on this point, and I must



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admit that as a whole his attack on Deaf is almost kindly, considering what Deaf has had to say about some of Mr. Stravinsky's music. A little later, Mr. Stravinsky says that "Deaf's giants are Giannini, Jello Doio [*sic*], Gian Carlo, etc.; his dwarfs are Schoenberg and myself." This, I assure him, is not the case. On the contrary, Deaf does not find the present world of musical composition to be generally populated by giants, and he regards Mr. Stravinsky, by comparison with his contemporaries, as a giant of pretty fair stature, one whose individuality and tremendous technical virtuosity have led to imitation by nearly every Tom, Dick, and Harry who writes notes on paper—a course that has brought about a certain amount of monotony (not to say superficiality) in contemporary musical composition.

What really seems to annoy Mr. Stravinsky most about Langweilich and Deaf, however, is that neither of them is a composer. (Just how he has reached the certainty that neither of them has ever engaged in the craft of musical composition is not clear, but we can let that pass.) Mr. Stravinsky has attacked performers repeatedly for the same failing, and one gathers that his ideal musical world would be one in which the music written by composers was performed by composers before audiences of composers, including critics who were composers. This cabalistic procedure would certainly make music a pretty exclusive business, to say the least. Besides, how could Mr. Stravinsky be sure that all this was being done by the *right* composers? There would always be the chance that that fellow Jello Doio might sneak in by the back entrance.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Mr. Meyer told the group that there was need for more policing of the parks but that more policemen were not available. He said that in London Labrador retrievers were used in patrolling the parks. These dogs, he declared, were tame and lovable and were used "to get into the bushes and flush out undesirable characters."—*The Times.*

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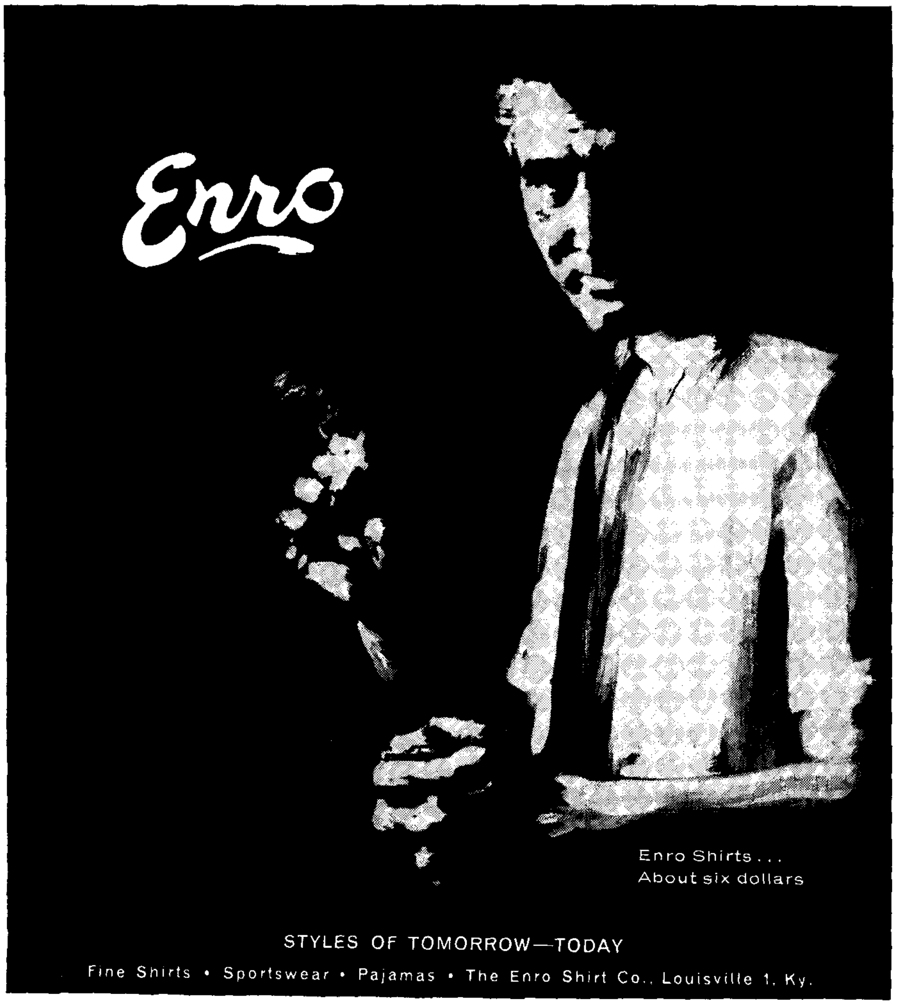
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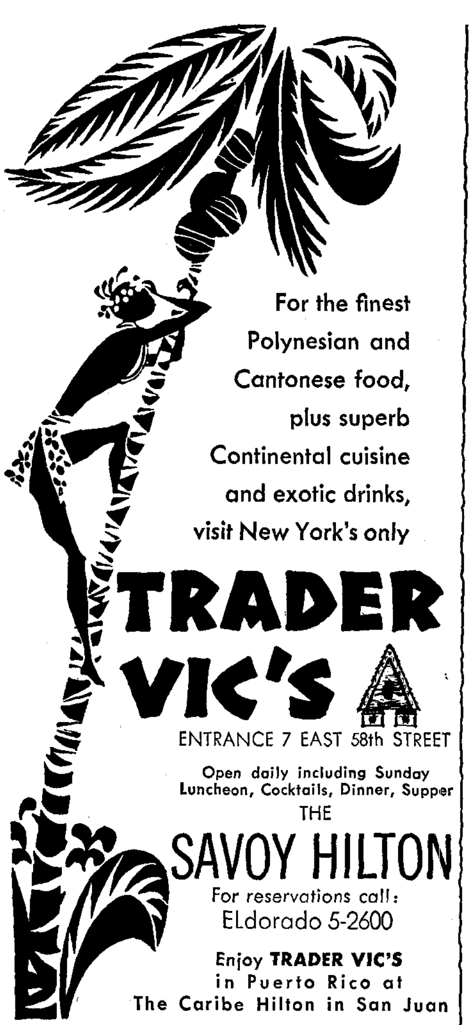
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LETTER FROM PARIS

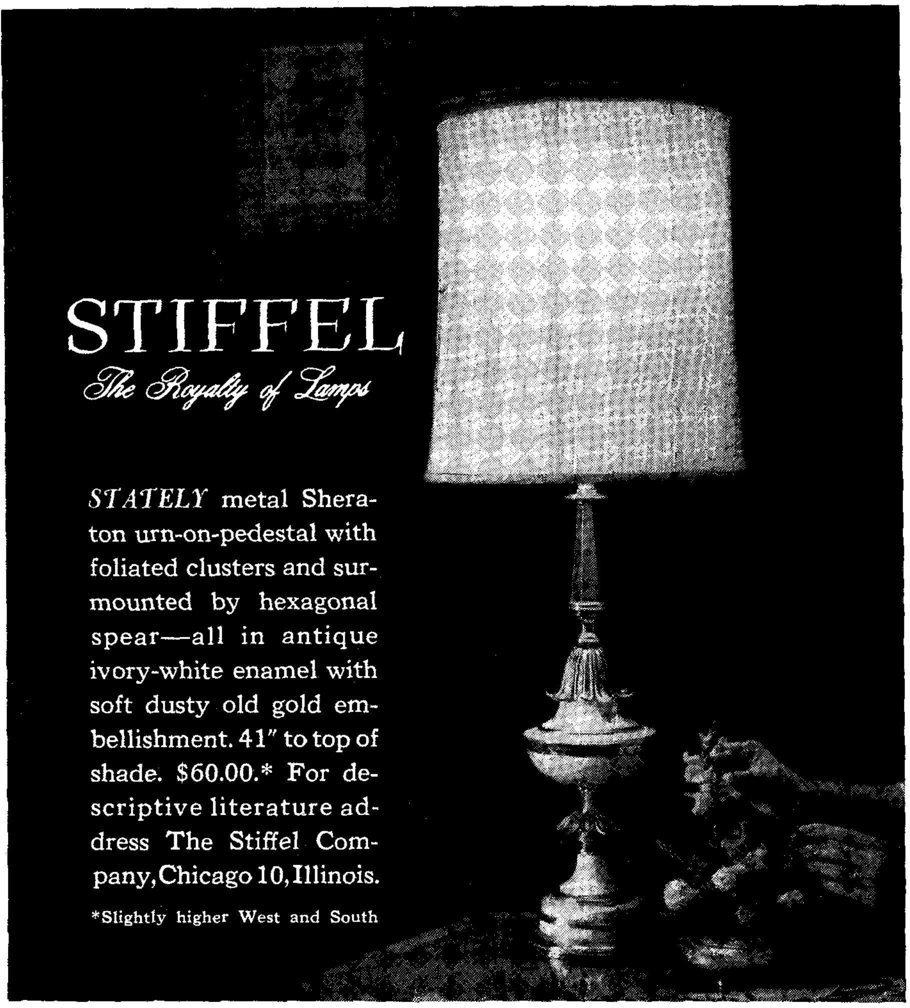
FEBRUARY 20

PARISIANS are obviously cheered by Monday's announcement of the end of the opening *pourparlers* between the French and Algerian diplomats, but they are still wary. The secret garrulousness of these pragmatic confabulations, of which the ordinary citizen never hears even the echo of a word that has been said, has failed several times before. Even now, the only words that will satisfy the French people will be brief and printed ones, headlined on the front page of every newspaper, declaring that the cease-fire has been signed. It won't actually be peace, but it will feel like peace, because it will mean the end of the two armies' shooting at each other in Algeria, as they have been doing for seven and a half years. Maybe it will come this weekend, or the one after. It is the only event that could follow suitably on two earlier events that people here will long remember and talk of, and that will become modern legends of Paris. The first event, of course, whose importance lay in its horror, was the Thursday killing, just the week before last, of five men and three women in the shambles and bloodletting around the Bastille quarter between the gendarmerie and about twenty thousand anti-O.A.S. marchers, largely Communists, whose march had been forbidden by the government—some of the dead dying of suffocation or from internal injuries inflicted by the pressure of the crowds when they panicked before the gendarmes' clubs, one or two dying of head wounds, and the youngest, a boy of sixteen, being trampled to death. It was an evening of shameful and historic savagery in the capital of France, comparable to the night of February 6, 1934, when on the Place de la Concorde the Third Republic, faced with a collapse of the government and threatened by both Right and Left, ordered its soldiers to fire, killing eighteen in the dense, excited crowd around the statues and fountains.

On the Tuesday morning following the Thursday deaths came the gigantic funeral march for them, of a million marchers, or a half million, or a quarter million—nobody seems to know exactly how many, nor could we who were there count ourselves, knowing only that on the Boulevard du Temple we packed the streets and sidewalks solid all the way from the Place de la République, which was also overfilled, to the black-draped Bourse du Travail, where the coffins lay, and which was turned into a *chapelle ardente.* The street was almost gay with men carrying official *couronnes mortuaires* and set pieces of flowers bearing red ribbons with the names of the donors in gold, such as the Railwaymen's Union of Vitry, a Paris suburb, or a local printers' syndicate. It had rained during the night, and the air was moist, making the flowers glisten freshly in the big floral constructions—flower beds of lilacs, arum lilies, and scarlet carnations, which two men usually carried between them. There were little humble bouquets in the hands of the women and girls, mostly of multicolored anemones and yellow mimosa, still fluffy in the chill atmosphere. Other girls were selling small black-bordered cards bearing the words "*En Hommage aux Victimes du 8 Février, 1962,*" which marchers pinned to their coats, paying whatever they chose, the money going to the victims' families. Seven of the eight dead, including the three women, had been Communist Party members. The husband of one, Mme. Fanny Dewerpe, had been killed in the Communist riot organized against the 1952 Paris visit of General Matthew Ridgway, then being accused by the Left of having exploded bacterial bombs in Korea. In the European processional manner, an enlarged photograph of each of the dead was carried on a pole by a member of the family, who headed the procession as it finally started for Père-Lachaise Cemetery (which those marchers at the end of the procession reportedly did not reach until four rainy hours later). The photograph of the adolescent, Daniel Féry, who had been a handsome lad, was carried apart and alone by a boy who had been his best friend. Daniel was an apprentice of some sort working for *Humanité,* the Party paper. His father told one of its reporters, "Whenever there was a street demonstration, he always attended. He liked to exteriorize [*sic*] himself. I suppose I should have been firmer with him. I would have been if I had known it was going to kill him."

BY the end of 1961, six hundred plastic-bomb explosions all over France, some of them here, had damaged a lot of property. A list of three thousand addresses to be plastiquéd in 1962 was recently found on an O.A.S. agent when arrested. So far, there is no official count of the January and February thousands of bombings throughout the country, or of the hundreds in Paris. The big French question now is: Who is going to pay for the damage? French fire-insurance policies, which are apparently what bombs normally come under, do not cover acts of civil war, which are apparently what the O.A.S. explosions come under. (The insurance companies have already prepared a clause refusing responsibility for atomic bombs, too.) By now, there have been so many explosions in Paris that one is bound to know people or apartment houses or shops that have had their bomb. The destruction is freakish, and can be utterly shattering. In the elderly apartment house that was bombed early in January because Jean-Paul Sartre had a flat there, the staircase and stair well were blown to smithereens halfway up, the whole central open spine of the old building was damaged, and doors were splintered and walls cracked. Repairs are estimated at twenty thousand New Francs. It is coöperatively owned, and probably Sartre is the sole tenant who is well enough off to pay his share of the damage. (He has just lodged a complaint at the Palais de Justice against "X" for an attempt on his life.) For the other literary tenants, such as Mme. Béatrix Beck, a former Goncourt Prize winner but no best-seller, such financial participation is out of the question. She and the other upper-floor tenants now go up and down by the service staircase. Just behind your correspondent's hotel, last week at dusk, a bomb went off in the Rue du Mont-Thabor on an apartment building's inner-court staircase—always the favorite spot, with a greater chance of material destruction but a lesser chance of costing life. Every window in the house was shattered. The blast, illogically, also blew out the glass street front of a dry-cleaning shop, leaving the clients' garments hanging in perfect order on their racks; the young concierge was cut about the throat, and her baby injured. Anyone walking by on the sidewalk in front of the cleaner's would have been pierced like a colander. The shattered glass was ankle-deep all over the street. By the next noon, a glazier had most of the new court windows in place. Glazing has become an active revived profession here. Some journalists especially distinguished for their anti-O.A.S. sentiments have been bombed twice over, with private libraries or bookshelves ruined, the books' spines blown off, the glue blown loose, and volumes sometimes blown clean out of the windows.

Insurance companies already have piles of dossiers on bomb damage opti-



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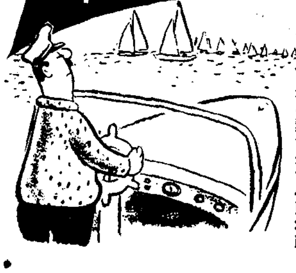

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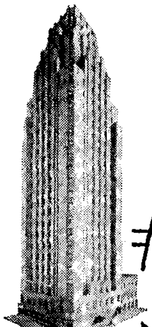

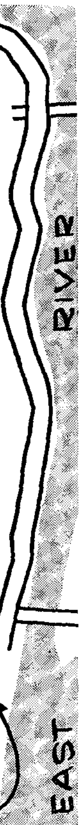

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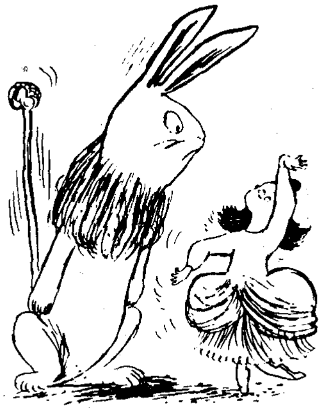

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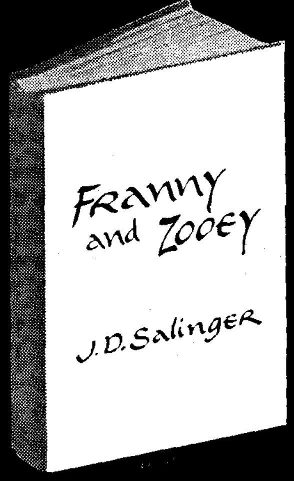

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mistically filed by their fire-insurance clients. A bill concerning indemnification of damages will be put before Parliament when it meets in late April. A procedure for officially reporting to the government what has happened to you has been in operation since January 1st, but you don't receive a sou unless the damage has been nearly nothing and you are so poor that you can't even pay to have your front door put back on its hinges. This is what you do: You get a form from your local *commissaire de police*, fill it out, and send it to the prefect of your *arrondissement*, where it becomes part of your bomb dossier. Then, accompanied by your local policeman's declaration that you really were bombed and suffered bomb damage, by an estimate from the Ministère de la Construction as to how much your damage was worth, and by a note of opinion on the over-all situation from the prefect, the dossier is sent to the Service National de la Protection Civile, for the attention of the Ministère de l'Intérieur and its National Commission of Five, presided over by a Conseiller d'Etat, which meets weekly and will "formulate an opinion" on your case. This invariably includes the cases of your immediate neighbors, whose property your bomb damaged, as well as windows blown out far down your street, in the flats of people you don't even know by sight. (Owners of parked cars ruined by your bomb get no damages.) As the government so far has only five million New Francs, or about a million dollars, for the most urgent and hapless cases, it is now trying to find some regulation that will permit it to assimilate the plastic, or civil-war, damages with regular Second World War damages, and draw on the funds for the latter—which, as the French themselves say, pay you "three times nothing" for what you lost.

The carelessness and inefficiency of the O.A.S. bombers in some cases have added to the angry contempt in which they are held. They get addresses mixed up. Recently, they bombed an apartment house at No. 13 on a certain avenue near the Invalides when they meant to bomb No. 15, where two Gaullist deputies lived. Nice young married couples used to try to rent flats in apartment houses where a deputy lived, since his presence gave tone, and even security, to the whole establishment; now mothers and mothers-in-law warn them to stay out of such bomb traps. M. Sartre, who had early received menacing letters from the O.A.S., had actually left his flat two months before it was bombed, and, on top of that, the bombers got the wrong

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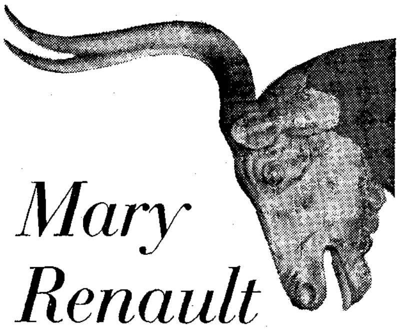

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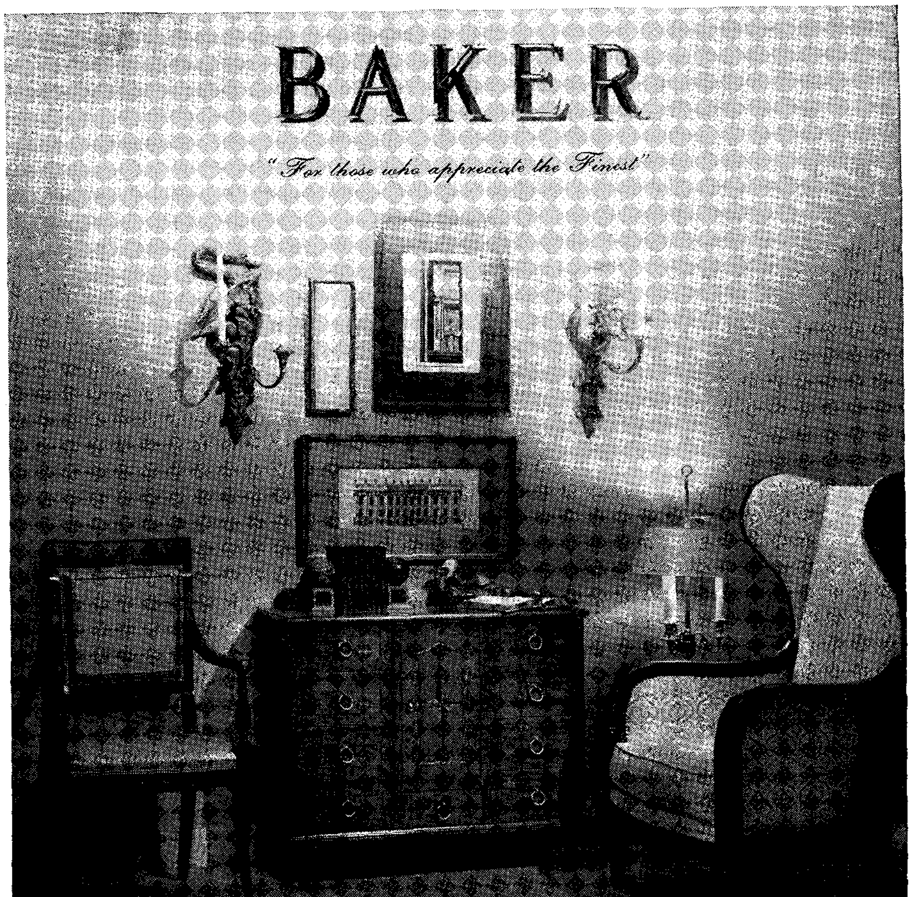
floor when they planted their plastic. The other day, the O.A.S. bombed the apartment of a Communist deputy who has been dead for two years.

FOR several distinct reasons, Brigitte Bardot's new film, "Vie Privée," is unfortunately an exception to her whole glamorous career, whose hair-shirt lining it is supposed to illustrate. It is a mirror film; that is to say, Bardot plays her own reflection in it, since the "private life" of the title is in part certainly hers (though, for discretion's sake, the movie star in the film is supposedly Swiss and named Jill)—a private life, according to this movie, of martyrdom and loneliness imposed by the monstrous love-hate pursuit by her public and by the photographers on her trail, like hunters after her lovely, carnal, youthful pelt, driving her to fugues, mental lapses, and, as the movie's dramatic finale, to death. This being a psychologically valid theme, the Paris critics perforce treated it intelligently, with disastrous results. The film must also be an ocular disappointment to her fans, who nightly pack the four boulevard cinema houses where it is showing, and who, ever since "And God Created Woman," have enjoyed the repeated screen glimpses of her unlascivious scampering nudity as she ran away from the camera. In this new film, she is merely viewed once in the bathroom, wearing a white cotton bra and cotton pants trimmed with Swiss embroidery—presumably because Jill is a middle-class Swiss. But the Bardot body is not presented as the former fetish; it has both gained weight and lost what cannot be weighed—its fresh, animal animation, the thoughtless lightheartedness of its movements, even of its muscles.

The color photography, by Henri Decae, is splendid, his views of Lake Leman in the constant rain being as exquisitely false in their blue tones as if painted by an English water-colorist, his long shots of Italian chromes and shadows at Spoleto offering superb chiaroscuro. The director, Louis Malle (first known for his undersea photography in a Jacques Cousteau film and then for directing "Les Amants" and "Zazie dans le Métro"), is now considered one of the most intelligent *nouvelle-vague* cinema figures, yet he makes only a handsome failure of this semi-documentation of Bardot's private life, her all too public myth, and her so-called martyrdom. He shows her, while she is still in ballet class and before she has even been screen-tested, slapping her dancing master for correcting her. As a crowd-weary film star, she becomes no



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tragic Melpomene but merely an ill-tempered neurotic vixen; the greatest sign of her anguish and mental disturbance is that she dyes her hair black during her brief flight from her public and her unsatisfying lover, played by Marcello Mastroianni. In "LaVérité," its director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, turned Bardot temporarily into a dramatic actress, and not only in the courtroom scenes. Malle has given her physically almost nothing to do, and, with her inadequate talent, she cannot manage doing nothing. He offers no evidence of Bardot's moral spunk in real life, as when she recently sent the reply "*Je ne marcherai pas!*" to an O.A.S. blackmail demand for half a million francs. But don't miss her new film when it comes your way. Go see it at least for its final few minutes, in which, as she accidentally plunges from a Spoleto *palazzo* roof, she descends (with body and face unremembered and already invisible) in a slow-motion spiral of transfiguration, of nothing but upright floating golden hair following her down like a faithful aureole—a true mythical touch of imaginative and beautifying trick photography.

THE noblest French compliment to our astronaut Colonel Glenn was written the day before he left the earth for the cosmos. Under the Latin tag "Sustine, Abstine" ("Sustain, Abstain"), M. Robert Escarpit, in one of his miniature essays in *Le Monde*, wrote, in part, "If Colonel Glenn must indeed renounce once more his journey into space, without the least irony I salute him as a hero. Genius is said to consist of endless patience. . . . Then what can be said of fruitless patience? What can we say of those who have waited in vain, without ever finding the reward for lost time in a flaming success or an equally glorious failure? If Glenn is to be of this company that waits in vain, he deserves to be honored as the champion of true courage in today's world, where it is easier to act than to hold oneself in check, and where flamboyant deeds are often only a cover for bravado."

—GENÊT

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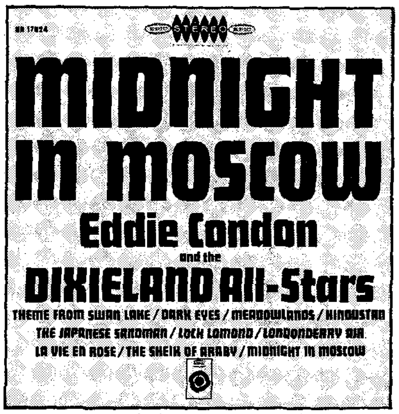
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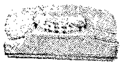

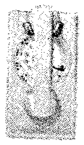

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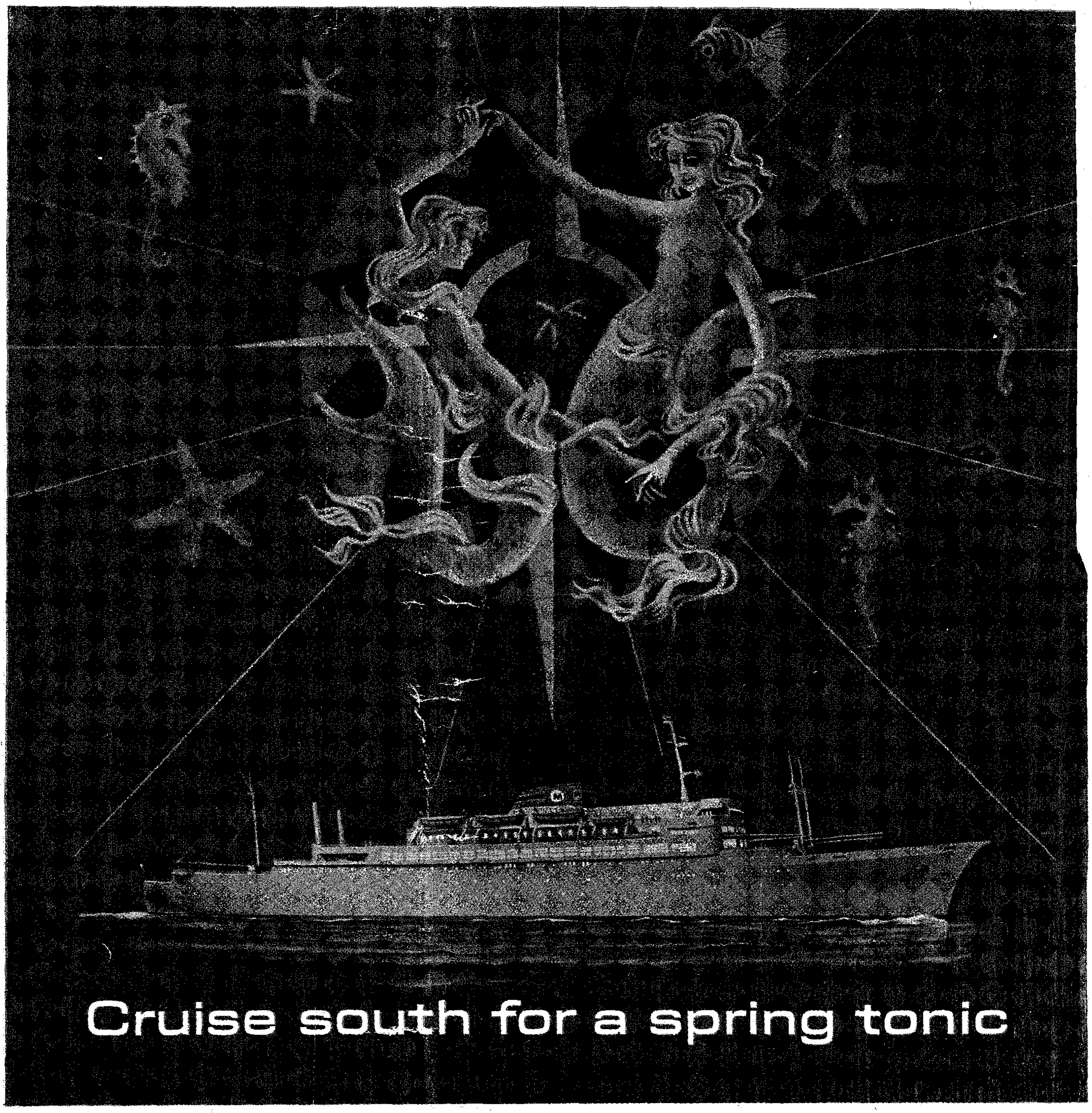
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